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ALEXANDER SUVOROV

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ALEXANDER SUVOROV

ALEXANDER SUVOROV

A Biography by
K. OSIPOV

Translated by
EDITH BONE

With a Frontispiece and 5 Maps

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THIS BOOK IS PRODUCED IN
COMPLETE CONFORMITY WITH THE
AUTHORIZED ECONOMY STANDARDS.

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AUTHOR'S NOTE.

THIS BOOK WAS ON THE POINT OF GOING TO PRESS WHEN THE WAR WITH GERMANY began.

The 22nd June, 1941, the day on which the Nazi hordes invaded the U.S.S.R., will be written in letters of flame in the book of human history as the day on which the Soviet people began their great patriotic struggle for their native land, their honour, their freedom and their independence. The outcome of this war will be the inevitable destruction of Nazi Germany.

This is not the first time that the Russian people have come into conflict with German aggression. Seven hundred years ago Russian warriors crushed the famous iron wedge of the German knights on the ice of Lake Peipus; in the seventeenth century Ukrainian Cossacks defeated the German mercenaries at Korsunia and Pilyavtzy; in the eighteenth century the Russian army inflicted more than one defeat on Frederic II; in the nineteenth century the Prussians invaded Russia with the multinational army of Napoleon and shared in its shameful flight. Within our own memory the German jackboot again trampled on Russian and Ukrainian soil in 1915 and 1918; but on each occasion the savage attack of the Germans ended in a miserable failure. Let it suffice to state the plain fact: however well prepared the German attacks may have been, they never succeeded in retaining an inch of Russian territory.

The struggle with the Russian people always ended with a complete defeat for the Germans.

In these days when the hordes of German barbarians are again assailing our free Soviet country, our memory and imagination resurrect again the images of the men who in olden days defended our native land. Among the great military commanders born of the Russian people there is one name which catches the imagination more than others. Suvorov—these three syllables are an apotheosis of Russian military art, a shout of victory and an eternal reminder of the unshaken power of Russian arms.

K. OSIPOV.

28th June, 1941.

INTRODUCTION.

BOTH AS A MAN AND AS A GENERAL, SUVOROV IS CERTAINLY ONE OF THE MOST remarkable figures ever to appear on the historical scene.

But his brilliant military gifts, his daring disregard of current military theories and the entirely original methods peculiar to him seldom found proper appreciation among the military experts of his day. His countrymen did not always understand him; at a time when, according to Pushkin "a man could lack all wisdom, merit, or talent and yet could occupy the second place in the state," Suvorov's resolute and independent character, which never permitted him to stoop to court intrigues, could not hope for recognition. As for foreigners, they lost themselves in contradictory judgments on the Russian general. Some of them regarded Suvorov as "a general without science," a mere rough-and-ready bruiser who rushed headlong into battle with an utter disregard of all the rules of warfare; others as a sort of war wizard who could conjure up victories as if by magic. Clausewitz expressed this very clearly when he bluntly described Suvorov as a crude, practical soldier; this opinion was shared by many, from the Emperor Paul I down to a considerable number of later authors. Even Frederic II, who had felt the power of Suvorov's military genius and who had advised the Poles to avoid clashes with him at all cost, had no clear picture of his mighty opponent. Napoleon was content with the pronouncement, that "Suvorov had the soul of a great general, but not the headpiece."

Quite recently Rambeau, a French author, generously deigned to assign a place to Suvorov "somewhere between Hoche and Davout, close to Condé."

But Nelson, on the other hand, wrote to Suvorov: "I am being overwhelmed with honours, but I was to-day found worthy of the greatest of them all: I was told that I was like you. I am proud that, with so little to my credit, I resemble so great a man." The Prince de Ligne, a gifted and enlightened officer, regarded Suvorov as a very great military leader. The Prince of Coburg, Suvorov's comrade-in-arms in the Turkish wars, had the profoundest respect for him. In later days so eminent a historian of the art of warfare as Friedrich Engels described Suvorov as "an arch-Russian general" and as "a brilliant commander."

Such a divergence of opinion regarding Suvorov's achievements may perhaps appear less strange if it is remembered that all his life was spent in a tangle of contradictions and in profound dissatisfaction. Suvorov attained the highest peak of fame; at the end of his life he bore the following titles: Count of Rymnik, Prince of Italy, Count of the Holy Roman Empire, Field Marshal of the Russian and Austrian armies, generalissimo of the Russian land and sea forces, Grand Marshal of the Piedmontese army, hereditary Prince of the Royal House of Sardinia, Grandee of the Spanish Crown, in addition to being a knight of all the Russian and a great many foreign orders of chivalry. And yet Suvorov's whole life-story is a chronicle of humiliations and non-recognition of his genius. All his life he suffered from the experience of being constantly superseded and in the course of his long career the days were few indeed on which he enjoyed the respect he deserved.

A study of the historical circumstances of the time on the one hand and an analysis of Suvorov's own intricate psychological processes on the other give us the key to the fundamental dissonances of his life.

Suvorov lived and worked in a feudal society. The Empress Catherine's military policy was dictated chiefly by the interests of the great feudal landowners whose hold on the labouring masses of Russia was complete. But Suvorov's most characteristic trait, next to his outstanding military gifts, was the absence in him of the universal contempt felt by the Russian gentleman-officer for the common soldier. He understood the needs and feelings of his soldiers better than any other commander of his time and showed the whole world what Russian soldiers could do if skilfully led.

His quick intelligence and his close contacts with the Russian soldier enabled him to discern the incompetence and corruption of the government he was serving—and yet he served it faithfully. Although far ahead of his time in the military sphere, he was unable to free himself from its current social views. All he could do was to protest against the intrigues and servility of the court, against the senseless cruelties practised in conquered countries, against the Prussification of the Russian army—but whenever the feudal government called upon him he obediently put his amazing military genius at its service. And yet Suvorov not only did not join the ruling clique but was in constant revolt against it—and was, of course, excluded from it despite all the external marks of appreciation accorded him. This internal conflict never ceased to trouble him and caused him to apply more than once for permission to enter a foreign service. The realities of eighteenth-century Russia cast their shadow darkly over Suvorov's whole life.

He was fated to carry on an unequal struggle against the Prussian military methods introduced by the "Duke of Holstein" who sat on the Russian throne as Peter III, by the Princess of Anhalt-Zerbst who was to rule Russia as Catherine II, and by the stupid Emperor Paul I and the court clique. He had to play the part of a military reformer in the torpid, backward Russia of the Tsars. Engels writes in his "Anti-Dühring": "None are to such a degree dependent on economic conditions as the army and navy, whose armaments, strength, organisation, tactics and strategy all turn upon the development of production and transport achieved at any given period." What could have been more difficult from this viewpoint than the position of an army commander in the Russia of Catherine II or Paul I?

Suvorov was not one of those who run their course easily and joyfully, who strive to be understood by their contemporaries and, with this end in view, take pains to explain the motives of their actions. All the more reason for us to seek these motives and analyse the intricate circumstances in which the great Russian general passed his life.

The task which the author has attempted to fulfil to the best of his ability is to portray this remarkable representative of the Russian people, this military genius, this man of iron will and inexhaustible vital energy, in all his greatness.

PART I

THE CHILDHOOD OF SUVOROV

SUVOROV WAS THE DESCENDANT OF AN ANCIENT RUSSIAN FAMILY OF NOVGOROD.

His grandfather Ivan Grigoryevich exercised considerable influence over the formation of the moral character of the brilliant Russian general. Ivan Suvorov had been Clerk-General to the Preobrazhenski Regiment under Peter I. Like many other gentlemen of his time, he took Holy Orders in his old age and was made a Canon of the Cathedral of the Annunciation in the Moscow Kremlin. Many peculiarities of the field-marshal—his observance of church ritual, his predilection for singing in church choirs and his general leaning towards patriarchal traditions—doubtless originated in his close contacts with his grandfather in his early childhood.

Working in close proximity to the person of the Tsar, Ivan Suvorov was, of course, well known to him, and when a son, Vassili, was born to the Suvorovs in 1705, Peter himself stood godfather to the infant. Later, when his godson attained the age of fifteen, the Tsar took him as his personal orderly and interpreter and shortly afterwards sent him abroad to learn shipbuilding. From foreign parts Vassili Suvorov brought back among other things a copy of Vauban's book on fortifications, which he translated and published in 1724. After the death of Peter I, Catherine I appointed Vassili Suvorov to be a sergeant in the Preobrazhenski Regiment. This was the beginning of this efficient youth's career as a government servant. In his early forties he was secretary to the Department of Mines with the rank of colonel and in his fifties was promoted to the rank of general and was for a short time secretary of the Senate.

"Vassili Suvorov was a man of incorruptible honesty," Catherine II said of him, "and a man of great erudition; he understood or could speak seven or eight dead or living languages. I had the utmost confidence in him and never pronounced his name without the greatest respect."

Vassili Ivanovich Suvorov was not wealthy; his fortune consisted mainly of an estate in the village of Konchansk in the province of Novgorod, with about 200 peasant serfs. He was extremely thrifty and to some extent passed this trait on to his son.

In 1720 he married Avdotya Fedosseyevna Manukova, the daughter of a deacon, and had issue two daughters and a son, Alexander, who was born in Moscow on the 13th November, 1730, in a house on the Bolshaya Nikitska.

Since the reign of Peter I every gentleman had been under the obligation of serving in the armed forces as a ranker. The gentry found a way of getting round this rule: they entered their sons in the Guards Regiments as soon as they were born. Thus the youngsters, while living in the bosom of their family, were rising year by year in rank, climbing up the ladder of the service hierarchy.

In the memoirs of Andrei Bolotov we find a description of the manner in which such promotion was effected. "At this time some general arrived to review our regiment and was made welcome by my late father. On this occasion I was promoted sergeant by this general, although my father was very loath to permit my promotion to this rank, being afraid that he might be blamed for it. But as I had greatly pleased our guest by lustily beating two kettle-drums instead of cymbals when the band played, although I was but a child—the

general would not be denied and performed this act of courtesy as a sign of his gratitude for the hospitality he had enjoyed." Such a youth, on reaching majority, would be transferred to the army with the rank of captain or an even higher rank. Without any experience of life and completely ignorant of all things pertaining to military service, he would be put in charge of men grown grey in battle. "A young man entered for service at birth would have the rank of major or even of brigadier at the age of twenty and could thus retire with a sufficient income and live comfortably, like a gentleman." Later, one of the first decrees of Catherine II prohibited the admission as privates in the Guards Regiments of young men under fifteen years of age. But in the year of Suvorov's birth the custom was generally accepted by all. Vassili Ivanovich Suvorov himself was at this time on the roll of the Preobrazhenski Regiment although he had never served with it; indeed, there were more such "dead souls" in that regiment than actual serving men.

However, by an irony of fate, the future generalissimo was not entered in the lists of the regiment at birth. His father destined him for a civilian career. Vassili Suvorov disliked military service in general and moreover his son was of a delicate constitution and sickly appearance. How could such a boy, and an only son, be exposed to all the hardships of army life?

This attitude of his father subsequently resulted in unexpected advantages for young Suvorov; compelled to go through his period of military service in the ranks not merely on paper but in actual fact, he had an opportunity of acquainting himself thoroughly with the conditions and way of life of the Russian common soldier.

A civilian career had thus been chosen for little Alexander, but his father had no time to spare for a serious education of his son. Preoccupied with his official duties and the conduct of his private business affairs and shunning the expense of tutors for his son, he paid little attention to the boy's upbringing. Only his natural gifts and an insatiable thirst for study prevented Alexander Suvorov from growing into a typical Russian country bumpkin with a scanty equipment of superficial and jumbled knowledge. The lack of guidance in his first studies had its effect on Suvorov's entire after-life; in his extensive store of knowledge there were always tangible gaps, and his style and language, although most vivid, were not without essential errors. Nevertheless, even though self-educated, Alexander was able to acquire a greater store of knowledge than was usual among the young gentlemen of his age and time. He began to study foreign languages and arithmetic. But all this was of secondary importance—the youngster's main interests lay in a quite different direction.

In connection with his past work in translating Vauban, Vassili Ivanovich had collected a passable library on military subjects, including the works of Plutarch, Julius Caesar, a biography of Charles XII and the memoirs of Montecuccoli. The young Suvorov also had the opportunity of making the celebrated "Rêveries" of Marshal Saxe, and the memoirs of Turenne and of Prince Eugène of Savoy, the subject of intense study. The hungry mind of the boy found rich nourishment in these books. He devoured them indiscriminately one after the other, but everywhere picked out and retained in his memory crumbs of useful information. By degrees he came to know the fundamental methods used by the great generals of antiquity, so far as they were accessible to him. Spending whole days in the empty library of his father's house he reproduced the old battles; he crossed the Alps with Hannibal, fought with Caesar in Gaul and carried out lightning marches with Saxe.

Alexander's childish imagination was full of the glory of military exploits and all his thoughts were centred around deeds of arms.

With the characteristic stubbornness and persistence which was already showing itself in him even at this early age, he began to prepare himself for a military career. His preparations consisted not only in the study of military books but in a whole system of self-training which the boy inflicted on himself. As he was delicate by nature and caught cold easily, he set out to toughen himself; he took cold shower-baths, wore no warm clothing, and rode out in pouring rain. The family was bewildered by the boy's eccentricities; his busy father admonished him at times and tried to divert him from reading military books, but all this merely drove the boy even deeper into his self-absorption, strengthened his natural reserve and shyness and caused him to adhere with even greater determination to the vocation he had chosen for himself. Finally Vassili Suvorov gave way to his obstinate son and left him to his own devices, while the family was already beginning to call him a "crank," a name which followed him throughout the seventy years of his life, bearing witness not so much to his eccentricities as to the lack of understanding and the narrowmindedness of those who pinned such a label on him.

There can be no doubt that young Alexander, as he grew up, would in any case have been able to get his own way and embrace the military profession instead of the civilian career planned for him by his father; but in this he was greatly assisted by a fortunate coincidence. When the boy was eleven years old, General Hannibal, an old friend of his father, immortalised by Pushkin in his story "Peter the Great's Ethiopian," came to the house of the Suvorovs on a visit. Vassili Ivanovich complained to his friend of the eccentricities and obstinacy of his son. The story aroused Hannibal's interest and he went to see the boy.

Alexander was in his room, busily engaged in his favourite occupation of reproducing in play one of the great battles of history. Hannibal watched him with interest and soon observed that this was not mere play—the boy showed himself familiar with the tactical details of the operations he was carrying out. Hannibal began to advise him. Little Alexander accepted his suggestions eagerly, agreeing with them in some cases, disagreeing in others. A lively discussion about the rules of warfare and the exploits of great generals ensued and the old general was greatly impressed by the acuteness of the boy's perception. He returned to Vassili Ivanovich and categorically declared that the question of Alexander's vocation had already been decided by Alexander himself and that he, Hannibal, thoroughly agreed with him.

"If our master, Peter Alexeyevich, were alive," Hannibal added, "he would have kissed him on the forehead and sent him to study the science of war."

The elder Suvorov had probably already looked forward with some apprehension to a conflict with this son who refused to resign himself to a career in the civil service. He therefore accepted the advice of Hannibal and consented to a change of plans: Alexander was given permission to embrace a military career.

In the following year the elder Suvorov entered his son's name on the register of the Guards. But as the boy had not been entered in time, in which case he would by then have "risen" to commissioned rank, Alexander now had to earn an officer's commission by actual service in the ranks. He enlisted in the Semyonovski regiment as a private, but remained for the time in his father's house.

"On 22nd October, 1742, the regimental staff of His Imperial Majesty's Semyonovski Guards Regiment have ordered that the youths named below, who have appeared before them with applications, i.e., . . . Alexander Suvorov . . . should be enlisted in the Semyonovski Guards Regiment as supernumerary private soldiers without pay and for the purpose of acquiring the prescribed knowledge; they should then be given two years' leave on their fathers' guarantee."

The Semyonovski Regiment consisted at this time of thirteen companies: one company of grenadiers and twelve companies of musketeers. Alexander was enrolled in the 8th Musketeers Company.

When the two years' deferment expired, Vassili Ivanovich, following the custom of the time, obtained an additional three years' deferment for his son.

No record whatever has come down to us regarding the way the adolescent Suvorov spent these five years.

"The prescribed knowledge" which the twelve-year-old was supposed to acquire at home during his leave of absence was extensive enough. It comprised "arithmetic, geometry, trigonometry, fortification, engineering, artillery, foreign languages, military drill and other prescribed knowledge." In most cases the youthful guardsmen complied with this programme in an extremely superficial manner. As for Suvorov, his father could give him some help with fortification and artillery lore; foreign languages the boy had begun to study some time ago; but owing to his father's parsimony his inquisitive mind was still starved of any serious instruction.

At this time Alexander, although he had never seen the regiment, began to move up in rank: in 1747 he was promoted corporal, still remaining a "supernumerary without pay" and living at his own expense.

Finally, on 1st January, 1748, he joined his regiment and was assigned to the 3rd Company. On this day began the actual military service of the future generalissimo.

SUVOROV AS A SOLDIER

A LONG GEOMETRICALLY STRAIGHT LINE OF SOLDIERS. EACH OF THEM IS WELL-knit, smartly got up; their hair is carefully pressed and powdered; the cuirassiers and carabineers have black, well-brushed whiskers; the side-arms in their scabbards blaze like fire; the muskets are clean and polished as smooth as glass.

Such was the aspect of the Russian Army in the eighteenth century. But beneath the smart exterior, the external brilliance, something very different lay concealed. The side-arms in the glittering scabbards were always rusty. It was impossible to shoot accurately with the muskets; their butts were shaped to fit the shoulder, but as they were straight continuations of the barrel, it was impossible to take good aim. "The men are excellent," wrote General Rayevski, "but as soldiers they are no good; they are well and smartly dressed, but so tightly pressed and strapped up that they are unable to satisfy their natural needs and can neither stand, sit nor walk in comfort."

In order that the soldiers should not bend their knees in marching their legs were put in splints, so that a soldier laid on the ground could not get up without assistance. In some regiments the soldiers were screwed up for hours in special frames in order to make them "straighter." The soldiers detailed for sentry duty started dressing their hair twenty-four hours in advance, and their "toilet" once made, they could not sleep except in a sitting position.

The over-tight uniforms, which hampered every movement, had a ruinous effect on the health of the soldiers. New recruits could not be put in uniform from the start, but had to be slowly and gradually inured "in order not to tie up and distress them all at once."

Once the recruit was hardened, once he was a full-fledged soldier, his slightest breach of the dress regulations was severely punished. Bad shooting in a soldier was regarded as a matter of course, but if his headgear showed the slightest irregularity he was punished with great cruelty.

Contemporary writers relate that in the barracks hardly an hour went by without floggings, without the cries of tortured men. The officers and non-commissioned officers who made most use of the stick were regarded as the best, and "tyranny and cruelty brought the reputation of being a smart and efficient soldier."

No one knew much about service routine and the officers were the most ignorant of all. The poet Derzhavin, who in the sixties was a sergeant-major in the Preobrazhenski Regiment, relates that in his company no officer knew the words of command. On arriving in camp, the captain of the company, who had no idea what he was supposed to do, put some senior sergeant-major in charge of the company.

The majority of the officers was lacking not only in military knowledge but in general education as well. In many regiments the adjutants had to sign all papers in place of the illiterate regimental commander. Even several decades later, in the reign of Paul I, there were plenty of provincial governors who could neither read nor write, and in the days of Suvorov's entry into the army this was the rule rather than the exception.

The humiliations to which the soldiers were subjected began on the first day of their service, when their hair was shaved. "When recruits are levied in the province, they are taken from their homes and driven in chains to the towns where they are closely cooped up in the prisons and bridewells for a long time, and when they have been reduced to order are sent away, without considering their numbers or the distance they have to go, in charge of some invalid officer or other gentleman without provision of sufficient food."

Soldiers were enlisted for life. Only at the end of the eighteenth century was the term of service limited to twenty-five years. The army grew rapidly in numbers (from 275,000 in 1763 to 496,000 in 1796) but its armament and organisation remained on a low level. Thus the Russian musket had a range of sixty paces and could fire three shots per minute, while the Prussians could fire five times per minute and their muskets had a longer range.

The soldiers were always hungry and miserable; their tightly-strapped belts covered empty bellies. In the army even the officers lived in poverty. Catherine II wrote: "We have heard that in the line regiments (as distinguished from the Guards regiments.—Tr.) many superior officers, living on their pay alone, are suffering such hardship and poverty that some of them would be glad even to have a soldier's ration to eat every day." Dishonest regimental commanders made heavy deductions from the officers' pay on the pretext that they had to furnish new uniforms and equipment and as a result of this the poorer army officers had to live "on the worst possible food."

The position in the Guards was of course totally different. All the young men with sufficient or more than sufficient fortunes sought an easy career in the Guards. The officers led a life of luxury and dissipation. The whole social and political atmosphere of the period favoured such a state of affairs. Biron had

fallen from power not long before; Elizaveta Petrovna had succeeded to the throne and she pampered the gentry in every way and made amusement the main business of her court. The peasants, burdened with excessive taxes, had to pay for the "eternal feasts" of the gay Tsarina. The rich gentry were drawn into the luxurious life, the example of which was set by the empress herself. Not only the officers, but the non-commissioned officers of the Guards, the overwhelming majority of whom were gentlemen and supposed to be training for a military career, took part in the perpetual festivities and were even invited to the balls of the Imperial Court.

"... at the masquerade which is to be held next Friday by permission of Her Majesty all higher ranks and all Russian or foreign gentlemen are permitted to be present with their families. . . . Hence announcement should be made of this in all companies and to all ranks outside the companies, and all those gentlemen who wish to be present at this masquerade must immediately declare this their intention in writing in the regimental office." This order, dating from 1751, applied to commissioned and non-commissioned ranks. Announcements such as this, relating to dances and the like, were read out to the companies with other items of the order of the day.

Englehardt relates that when he was entered as a sergeant in the Preobrazhenski Regiment, the Grand Duke Paul said to his father: "If I were you, I should not hurry to send my son to join the service, unless you want him to be corrupted."

A smart parade façade, behind which was hidden a universal ignorance of all matters military, intimidation of the men and tyranny by the officers, poverty, privations and endless suffering for the soldiers, a life of luxury for the officers—such was the state of affairs when Suvorov joined his regiment.

Let us now take a glance at the Semyonovski Regiment as it was when seventeen-year-old Corporal Suvorov arrived to join it.

The regiment was quartered in the Semyonovski suburb of St.-Petersburg, which extended from the Fontanka river to the Shusherski marshes near Pulkovo. This suburb was divided by avenues and straight streets and each company had a special block allotted to it, with houses which by no means resembled barracks. There were generally four men to a room, but many lived there with their families and in the regimental orders of the day one often finds records of permission granted to people of all sorts and conditions to take up quarters there together with their officer or non-commissioned officer relatives.

The reason for these privileges was that the regiment consisted for the most part of gentlemen—a circumstance which determined the attitude of Society towards them as well as the nature of their duties. One of the privileges enjoyed by gentleman rankers was leave to live in private quarters outside the regimental lines. Suvorov availed himself of this privilege and, throughout the period of his service as a soldier, lived in the house of his uncle who was a captain-lieutenant in the Preobrazhenski Regiment. Another privilege was the permission granted to gentleman rankers to bring their domestic serfs with them; some arrived to take up their duties with a household of fifteen to twenty servants. When ordered to perform some duty, gentlemen rankers were often allowed to send their serfs instead. We quote such an order: "Private Prince Stakasimov of . . . Company is not to be sent on sentry duty or fatigues as he has put his bondsmen at the disposal of the regiment for the burning of charcoal." Suvorov also had serfs with him, but apparently not more than two or three of them.

The regiment was under the command of Count Apraksin. In conformity

with the committee system introduced by Peter I (the purpose of which was to combat abuses) the part played by the regimental commander was, however, merely that of a chairman of the "regimental staff"; even the order of the day issued to the regiment was not signed by the commander, but was issued in the name of the "regimental staff." Little attention was paid to the training and drilling of the troops: the regiment was still engaged in building its quarters, and in any case the long term of service made it appear certain that the soldiers would have plenty of time to learn what they needed to know. In an order dated 1st May, 1748, we read: "If this week the weather be favourable, the officers should begin to carry out military exercises with their companies."

If the service conditions for gentleman rankers in the Guards cannot be regarded as hard, they were even less so for non-commissioned officers. They were often given responsible assignments, and were even sent abroad on important missions with extensive powers. The difference between the position of non-commissioned officers and private soldiers, even gentlemen rankers, was very great. Thus in service lists non-commissioned officers and corporals were always enumerated by name together with the officers, while soldiers were all lumped together as "so-and-so many men."

Suvorov did not, however, shut himself off from the private soldiers and did not withdraw into the narrow circle of his caste. He wanted to know these strange men who had won such famous victories under Peter I and Minnich and who yet so obediently bent their backs under the cane of any officer. Suvorov had been accustomed from infancy to contacts with the common people and had for them none of the haughty contempt of the town-bred nobles who thought that bread grew in the fields in baked loaves. Luxury and idleness were new to him and held little attraction for him. He liked to be with the common soldiers. There can be no doubt that his skill in knowing how to approach his men, his ability to inspire them with enthusiasm and carry them away, which later distinguished him, was to a considerable extent due to these close and lasting contacts with the rank and file. On the other hand, in this close proximity with the soldiers, they in their turn exercised a not inconsiderable influence over the young Suvorov. By nature deeply bound up with his people, he agreed sincerely and whole heartedly with many of the views and traditions he encountered among the Russian soldiery. Common sense, a rude sense of humour, the ability to be satisfied with little, a courage free from melodramatic heroics—these and similar traits were eagerly absorbed by Suvorov and had a considerable influence in determining his character. It was probably at this time, too, that he began to conceive the need for a tactical method in battle which would best suit the national peculiarities of the Russian soldier, his energy, courage and stamina.

Of course he still remained a gentleman in the eyes of the soldiers, though incomparably closer and more comprehensible to them than other superiors. With his regimental comrades of the higher nobility he had no contacts whatever. Nearly all of them had their own private quarters, their smart turnouts, their liveried servants. There was no room in such surroundings for a provincial corporal, a petty country squire without money, without title, and above all without the slightest inclination for such a mode of life.

The time his comrades spent in gambling and drinking, Suvorov spent in study. He worked in his quarters and attended the regimental school, nor did he neglect his regimental duties.

We must, however, contradict the widespread notion that Suvorov constantly strove to share all the hardships of the common soldier. We have shown that

Suvorov did not hesitate to avail himself of the fundamental privileges his gentle birth secured for him, i.e., living in private quarters and having his own serfs to serve him. When the regiment was on the march, he did not always march with it in campaign order, but rode post on his own; when his regiment was moved to Moscow, he did not take his share of the unpleasant sentry duties of his unit, but obtained a job as orderly in the general hospital, remaining there for weeks on end in infringement of all rules.

It was perfectly natural that young Suvorov should not overdo his "Spartan" propensities but secure some leisure and comforts for himself: he had nothing to gain from sentry-go or from participation in the rare parades which, as a rule, had no military value whatever, and consisted in arms drill, parade ground movements and ceremonial marches. Immersed in his dreams of military glory and deeds of valour he had no time to spare from his studies. And yet Suvorov was a much more assiduous soldier than most of his fellows and carried out his duties as a rule with conscientious accuracy.

As a result, his reputation in the regiment was good. At the end of 1749 (i.e., two years after joining the regiment) he was promoted to the rank of sub-ensign, and in 1751 to the rank of sergeant. The good opinion of his superiors found further expression in the fact that from the first months of his service Suvorov began to be given special missions. Thus, in May, 1748, he was included in the escort detail of the Preobrazhenski and Semyonovski Regiments which was to give a ceremonial send-off to some warships at Kronstadt. He was also frequently sent to Moscow on special missions.

It is characteristic that even those superiors who had a high opinion of Suvorov failed to understand him and this was true to an even greater extent with regard to his comrades, who thought his preference for the company of soldiers and his democratic ways strange. Nor could they comprehend his application to his studies and his conscientious attitude towards his duties. Among the dissipated young guardsmen he was a sort of white raven. "Crank" said the young gentlemen and shrugged their shoulders, and in their secret hearts Suvorov's regimental superiors agreed with this judgment.

In 1750 Suvorov was appointed permanent orderly to one of the most important personages in the regiment, Major-General Sokovin, member of the regimental staff. Suvorov's promotion to the rank of sergeant, which followed soon afterwards was, so far as can be ascertained, due to the initiative of this officer. Sokovin also suggested that Suvorov should serve as a courier, carrying despatches abroad. It was easy to secure such an appointment for Suvorov owing to his knowledge of foreign languages, and when an officer who had been designated for one of these missions fell ill, the authorities chose Suvorov to take his place. The journey lasted from March to October, 1752, and in the course of it Suvorov visited Vienna and Dresden. He surveyed these foreign countries with great interest, but being abroad for the first time, he became at the same time acutely conscious of his love for his own backward and long-suffering land. By some chance he met a Russian soldier in Prussia, and, as he tells us in his Memoirs, "I kissed him as I would a brother, with sincere patriotism. The difference in our stations forgotten, I pressed my countryman to my breast." In this scene we may already discern in the young sergeant the future general whose soldiers willingly followed him because they knew that for him there were no "differences in station" in the service of his country.

Time passed and Suvorov was still without his commission. His service record was good, and the only reason for this omission seems to have been the

general slowness of administration in those days—many gentlemen waited ten or fifteen years for their commissions. The fact that he entered the service comparatively late may also have played some part in the delay. Other men of Suvorov's age were already generals: Rumyantsev was promoted to general rank at the age of twenty-two, Saltykov at the age of twenty-six, Repnin at the age of twenty-nine, etc. Suvorov was, of course, profoundly hurt by this long disregard of his abilities. Later, when he "got his own back" by leaving all these brilliant generals behind in promotion, he said with satisfaction:

"I did not jump when I was young, so I am jumping now instead!"

True to his rule of deriving advantages for his military work out of everything he encountered, he continued to study the conditions of the soldiers and their way of life, and began more and more to adapt himself to them in a manner which later made him the unique "soldier-general" that he became.

Finally, in 1754, more than six years after he had joined the colours, Suvorov received his promotion to lieutenant, and on 10th May of the same year he was transferred to the Ingermanland Infantry Regiment.

We have already mentioned that Suvorov's way of life, his reticence and his strict observance of the rules he made for himself had gained for him the reputation of being a "crank." But an attentive observer could easily see that this puny, eccentric young man was a personality of exceptional force. Suvorov's immediate superior, the captain commanding his company, often said of him, "This strange fellow will work wonders some day."

BAPTISM OF FIRE

SUVOROV SPENT TWO YEARS IN THE INGERMANLAND REGIMENT. BUT HE DEVOTED very little time to his duties: the dull regimental routine with its perfunctory drill, the inevitable floggings following every parade, and the petty quarrels of the officers among themselves were little to his taste. He accordingly went on leave and lived at home in his native village. In obedience to his father's wishes, he helped in the management of the estate and attended to all matters entailing dealings with the authorities. But now, as ever, he spent every free minute in self-education, studying history, engineering and artillery technique. He also read the works of the best poets and writers of the time and in the whole course of his life retained a taste for quoting from them. Often he made abstracts of his reading. "I believe Locke is right," he used to say, "and that the memory is the store-house of the intellect; but there are many shelves in this storehouse and therefore one should put everything where it belongs as soon as possible."

For those who read much the moment inevitably comes when they feel an urge to try their hand at writing. Suvorov was no exception to this rule, and choosing the form of dialogue in vogue at the time, he wrote in the course of one year (1755) his *Dialogues in the Realm of the Dead*, in which Cortez converses with Montezuma, and Alexander the Great with Herostrates. He was so carried away by this literary work that he even decided to submit his *Dialogues* to an expert audience.

In the thirties of the eighteenth century, the first "Society of the Friends of Russian Literature" was formed in St. Petersburg. It consisted of the cadets of the "Noble Land Corps"—one of the most progressive educational institutions of the time. One of the active members of the society was the poet Sumarokov.

Having conceived a taste for literature, Suvorov could not pass this society by, especially in consideration of its military membership. When visiting the capital, Suvorov missed no opportunity of attending its meetings, and it was on its platform that he made his *début* with his literary attempts. Both his *Dialogues* were printed in 1756 in the first Russian journal, *Yezhemesyachnie Sochinenia* ("Monthly Works") published by the Academy of Science. The editor of this journal was Sumarokov and the materials published were signed with the initials of their authors. This custom gave rise to a misunderstanding: one of Suvorov's efforts was signed with the letter S. and the other with the letters A.S. The similarity of the initials caused these writings to be attributed to Sumarokov.

We have no record of the reception accorded the *Dialogues* of Suvorov. Their literary qualities are slight indeed. The language is artificial, showing the obvious influence of the Sumarokov school. For instance, this is how Cortez ends his discourse,

"Though thou hadst many respectable virtues which raised thee above the other Mexicans, thy vices yet served as a reason for thy downfall. My rectitude towards my allies and my mercy towards the vanquished, and thy pride and thy tyranny over thy subjects were of the greatest assistance to me in conquering the realm of Mexico and subjecting the same to the rule of the Spanish Empire."

This phraseology and style show no trace of the terse, trenchant language which characterised Suvorov's utterances in later years.

Nor can the content of the *Dialogues* make the slightest claim to being original—though they are certainly of biographical interest.

In the first *Dialogue* the author contends with enthusiasm that it befitted a hero to be merciful. In the second, a comparison is drawn between the deeds of Alexander the Great and the action of Herostrates. Alexander strove after true glory, while Herostrates in burning the temple gave way to an unworthy thirst for notoriety.

This second subject—military glory—occupied, it is to be supposed, an especially important place in the mind of the young lieutenant.

His preoccupation with literary and economic affairs did not interfere with Suvorov's advancement in the service. At the beginning of 1756 he was appointed "Oberproviandtmeister" (chief of supplies) in Novgorod; ten months later he was made Lieutenant-Auditor-General with a seat on a military board, and a month later he was again re-styled "Premier Major." Thus, together with promotion, Suvorov was also transferred from a fighting service to a legal and economic job. This was probably due to the influence of his father, who had very good connections in the commissariat, himself occupied a prominent position and was still very much opposed to a purely military career for his son. It may be remarked in this connection, however, that Suvorov was able to benefit even by this work, as he had an opportunity of acquainting himself in practice with the problems of army supplies.

But then, in 1757, Russia entered the Seven Years' War, and Suvorov was at last given an opportunity to "smell gunpowder."

Prussia, established in the seventeenth century as an independent state and elevated to a kingdom in the beginning of the eighteenth century, was pursuing an aggressive, expansionist policy. When Frederic II succeeded to the throne of Prussia, the population totalled only four millions, but Prussia possessed a good military organisation and a well-trained army of soldiers who could execute any manœuvre quickly; the Prussian troops were mobile, accustomed to forced marches and equipped with what were regarded at that time as excellent weapons.

While the soldiers of other armies could fire three times per minute, the Prussian soldiers, whose muskets were provided with iron ramrods, could fire five times. Finally, they were obedient tools in the hands of a bold and gifted general, the ambitious Frederic. All this made the Prussian army a dangerous opponent for the more backward states. "Frederic's military organisation was the best of its time," remarked Friedrich Engels about him. However, inasmuch as this organisation was based on the flogging regime of the Prussian Junker monarchy, and on the isolation of the army from the popular masses (who were not permitted by Frederic to defend their country even in the most dangerous moments), it carried in itself the germs of its own destruction. The army of Frederic, the ranks of which were filled up by press-gangs and by the compulsory levying of recruits, maintained itself by merciless drill and a numbing, savage discipline. Such an army, though suitable for aggressive operations in favourable circumstances, was incapable of that "strategy of annihilation" which the French armies of the future used with such success. "The stiff wooden lines are a true reflection of the absolutism which defended itself by means of these armies," said Engels. Fifty years later, in the clash with a more advanced army based on other principles, the Prussian organisation suffered utter defeat in the battles of Jena and Auerstädt. These battles ended with the complete victory of Napoleon and the crushing rout of the Prussians. But in the middle of the eighteenth century Prussia was still a mighty military power and only the Russian army was capable of resisting its onslaught and then striking a deadly blow in return.

The policy of Frederic reflected the aggressive, expansionist interests bound up with the monarchy of the feudal ruling class and of the Prussian traders. The object of this policy was clear: it was to "round off" the Prussian territories, to seize advantageous trade centres and take possession of the surrounding industrial regions. If for this purpose it was necessary to fight one's neighbours, the "philosopher of *Sans-souci*" had no objection whatever to exchanging his pen for the sword. Creating a curious "philosophy of aggression," Frederic II, that idol of the present-day Fascist aggressors, cynically declared one day, "If you want a province belonging to someone else and if you have sufficient forces, seize it boldly. As soon as you have done so, you will always find a sufficient number of jurists who will prove that you had every right to the occupied territory. . . ."

In putting into practice this policy of violence, robbery and contempt for all forms of international legality, Frederic employed two methods: on the one hand he artificially stirred up conflicts existing between other states, sending bands of spies into the territory of his enemies, making extensive use of the "golden weapon" of bribery and carrying corruption right into the court circles and even to the steps of the throne; on the other hand he created and used a strong army.

The armed clash between Russia and Prussia was preceded by the following events. Soon after his accession to the throne, Frederic invaded the rich Austrian province of Silesia and occupied it. Although the seizure of this territory was carried out without the slightest justification (unless the boundless appetite of the King of Prussia is accepted as such) Frederic, with the assistance of France, obtained the consent of the other powers to the annexation of Silesia. Having thus exploited the French support accorded him, Frederic II suddenly changed his policy and concluded a treaty with England in 1756. England's sole motive in this was her desire to weaken France. It was obvious that the Anglo-Prussian alliance was merely a further stage in the expansionist schemes of

Frederic, who had by this time firmly acquired the reputation, to use the words of the English historian, Macaulay, "of a politician equally lacking in conscience and decency, insatiably greedy and a shameless liar."

As a counterweight to the Anglo-Prussian alliance, another coalition was formed uniting France, Austria, Russia and several other smaller states. Before embarking on any large-scale military enterprise, Frederic attempted to safeguard himself so far as Russia was concerned by creating, with the full co-operation of his English ally, a close network of espionage and bribery among influential personages of Elisabeth's court. Frederic began by securing the support of the German-Prussian military experts in the Russian service. All these von Manteufels, Lievens, and others whose inferior military knowledge and lack of experience was matched only by their insolent contempt for Russia and everything Russian, served Frederic loyally (though with an eye to the financial aspect as well). But the King of Prussia was not content with suborning his own countrymen. He stretched his feelers out much further. Bestuzhev, the Grand Chancellor; Apraksin, the Commander-in-Chief of the Russian armies, General Fermor and General Totleben, the Crown Prince, Peter "Duke of Holstein," and his wife, Princess Sophia of Anhalt-Zerbst, destined to be Empress Catherine II—were all enmeshed in Frederic's web of intrigues or simply bribed.

Catherine belonged to a group of conspirators in the organisation of which Williams, the English ambassador, played an essential part. The object of the conspiracy was to prepare the ground for the seizure of power by Catherine in the event of the death of Elisabeth, which was expected in the near future, and thus to prevent Russia from participating in the war against Prussia.

The Commander-in-Chief of the army, Count Apraksin, was drawn into this conspiracy. Apraksin put off his departure for the army again and again, delayed the beginning of operations and changed his plans of campaign in accordance with the promptings of Frederic's agents. It is hardly surprising that in these circumstances Frederic thought that Prussia had little to fear from the Russian troops and in the beginning of 1757, having occupied Saxony, he made a determined attack on Austria.

In the first period of the war fortune favoured Frederic: the Elector of Saxony fled, Dresden was taken and the Austrian troops were routed. Meanwhile the Russian army was still preparing for its campaign and allowing Frederic to defeat the allies one by one.

It was at this moment that Suvorov was given an army appointment. It is not certain whether this was due to the initiative of his superiors or to his own efforts, but in any case he did not get what he wanted. He was ordered to Libava and put at the disposal of the officer in charge of the supply depot there and later, after the Russian troops had occupied Memel, he was appointed chief of supplies in that town. His task was to provision the army of Fermor which was moving up to the theatre of war. The instructions were that supplies were to be moved by water, but this could not be done owing to the "unsuitability of the rivers." In 1758, Suvorov was given another assignment—he was to assist in forming reserve battalions and dispatching them to the army. Having formed seventeen battalions in Livland and Kurland, he led them into Prussia and remained with the army without any special appointment. The war favoured rapid promotion; the energy manifested by Suvorov brought him a step up in rank—he was promoted to lieutenant-colonel on 9th October, 1758.

The sharp eyes of the young officer saw very clearly the deficiencies in the organisation of the Russian army and the ignorance of the commanders. In

one of his letters he wrote: "I myself, although I entered the army after long and loyal service, was no good at all in the first three years. Here the colonels . . . pamper their officers . . . they are Sybarites, not Spartans . . . and when they come to be generals, they remain the same. . . ." Thousands of brave Russian soldiers fell on the battlefields, but their courage was fruitless owing to the incompetence or actual treachery of their commanders. Apraksin gave place to Fermor and Fermor to Saltykov. Saltykov was a capable and energetic general. But the Austrian allies created all sorts of difficulties for him and much to his disgust he was forced to waste his time in quarrels with Daun, the Austrian Commander-in-Chief, and in journeys to St. Petersburg to complain of him—a fruitless undertaking, as the honest old general was not popular at court.

Frederic, basing his strategy on the advantages of his central position, decided to attack his opponents one by one. His plans miscarried, however; he was defeated by General Daun, the Austrian commander, while at the same time French troops crossed the Prussian frontiers. Had Apraksin resolutely taken the offensive at the same time, the position of the King of Prussia would have been desperate indeed. But Apraksin still delayed. He seemed to be concerned most of all about his personal baggage, the transport of which required 500 horses. The army under his command moved at a snail's pace, palpably avoiding any clash with the enemy. The French ambassador, L'Hôpital, wrote to Paris, "The delaying of his (Apraksin's) operations is due to the Prussian faction which, thanks to Williams, now includes the Grand Duke and the Grand Duchess."

At last the two armies met. On 30th August, 1757, Levaldt, Frederic's best general, attacked the Russian troops near Gross-Jägersdorf.

The commanders of the Russian army, headed by the traitor Apraksin, made many mistakes, but the soldiers and many subaltern officers fought with such courage, determination and stubbornness, that despite the critical situation in which the Russian Army found itself at the beginning of the battle, it held all its positions and completely repulsed the attackers.

This is how Bolotov, who took part in it, described the battle:

"Scattered regiments were fighting hand to hand, man against man and did not yield an inch, but battled to their last breath. . . . One man, having lost one hand, still held his sword in the other and defended himself against the attacking foe. Another, almost deprived of the use of his legs, covered with wounds and dripping with blood, set his back against a tree and still struck at the enemy." But when fresh Russian troops appeared on the battlefield, the position rapidly improved. "Hardly a quarter of an hour passed," writes the same Bolotov, "before the Prussians began to withdraw on all sides, at first in order, but later they fled without any order like beasts." Russian troops occupied Königsberg, Memel and the whole of Eastern Prussia.

But the fruits of victory were left ungathered: on the pretext of supply difficulties in East Prussia, Apraksin withdrew the army into Poland. The true reason for this course of action, which nullified all the efforts and sacrifices, all the matchless heroism of the Russian army, was again the pressure and intrigues of Frederic's adherents at the Court of the Empress of Russia. Frederic himself later openly admitted in his *History of the Seven Years' War* that Apraksin's withdrawal was brought about by Prussian intrigues. The feeling against Apraksin in Russia was so universal and so strong at the time, that he was deprived of his command and put under arrest. But although Apraksin had to go, Peter, heir

to the throne, and his wife, Catherine, remained to be the main supporters in Russia of the Anglo-Prussian coalition.

In the following year (1758) the King of Prussia met the Russian army near Zorndorf, but even Frederic in person failed to defeat it.

On 23rd July, 1759, the Russian troops won a victory near Palzig over the Prussians who were commanded by Wedel, a prominent Prussian general.

In August of the same year a major battle was fought between the two armies near Kunersdorf. Frederic, with an army of fifty thousand men, vigorously attacked the Russian positions, employing his favourite outflanking manoeuvre. At the outset the Russian left wing was driven in and the Prussians penetrated right into the rear of the Russian line of battle. Matters were little better in the centre, where Prussian troops had taken Kunersdorf. Frederic thought his victory certain and sent dispatches to Berlin to that effect.

But he had underestimated the exceptional fighting qualities of the Russian soldiers. Saltykov succeeded in regrouping his forces during the battle. The Russian troops fought with iron courage and stubbornness. "Each rank, kneeling, fired as long as there were any alive and unhurt among them, and all this held up the Prussians for a time, affording the generals a short respite for recovery," wrote Bolotov.

Frederic's crack regiments perished in vain attempts to break this heroic resistance, and Frederic himself had a hairbreadth escape: a golden snuff-box in his pocket saved his life by deflecting the bullet. At nightfall it was all over. Frederic and his army were utterly routed. The Prussians had lost about twenty thousand men and the rest fled in disorder, pursued by the ubiquitous Russian Cossacks.

On this occasion Lomonossov wrote his *Ode on the Victory over the King of Prussia in 1759*.

At the beginning of the war the Prussian King had made contemptuous references to the Russians. When he set out on this campaign he said to General Keith, an Englishman who had served in Russia and then had taken service in Prussia: "The Muscovites are savage hordes, they cannot possibly withstand well-trained troops."

In the instructions given in 1757 to General Levaldt, then commanding the Prussian forces in Eastern Prussia, Frederic wrote bluntly: "I hope we shall soon get rid of them (i.e., the Russians) at little cost."

But Frederic's dreams and hopes dissolved like smoke before the blast of reality.

Having made the personal acquaintance of the Russian Army at Zorndorf, Frederic declared: "One may kill these Russians to the last man, but one cannot beat them. . . . They hold on like grim death, while my scoundrels on the left wing abandoned me and ran like old women. . . ."

After his terrible defeat at Kunersdorf, Frederic, in despair, courted death, thinking that his cause was irretrievably lost. "Is then no cannon-ball to be found for me!" he cried hysterically.

"Of an army of forty-eight thousand men I have not three thousand left at the present moment," Frederic wrote the night after the battle of Kunersdorf. "My men are all fleeing and I am losing courage. People in Berlin will be well advised to think of their own safety. A terrible misfortune has happened and its consequences will be worse than the event itself. I can see no way out of the position and, to tell the truth, I think all is lost. I shall not survive the disaster of my country. Farewell, then, for ever!"

As Franz Mehring, the eminent Prussian historian, points out: "the Russian Army occupied the entire province of East Prussia, utterly defeating the Prussian troops in almost every encounter. . . . Russia brought the Prussian State to the brink of disaster."

In 1757-63, during the so-called Seven Years' War, Russian arms clashed with Prussian for the first time since the wars against the Teutonic "dog-knights" in the thirteenth to fifteenth centuries—wars which had always ended with the rout of the Germans—on Lake Peipus, at Tannenberg, and in other battles.

After so many centuries, a Russian Army had now again routed a German enemy, and as Bolotov, a participant in the war, correctly observed: "Victory was due to the more than admirable courage of our troops."

The position of the Prussian Kingdom and especially of Berlin was indeed hopeless. Frederic was saved by the same circumstances which had often saved him before: disunity among his enemies and the intrigues of his agents in the Russian Government. The Russian troops did not pursue the defeated enemy and did not carry on to the end the destruction of Frederic's power.

With the advancing age of the Empress Elisabeth, the adherents of the heir to the throne increased in influence at Court. They spread abroad the idea that the complete ruin of Prussia was against the Russian interest, and made every effort to hamper the operations of the army; the failure to exploit the victory of Kunersdorf was a direct result of these efforts.

Kunersdorf was the first battle at which Suvorov was present, though he did not take any direct part in it. At this time he was attached to Prince Volkonski's corps, but was often invited to the house of General Fermor, where he permitted himself sharp criticisms of the dispositions of the high command. When it became clear that the Russian Army was not to advance after its victory and was not even pursuing the fleeing enemy, Suvorov, in his surprised bitterness, bluntly told Fermor:

"Were I Commander-in-Chief, I should immediately make straight for Berlin."

In making this bold and characteristic statement, Suvorov did not, of course, take into account the intrigues pursued at the Russian Court, and knew nothing of the treason in those high places from which Saltykov was given his orders.

At the end of 1759 a new appointment was given to Suvorov: he was to be "Oberkriegskommissar." But Suvorov's patience was at an end, he had had enough of the commissariat—he wanted a fighting appointment.

His requests to his father on this subject became so insistent that at last Vassili Ivanovich applied for the transfer of his son to the field army on the grounds that "owing to his youth he wishes and strives to acquire further practice in military operations." The reply came immediately: Suvorov was to remain with the army in the field and was appointed "general and divisional orderly officer" to Fermor.

In this capacity Suvorov was put in charge of the headquarters staff of the corps commanded by Fermor, but staff work did not satisfy him any more than the commissariat. He felt that his place was on the battlefield, among the "living walls" of soldiers. Striving all the time for an active appointment, he took part in the expedition against Berlin.

The advance on Berlin was undertaken a whole year after the Kunersdorf rout of the Prussians; but the latter had nevertheless not yet been able to recover from their defeat and could offer no serious resistance.

In October, 1760, a Russian detachment commanded by General Chernyshev

approached Berlin. Levaldt (who commanded the Prussians at Gross-Jägersdorf) was in command there. The first charge of the Russian cavalry was beaten off. The garrison of Berlin received reinforcements, but meanwhile more units of Chernyshev's corps had arrived and an Austrian detachment was on the way from another direction.

The Prussians attempted a vigorous sally, but this was repulsed by the Russian troops, who then brought artillery into position and began to bombard the city.

Seeing the uselessness of further resistance the Prussian command withdrew its regiments and on 10th October (n.s.) the Prussian capital was solemnly surrendered to the Russians by its commandant.

After the occupation of Berlin, the Russian troops destroyed the cannon-foundry, the shot-towers and the powder-magazines and confiscated the money found in the public treasury—but the great weaving mills producing the cloth for the uniforms of Frederic's entire army were left untouched by order of General Totleben, commander of the Russian vanguard, who was in Frederic's pay, and had betrayed the plans of the Russian General Staff to him. Totleben demanded a contribution of four million thalers, but very soon reduced it to 1.5 millions at the request of the merchants of Berlin. Chernyshev had no choice but to ratify the terms already signed by Totleben.

The Russian command having set itself no serious aims in seizing Berlin, and the ostensible aim—an armed reconnaissance—being already attained, Chernyshev's detachment evacuated Berlin on 13th October without a battle and withdrew by the road it had come, taking with it as trophies among other things the keys of the City of Berlin.

Suvorov had taken part in the Berlin expedition as a volunteer; he had not as yet played an independent part in any action. He was destined to play such a part in the following year (1761). Only from this time onward was he closely in touch with active operations, this time as an independent commander, even though on a modest scale. Buturlin, the new commander-in-chief of the Russian Army, who had taken the place of Saltykov, formed a new special cavalry corps, commanded by General Berg. Its purpose was to counteract the activities of the Prussian cavalry which made a practice of destroying the Russian supply depots. Berg had often met Suvorov in the house of Fermor and had conceived a very high opinion of his ability. He was also aware of the young officer's yearning for active service, the hardships of campaigning and the dangers of the battlefield. He offered him the post of chief of staff in his corps. Suvorov eagerly accepted, obtained Fermor's permission and immediately joined his new formation.

Under Buturlin the Russian high command functioned perhaps even worse than under Saltykov. The eternal quarrels with the Austrians went on, and the conduct of the war lacked resolution and energy. Frederic entrenched himself in prepared positions at Bunzelwitz; Buturlin and Laudon, the Austrian commander-in-chief, although they possessed a triple superiority of forces, wasted a month in front of the besieged Prussian camp in arguing about a joint plan of action, and being unable to reach an agreement they finally raised the investment.

Against this background of irresolution the vigorous activities of Berg's cavalry stood out in sharp relief. At first the division advanced against Breslau to cover Buturlin's withdrawal. Near the village of Reichenbach they were attacked by the Prussians. Suvorov beat off the attack by artillery fire, but in contrast to his later practice, he did not pursue the retreating enemy.

A life of battles and alarms thus began for Suvorov.

It can be safely said that the Russian Army had never before seen such a chief of staff. Instead of sending his orders and directives from afar, Suvorov rode at the head of his troops. In hand-to-hand fighting "under a hot hail" of well-aimed bullets, he felt like a fish in the water. There was no skirmish in which he did not take a personal part and even old veterans were amazed at his fearless dash.

At Schweidnitz he attacked a squadron of Prussian hussars with only sixty Cossacks; repulsed once, he attacked a second time, again unsuccessfully; he then attempted a third desperate onslaught and finally routed the hussars.

Frederic sent one of his best officers, von Platen, and a cavalry division to relieve Kolberg, besieged by Rumyantsev. The Russian command detailed ten cavalry regiments to deal with von Platen. Berg put Suvorov in charge of these regiments.

"I delayed Platen's advance as much as possible," Suvorov wrote about this operation. He sometimes undertook more ambitious operations as well: once he cut into the Prussian column on the march and nearly perished when his horse sank into a bog—but he routed the Prussian column and inflicted serious losses on it. At other times he hampered von Platen's movements by short, rapid thrusts which he invariably led in person.

One day Suvorov and a *sotnia* of Cossacks swam a river, rode twenty-five miles during the night, killed about fifty Prussian hussars and burned the bridge over the Warthe, thus causing von Platen to lose much time in bringing up pontoons. On another occasion Suvorov with a squadron of dragoons and half a *sotnia* of Cossacks suddenly fell on a Prussian foraging detachment, routed it and took twenty prisoners and two guns. Recovering from their surprise, the Prussians surrounded Suvorov's little band and the position became critical. But Suvorov quickly hit back and not only broke through the surrounding ring, but even retained his prisoners and lost only the captured guns. Then, having joined up with the forces of Colonel Medem and Colonel Tekelli, which had come to his assistance, he renewed his attack and drove back the Prussians with a loss of nearly a thousand men.

A more serious clash occurred between Suvorov and the Prussians a little later near Arenswalde. Berg's corps was ordered to prevent the passage of a baggage train dispatched by von Platen under strong escort. Suvorov rode to Fermor at a gallop to ask for reinforcements. On the way back he was caught in a thunderstorm, lost his way, and blundered into a Prussian picket. Suvorov had only two Cossacks with him, but he did not lose his head, and before making his escape he carefully spied out the enemy positions. Rejoining his unit, he changed his wet clothes and immediately prepared for battle. In a daring attack he routed the Prussian cavalry and took 800 prisoners. The Prussians retreated beyond the little town of Gollnow, in which they left an infantry unit. Berg gave Suvorov three battalions and told him to take the town. Suvorov put himself at the head of his men, under lively enemy fire battered down the town gate, which until then had been vainly bombarded by the Russian batteries, burst into the place and in his own words "chased the Prussians at the point of the bayonet across the whole town and out through the opposite gate and over the bridge, right into their main camp, where many were killed or taken prisoner."

In Gollnow, Suvorov received two wounds: "I got a contusion on the leg and was struck by grape-shot in the chest." There being no doctor near, Suvorov

moistened the wound with brandy and bandaged it, but at length had to leave the field.

In these first skirmishes Suvorov already showed many of his characteristic traits: extraordinary energy and resolution, rapidity of thought and action, and an ability to feel out the weaknesses of the enemy with a sure touch and attack him with lightning swiftness in his weakest spot. Another characteristic of Suvorov also manifested itself to the full: his personal fearlessness, a degree of dare-devil dash not altogether suitable in the commander of a large formation. As a result of many years of training he was hardy and wiry; but physically, in the sense of muscular strength, he remained frail. None-the-less he would rush into the thick of a hand-to-hand bayonet fight armed only with a thin parade sword, and often enough killed an enemy paralysed with surprise at such boldness.

Thus Suvorov's first battles already marked him out from other officers. Buturlin recommended him for a decoration on the ground that "Suvorov has greatly distinguished himself above all others." Buturlin also wrote a special letter to Vassili Ivanovich Suvorov (at this time appointed to a governorship in Prussia) telling him that his son "had earned the love and praise of all commanders."

Berg described his chief of staff as an excellent cavalry officer, who was "quick in reconnaissance, dashing in battle, and cool-headed in danger."

In August, 1761, Suvorov was appointed acting commander of the Tver Dragoon Regiment. In this command he had a successful skirmish with a Prussian detachment at Neugarten, taking about 100 prisoners. Again he took a personal part in the fighting and nearly lost his life. He wrote about it in his autobiography: "At Neugarten I . . . cut into the enemy infantry and then myself knocked down a dragoon: one horse was shot under me and another wounded." The outstanding performance of his regiment in the pursuit of the Prince of Württemberg definitely established Suvorov's reputation as an officer of high merit.

It is interesting to note the opinion of Rumyantsev, whose command at this time included the corps of Berg. In a general description of those who had distinguished themselves, Rumyantsev characterized Suvorov as an officer who, "although he is listed as an infantry officer, possesses all the knowledge and qualities required for the cavalry." This opinion reflects the exceptional nature of Suvorov's military talents.

Meanwhile, Frederic's affairs went from bad to worse. The numbers of the Prussian Army shrunk to only 50,000 men. It looked as if the final phase of the struggle had come.

Frederic was saved, however, by a combination of circumstances exceptionally fortunate for him. On 5th January, 1762, at the very moment when he had come to the end of his tether and the abyss of complete defeat opened at his feet, the Empress Elisabeth died and Peter III succeeded to the throne of Russia. This malevolent and narrow-minded man had grown up in Holstein, greatly admired Frederic and detested everything Russian. He was, as the eminent Russian historian Klyuchevski put it, "a loyal Prussian agent on the Russian throne." The course of Russian policy changed sharply at once. The new Emperor ordered the immediate evacuation of all occupied German territory and concluded an alliance with Frederic. Engels, assessing the results of the Seven Years' War, wrote, "Frederic was on the brink of disaster when Peter III ascended the Russian throne in 1762, and put an end to the war against Prussia."

Peter III did not reign long: six months after his accession he was supplanted by his wife, Catherine. But Catherine did not wish to make war on Prussia any more than Peter. The defection of Russia terminated the war in 1763, seven years after Frederic's invasion of Saxony. In the end, Prussia acquired no fresh territory, had lost about 200,000 men, and was completely exhausted by the long years of war.

Frederic's aggressive plans had been frustrated by the stubborn courage of the Russian soldiers. And this despite the fact that Frederick II was a great general, while the Russian commanders—apart from a few capable and honourable men such as Saltykov—were not merely incompetent but were often in the pay of the enemy. Despite their bad equipment, the Russian soldiers smashed the military might of Prussia by their invincible military virtues and courage.

In our own Soviet times, in the years of the civil war and the German occupation of the Ukraine, the German journalist Maximilian Harden had warned: "Read the history of Russia, it is a useful study." Our contemporary Nazi invaders who are making such an effort to imitate Frederic II, have obviously not taken the advice of Harden, else they might have reflected on the lessons of the Seven Years' War, when the idol of the present-day Nazi gangsters was subjected to severe punishment and the Russian troops went home taking the keys of the Prussian capital with them.

Catherine II was daily being given fresh proof of the fact that the country was war-weary. The cost of the war laid a heavy burden on the empty treasury. Shortly before the war against Prussia Count Peter Shuvalov had found a means to improve the financial position: at his suggestion the price of salt was raised from 21 to 35 kopecks per pood. When the war began, the price of salt was again increased, this time to 50 kopecks per pood. But even this fresh increase proved insufficient, as the war ate up all the revenues. The same Shuvalov suggested in 1757 that new copper money should be minted, weighing only half of the existing coinage: this operation was to bring in 3.5 million roubles and the people could console themselves with the thought that at least the new coins would be less heavy in their pockets.

The burden of the war budget weighed heavily on the people of Russia. Discontent was rife among the peasants even without this additional hardship. Peter III had abolished that basic duty of the gentry, obligatory government service; but in the eyes of the peasants it had been this basic duty which had justified the basic privilege of the gentry, the right to own serfs. Rumours began to circulate among the peasants that the end of serfdom would now have to come too and revolts flared up here and there, heralds of the great tempest of the Pugachev rising ten years later.

All these symptoms were sufficiently ominous to induce Catherine to give her attention to internal affairs and devote all her efforts to the consolidation of her none too firm hold on the throne. The withdrawal of Russia from the anti-Prussian alliance brought about, as already related, the end of the Seven Years' War on the continent.

In 1762 Suvorov was sent to St. Petersburg with a dispatch concerning the evacuation of Prussia by the Russian troops. Catherine, having heard of him as a capable officer and anxious not to miss the opportunity of winning the loyalty of such a man, received him in audience and by an order written in her own hand promoted him to colonel and put him in command of the Astrakhan Regiment. A year later this regiment was relieved in the Petersburg garrison by the Susdal Infantry Regiment which Suvorov was appointed to command.

THE "SUSDAL REGULATIONS"

THE ORDEAL OF WAR WAS AT AN END. THE NEXT SIX YEARS WERE YEARS OF PEACE. Before we examine the activities of Suvorov in this period, we shall attempt to assess the conclusions he must have drawn from his first battle experiences.

Suvorov had had plenty of opportunity to convince himself of the high military qualities of the Russian soldiers, their stamina, courage, physical strength and vigour. He must have felt all the more strongly the contrast between these soldiers and the men who commanded them. Only three decades had gone by since the death of Peter I, but his rule that men should be appointed to posts according to their suitability and ability only was already a dead letter. All appointments, both civil and military, depended exclusively on influential protectors and "pull." The majority of the commanders-in-chief and generals were, from the military point of view, complete nonentities. Appointed to a post of high responsibility, they still remained the same intriguing courtiers, concerned above all with maintaining good relations with the court. Some of them in addition proved to be traitors and spies.

The effects of incompetent leadership were aggravated by the chaotic organisation of the army. The troops were unwieldy and their mobility was small as was their power of manœuvre. A protracted march in good order was beyond their powers. Reconnaissance was usually neglected. Movements were conducted at a snail's pace; it could indeed hardly be otherwise for a Russian army of 90,000 men invariably had a baggage train of about 50,000 vehicles trailing after it.

Although the soldiers fought well, their military spirit was by no means high. The long period of service, the savage discipline in the regiments, their harsh treatment by the officers, the call on them to fight in a cause of which they understood little or nothing—all this made them detest the army and all its ways. Every private soldier had the right to take his discharge after eight years of service if a near relation volunteered to take his place in the army, but such volunteers were hardly ever forthcoming. On the contrary, men went to all lengths to avoid being enlisted as soldiers—as a result, the regiments were always under strength.

Everything the young Suvorov had pondered on in the long years of his service in the ranks, he now saw in a clearer light. He was driven to two fundamental conclusions: firstly, that radical changes were needed in the existing military organisation of the Russian army; secondly, that the gentleman-nobleman-courtier type of commander was quite incapable of effecting such reforms and that hence it was necessary for him to obtain freedom of action for himself.

With his characteristic energy he immediately began to translate the first of these conclusions into reality in the Susdal Regiment which he commanded. The second conclusion already carried in it the germ of those conflicts with the high command and the court camarilla which were to poison the whole subsequent life of the great general.

In pitting himself against the generals and the courtiers, Suvorov took one more step which brought him closer to the common people regarded by the "quality" as mere human cattle, to be ruled with an iron rod. Of course he still remained a son of his class and of his time and approached the common

people not as a leader, but as a master, though a master who understood, loved and esteemed them. He regarded the soldiers as excellent fighting material, but for him the task of utilising this material was the unquestioned privilege of men of gentle blood.

There is another essential point which must be mentioned if one is to appreciate correctly the activities of Suvorov as a regimental commander: this point is the influence exercised on his strategic conceptions by his experiences in the Seven Years' War. The weaknesses of the "armchair strategy" of his time had not escaped his subtle intelligence and he strongly condemned any attempt to draw up artificial schemes and "dispositions" to cover all the variety of possibilities and accidents arising in battle.

"Battles cannot be won from armchairs and theory without practice is a dead letter," was the way he formulated his point of view.

His dislike for the "speculations" and dilatoriness of the Russian high command at first provoked him into going to the opposite extreme: at this period he was inclined to over-estimate the value of audacity. His actions against the Prussians and later against the Poles (during the first Polish campaign) are characterised by the fact that the last two elements of his famous triad ("*coup d'œil*, speed, and drive") obviously dominated the first. As some chess-players are inclined to undertake combinations based on quite unexpected and improbable moves, so Suvorov, in this period of his career, was prone to take of set purpose decisions contrary to all accepted theory. Such a method was based on certain assumed psychological reactions of the enemy and demanded great daring on the part of leader and of troops. Such daring could, however, be developed and cultivated, and thus the element of morale played a great part in the whole system of Suvorov. The object to be pursued in the training of troops was in his opinion the development in them of a capacity for dashing exploits and, more than that, of a desire to accomplish such exploits.

Such were the conceptions with which Suvorov undertook the training of the Susdal Regiment.

He had commanded other regiments before this: the Tver Regiment, the Archangel Regiment, the Astrakhan Regiment; but all these had been merely temporary appointments and knowing this, Suvorov left the basic regimental organisation undisturbed. But when the Susdal Regiment was entrusted to him, to all appearances, for a long time, he immediately introduced a system of training based on new conceptions. The regiment was transferred from St. Petersburg to Novaya Ladoga and remained there more than three years and it was in this period that Suvorov's innovations took effect.

The basic idea of the system—in contrast to the principles of Frederic of Prussia—was to teach the soldiers to understand the tasks they were required to fulfil. Both during training, and later on the field of battle, Suvorov always did his best to explain to the soldiers what they were expected to do and why. "Each soldier should understand his *manceuvres*" was the postulate which Suvorov always impressed on his assistants. At the same time he always strove to develop a team spirit in his troops, a spirit of mutual assistance, aggressiveness, and dash. Obviously the achievement of such aims demanded much hard and serious work entailing the transformation of the whole military organisation of the regiment.

All aspects of regimental life had to be changed: drill, supplies, living conditions, cultural and moral education.

The training methods introduced by Suvorov at this time did not as yet

fully reflect his ideas on the subject. The regulations according to which he trained the Susdal Regiment (regulations which, when written down, were known by the name "Susdal Regulations") fell short in many points of the totality and completeness of the famous "Science of Victory" which he worked out many years later. Like every other reformer, Suvorov created his system by degrees, continuously changing and improving it in the light of new experiences. But all his fundamental conceptions were already clearly incorporated in the "Susdal Regulations."

Suvorov often said that "the soldiers like being trained if they see any sense in it."

It was quite true that his soldiers never grumbled, even though he made them work very hard at learning the trade of war. Suvorov always attached great importance to efficient drill and justified this attitude by reference to the examples of antiquity and especially to Julius Cæsar who "in Africa, with a composite elephant army, avoided battle with Juba and Scipio, leaving the field free to them, until the training of his troops was completed."

The climax of the training was the bayonet charge—a difficult operation, demanding the greatest effort of will. Under the influence of Frederic II, whose army had excelled in musketry and gunnery, most of the military experts of the time regarded the bayonet charge as out of date. Even the French who had always been experts in the use of cold steel began to regard the bayonet with contempt.

Nevertheless, the obscure commander of the Susdal Regiment cared little even for this consensus of military opinion of the whole of Europe. In so doing he based himself on principles which he had carefully considered and which had become firmly rooted in his mind. He took into account, with the clairvoyance of an original genius, the specific national characteristics of the Russian soldier. It was hardly possible for him to hope to surpass other European troops in musketry and gunnery, especially as the Russian equipment was inferior in quality and quantity, but the courage, dash and physical strength of the Russian soldiers made them unrivalled in bayonet fighting. Further, in those days, musketry fire was often unreliable and the Russian muskets had an effective range of only 50 yards. The best that could be achieved by fire was to induce the enemy to withdraw, but what Suvorov aimed at was to annihilate him.

Hé based his tactics on the stamina of the Russian soldier. But he aimed at transforming his passive stubbornness into active aggressiveness—to use the formula of one of our historians.

The deeper implications of Suvorov's conceptions were understood by few of his contemporaries. Such a primitive method of warfare seemed to them a retrograde step in military science. Only when the French revolutionary armies and later the armies of Napoleon revived the use of cold steel, thus following in the footsteps of Suvorov, did the "military experts" set aside the theories and practice of Frederic the Great and proceed to a belated retraining of their troops.

It would, however, be a mistake to assume that Suvorov took no account of the possibilities of fire power. One may quote Suvorov himself as a witness to his attitude on this point. In an order of the day dated 1770, he wrote: "As to what is being said in the ignorance of a base and cowardly spirit: 'the bullet finds the guilty ones,' that may have been so in our former ill-organised state when we fought Tartar fashion, all in a mass, so that those behind had no room

to take aim and could only fire into the air. It is easy to understand that an enemy subjected to an apparently withering but in reality ineffective fire, and finding himself unhurt, will thereby be encouraged and from being timid will become bold." This remarkable observation, which well merits the epithet of "classic," gives a sufficiently clear idea of Suvorov's opinion of fire power.

Later Suvorov often returned to this conception; thus in a letter to N. Zubov, dated 26th May, 1788, stressing the need for well-aimed fire he wrote: "Fire-arms merely used as a bugbear only encourage the enemy."

In order to render fire more effective, Suvorov detailed special musketry regulations. The musketeers were to shoot, while the grenadiers "tore the enemy with bayonets"—such was the division of functions devised by Suvorov; obviously this did not mean that in the event of necessity each type of soldier could not be used for either function.

Field exercises also played an important part in the training of troops. In one of his orders of the day issued in 1771, Suvorov thus paraphrased Marshal Saxe: "victory depends on the legs, the hands are merely the tools of victory." The Susdal Regiment was put through a most strenuous training in marching. Suvorov made them accomplish marches of 24-30 miles in a day, in burning heat or bitter cold, in bottomless mud, fording or swimming rivers with battle exercises thrown in on the way. For this purpose every possible opportunity was exploited. One incident caused a considerable stir; passing a monastery on a training march one day, Suvorov ordered his regiment to take it by storm. Serious consequences might have ensued, but Catherine interfered and the matter was hushed up.

Although commanding only an infantry regiment, Suvorov was no less concerned with the other arms. Equally jealous for the efficiency of every section of the Russian army, he evolved measures to improve the organisation of the cavalry and artillery as well. Some years later, having been put in command of a formation of all arms, he immediately issued a series of instructions covering a variety of subjects ranging from the best means of using the pailasse to the rule that in riding at a gallop the trooper should rise in his stirrups and stoop forward over the neck of his mount.

Suvorov devoted considerable effort to training his regiment for action by night as well as by day. In night fighting, boldness and suddenness of attack are of particular importance and the effect of hostile fire reduced to a minimum. Hence Suvorov could not fail to favour night operations which, while presenting greater difficulties, also promised greater benefits. He was probably also motivated by the circumstance that in training his troops in night operations, he would possess an advantage over his possible antagonists. And he had always proposed to "hit the enemy with what the enemy hadn't got."

The hard schooling to which Suvorov subjected his regiment gave rise to accusations against him; it was said that he exhausted his men too much. Such an accusation might at the first glance seem justified. What his accusers had not taken into account was the fact that although he subjected his soldiers to exhausting exercises, Suvorov was also extremely concerned with their health. The normal proportion of sick men which he would tolerate in his regiment was approximately one per cent of the total strength. If this figure was sensibly increased at any time, he would immediately make a special investigation to find the cause of the increased rate.

"In my regiment it was a rare thing for even half a dozen men to die in a year," he wrote at the end of his career. "In the corps operating beyond the

Danube up to Kozludji there were no sick men at all to be sent back and none died; from Kopyl, when the corps moved by forced marches beyond the Kuban and Laba, only one man died—this may show you my philanthropy.” Such an insignificant percentage of sickness—especially if one takes into account the conditions of the time—was achieved by the strict observance of certain sanitary and hygienic rules. With the simplicity and the desire of taking a personal part in everything which was so characteristic of him, Suvorov himself taught the soldiers to keep clean and smart. “The men were healthy and cheerful,” he wrote in a letter, “and the officers knew that I myself was not above doing these things. . . . Suvorov was himself major and adjutant and lance-corporal, he saw everything for himself, was everywhere himself, taught every man himself.”

Suvorov always said with satisfaction of himself, that he taught his men by example, not by precept.

As for the difficulties involved in his system, Suvorov never denied them but categorically insisted that it was a hundred times worth while to overcome them. “Difficult in training, easy in battle,” he used to say. The discipline of manœuvre training created, in his opinion, that self-confidence which was the foundation of courage.

Suvorov’s interest in education found expression above all in the creation of schools. He organised two schools, the one for the sons of gentlemen and the other for the sons of soldiers, and acted as a lecturer in both. This fact is most characteristic. It bears witness to the colossal energy of Suvorov, who in the midst of all his many-sided activities found time to give lectures. This fact also serves as a living illustration of Suvorov’s genuine democratic feeling. Finally it shows that at this time already Suvorov cared nothing for what was “generally accepted” and was not afraid to swim against the current.

In addition to the schools, regimental stables were built and a garden was planted in the sand. It is a curious trait that Suvorov was concerned even with the æsthetic education of his men. The pupils of the gentlemen’s school once even produced and acted a play. The not inconsiderable expenses entailed by all these measures were covered mainly by savings in the internal economy of the regiment, but some were paid for by Suvorov out of his own pocket.

Thus in the whole training system applied to the Susdal Regiment, the development of high fighting qualities was closely bound up with careful training in the technicalities of warfare.

Simple and friendly in his approach to the soldiers, Suvorov was at the same time very exacting in his demands and visited all infringements of discipline on the culprit with the greatest severity. “Friendship is one thing but duty is another,” was his maxim. In one of his orders he bluntly states: “Negligence must never be allowed to pass without punishment for nothing so tempts men to bad conduct as a weak superior.” Suvorov’s attitude clearly shows that despite all the progressiveness of his military conceptions he remained firmly rooted in the soil of his age. In those days flogging was the usual punishment meted out for trifling as well as serious offences. Suvorov never tolerated cruelty as did other commanders and in general disliked such punishment, preferring methods of moral persuasion by explaining the gravity of the offence to the culprit. He did not, however, completely eschew flogging, that universal method of “correction” which Suvorov’s contemporaries regarded as a panacea against all ills; sometimes he too following the example of others, meted out

"a few little lashes" especially if the offence was one which he regarded as unpardonable, such as pillage, or marauding.

The generals and officials of Catherine's time, the majority of whom were dull-witted and narrow-minded bureaucrats, could not, of course, understand the advantages and the significance of the new system introduced by Suvorov in the Susdal Regiment. Others again did not wish to understand, fearing for their own flesh-pots of power and honours. Suvorov had no influential protector who might have directed attention towards him and his ideas, nor did he seek any such protection. But without it, it was difficult indeed to achieve anything in the reign of Catherine. As people had already begun to talk about Suvorov,¹ the ruling coterie tried to have him set aside by making him out to be "eccentric." Picking on certain rough spots and exaggerations in the Suvorovian system they began to talk of him as a talented "crank" not meriting serious attention. The superficial paradox of his actions was thus used to screen their deeper meaning.

Although Suvorov's actions were, above all, motivated by his ardent patriotism and his military enthusiasm, ambition was by no means foreign to his nature. He despised flattery and luxury but the desire for military glory—especially the glory of his country linked with his own—and the desire for independent action followed him throughout his life. The years he spent in Novaya Ladoga must have made it clear to him how difficult it would be to realise his dreams. It was probably in those days that he first conceived the idea of exploiting the reputation of eccentricity which had already been created for him. He had no intention of changing his conduct merely because superficial onlookers failed to understand him; nor was he inclined to play a part and affect manners foreign to his character. On the other hand, a reputation for eccentricity could be useful to him in the sense that it distinguished him among the crowd of officers—and it was necessary for him to be so distinguished. "Eccentricities" would accomplish this sooner than merit and services.

Another trait of Suvorov's character should be mentioned here. At this period already he had won that extraordinary "victory of the spirit over the flesh" which he never relinquished again in the next forty years and which was one of the most remarkable in the long series of his victories. In the beginning of 1764 he complained of his health in one of his letters and said that he had grown extremely thin and was like "a skeleton, like an ass without a manger, like a shadow floating in the air." He suffered from pains in the chest, in the head and especially in the abdomen. "I can almost see my death," he wrote, "it is roasting me on a slow fire, but I hate it, decidedly refuse to die in such inglorious fashion and will not yield myself into its hands except on the field of battle."

These words need no comment.

SUWOROV IN POLAND

BY THE BEGINNING OF THE SECOND HALF OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, POLAND had fallen into a profound decline. According to the description given by F. Engels, Poland "obstinately preserved unbroken the feudal social system at a

¹ Thus in the manoeuvres of 1763 Suvorov was allotted a responsible rôle and in the report subsequently published on these manoeuvres he alone of all staff officers was mentioned twice by name.

time when all her neighbours were progressing, evolving a bourgeoisie, developing their trade and industry and creating large towns."

Having won a dominant position in the country, the feudal lords were incapable of using it; their ranks were torn by constant discord deepened even more by the machinations of foreign states. Economic and cultural conditions in the country deteriorated year by year. This process of deterioration was considerably aggravated by the fact that Poland was a patch-work country, a multinational state.

The relations of Poland to other countries matched her domestic position. The kings of Poland were puppets in the hands of the neighbouring states. Among these Russia showed particular aggression which increased even more when Catherine II ascended the throne. In October, 1762, Catherine wrote to Keyserling, the Russian envoy in Warsaw: "I most insistently charge you to protect those professing the Greek faith and to communicate to me all that in your opinion might increase my influence and my following there. I do not wish to leave anything undone in this respect."

These words contain a whole programme: the religious motive is merely a screen for political aims; the protection of the dissenters (i.e., those of the Greek faith as opposed to those of the Roman.—Tr.) was of importance only if it could increase the Russian influence. This influence grew to the limit when after the death of King August III in 1764, Catherine succeeded in putting Stanislas Poniatovski on the Polish throne—an unprincipled and dull-witted nobleman (who by the way had at one time been her lover). "Russia selected Poniatovski for the Polish throne," Catherine remarked "because of all candidates he had the least right to it and consequently would be the most grateful to Russia."

In the Polish question Catherine was compelled to act in concert with Frederic II. In return for Frederic's support of the Poniatovski candidature Russia concluded a military alliance with him. But in contradistinction to her late husband, who advertised the rapprochement with Frederic in every possible way, Catherine made every effort not to allow the alliance with Prussia to have any effect on the customs and way of life of Russia.

On the day the military alliance between Russia and Prussia was signed (31st March, 1764), a secret treaty with Poland was also concluded. It contained among others this clause: "If among the Polish nation there should be such as might dare to disturb the peace in the republic and engage in a confederation against their lawfully elected king, then her Russian Imperial Majesty and his Prussian Royal Majesty, recognising such people as enemies of their country and disturbers of the public peace, will order their troops to enter Poland and there deal with them and their possessions with all military severity and without mercy."

Only a pretext was now required. It soon presented itself in the form of that same unfortunate question of "dissenters," one of the burning problems of Polish politics at this time. The authority of the Catholic Church had been considerably weakened in the country. The "dissenters," mainly Pravoslavs (of the Greek, i.e., Russian, faith.—Tr.) and Protestants, had, with the help of Russia and Prussia achieved almost complete equality of rights for themselves, but then persecutions began again. After the accession of Stanislas Poniatovski they demanded the restoration of their rights. Stanislas hesitated: the majority of the nobility and gentry and the Catholic clergy opposed any concessions whatsoever. The sejm assembled in Warsaw and a lively debate ensued. Catherine and Frederic considered the moment opportune for an intervention.

Repnin appeared in the sejm, arrested four members of the pro-Catholic party (Saltykov, Zalusski and the two brothers Rjevusski) that night and sent them under escort to Russia. This unprecedented action intimidated the sejm; the bill restoring the rights of the dissenters was passed, but the Polish gentry were greatly incensed.

The Polish lords immediately began to prepare an armed rising against this Russian interference and their intentions found ready support in France and Austria. France could not forgive Catherine for her defection from the anti-Prussian coalition. The Austrian Emperor, Joseph II, full of ambitious plans, was searching for an opportunity to harm Russia, a country which was growing too strong for his liking. Furthermore, both these states had long regarded Poland as a tasty morsel and had no intention of giving up their share. They succeeded in winning Frederic over to their side—Frederic being in any case always ready to involve his neighbours in some dispute in order to fish in waters of his own troubling.

France, Austria and Prussia promised Poland their aid. Not desiring to get immediately involved in a war with Russia, they conceived the plan of inciting Russia's northern and southern neighbours, Sweden and Turkey—two states within the sphere of their diplomatic influence—to make war on Russia. Emboldened by such encouraging promises, the Poles began to prepare an armed insurrection under the leadership of Adam Krassinski, Bishop of Kamenetsk, and the military command of Pulavski, a gentleman known for his courage. In February, 1768, Pulavski assembled a number of prominent nobles and representatives of the gentry in Bara, a little town near the Turkish frontier. This assembly which included Potocki, Kossakovski, Zarembo, Krassinski (a brother of the bishop) and others, issued a proclamation to the Polish people, declaring that Stanislas was deposed and that they themselves were the heads of a national confederation which they had organised and which came to be known as the Bara confederation.

In the course of a few days eight thousand men had joined the banners of the confederation. Stanislas' troops, reinforced by Russian detachments, went into action against the insurgents. In pursuing a Polish unit, a Russian detachment broke into the hamlet of Balta on Turkish territory and set fire to it. European diplomacy spared no effort to exaggerate this incident. Incited by the diplomats, the Sultan began open preparations for a war against Russia. This in its turn gave the Polish confederates fresh encouragement and the movement, already on the point of being suppressed, broke out again with fresh energy.

The main forces of Russia were destined for action against the Turks. A Russian fleet sailed for Constantinople, Russian troops moved into Bessarabia and Georgia; Russian agents were busy stirring up unrest among Slav peoples in the Balkans. At the same time measures had to be taken to crush the insurrection of the Polish confederates. For this purpose it was decided that a corps consisting of four infantry and two cavalry regiments under the command of Lieutenant-General Nummers should be concentrated near Smolensk. One of the units concerned was the Susdal Regiment.

It was six years since Suvorov had been on the field of battle. Most of this time he had spent in Novaya Ladoga. He had given his regiment all he had to give and was eager for action—of another character and on another scale. He

was at this time in the very flower of his manhood: he was close on forty years old; the ardour of youth, which had not yet cooled in him, was coupled with the experience of maturity. Like the hero of the fairy tale he felt his strength to be infinite; it was searching for an outlet and spurring him on to a fighting life full of dangers and deeds of valour. In studying the biography of Suvorov one cannot fail to note that whenever he was forced to spend a few years outside the battle atmosphere he began literally to waste away. To use a figurative expression, he slept well only when lulled by the thunder of the guns. Thus it was with him throughout his life, to the very end. But it was especially acute at a time when he was not yet forty and his extensive dreams had not yet begun to be translated into reality. It is easy to imagine with what joy he received the news that his regiment had been chosen to form part of the force going to Poland.

True, this force would not have to deal with a mighty army, but only with groups of irregulars—but for a man of Suvorov's temperament a bad war was better than a good peace. He did not imagine, of course, that he would be placed under the authority of incompetent pedants who disliked him; he could not foresee that for several long years he would have to spend the time in trifling operations presenting plenty of danger but offering no opportunity for winning either glory or thanks. But all this made no difference. What Suvorov wanted was a chance to exercise his gifts, and he found it wherever his time and the station in which he was born permitted him to do so.

Having received the order to move to Smolensk, Suvorov immediately left Ladoga. It was the month of November; the regiment marched in mud up to the ankles; the horses churned up with their hooves the semi-liquid pulp that was grandiloquently called a road. The autumn mud, the swampy country, the long nights all contributed to the difficulties of the march. But Suvorov was almost glad of it all because it offered an excellent opportunity for serious field training. He led his regiment with indefatigable vigour through mud and bad weather; the 550 miles which separated Ladoga from Smolensk were traversed in 30 days, with a loss of only seven men, six sick and one missing. Suvorov could be satisfied with the fruits of his labours; in the army of his time a day's march was rarely more than 7 to 10 miles, with continuous halts to rest the troops and yet at the end of every march a number of men were always either missing or in hospital.

Shortly before the Polish appointment, Suvorov had been promoted brigadier (September, 1768). At Smolensk he was put in command of a brigade, of which his own Susdal Regiment formed a part. He spent the winter in training his new troops on the model of the Susdals and in the spring set out for Warsaw with the Susdal Regiment and two squadrons of Dragoons. He used a device quite new at the time: he requisitioned conveyances from the inhabitants, put his men on the carts and moved forward quickly.¹ The distance of 360 miles was thus covered in 12 days. The men rode all the time in full combat readiness, as the way lay through hostile insurgent regions.

The commander of the Russian armed forces in Poland at that time was a General Weimarn, an experienced soldier, but an extreme pedant and a vain and narrow-minded man. Suvorov found it difficult to get on with him. "My sufferings in Poland because of my sincerity and straightforwardness are known to all sensible men," he wrote later about this period.

¹ Until the French campaigns of the end of the eighteenth century the system of requisitions was unknown in army practice.

The Russian troops concentrated in Poland were small in numbers, but as the confederates never co-ordinated their efforts, and were untrained and undisciplined, they proved to be weaker in the end. Sometimes, however, the Poles did manage to unite their scattered forces and at these times the Russian generals were inclined to be afraid of them.

In August, 1769, news came that the Confederates had concentrated a strong force near Brest. They were led by Francis and Casimir Pulavski, sons of Pulavski senior, now dead. Two Russian detachments of about 1,500-2,000 men each took the field against them, but the Russian commanders Renn and Drewitz hesitated to engage the enemy. Suvorov wrote sarcastically about this: "On my arrival I heard that the rebels were not far away and in front of them were various of our eloquent commanders with sufficient troops." Suvorov himself disposed of less than a quarter of the numbers under Renn and Drewitz. But he had no intention of imitating their tactics. In his opinion the correct procedure was to hustle the enemy and give him no time for reflection. Leaving part of his detachment in Brest, with only 450 men and two guns he went after the Pulavskis and overtook them near the village of Orekhovo.

"I found them careless and in a bad position," Suvorov wrote in his autobiography, "that is, crowded together in a clearing in a wood near the village. We passed through three forest defiles, suffering slight losses, and then attacked. The village behind them was set on fire by a grenade; to make a long story short we beat them, they ran away as fast as they could and their losses were considerable."

At first Suvorov, taking into account the great numerical superiority of the Poles, merely beat off their attacks with grapeshot. Then, thinking that the enemy had been discouraged by their repulse and having intensified this discouragement by setting the village behind them on fire, ordered a bayonet charge. This attack was quite unorthodox: Suvorov was attacking cavalry with infantry, an operation almost unprecedented in military history. The bayonet charge was carried out with irresistible energy. The Poles fled and Suvorov's few cavalymen pursued them to a distance of nearly two miles, while the infantry kept up a rapid fire in order to make a "moral impression" on the enemy. The Poles were so demoralised that they were unable to stop, even though at the end they were pursued by only ten troopers and—Suvorov himself.

In this battle Suvorov showed extraordinary daring: at the beginning he attacked, with fifty Dragoons, a battery which was shelling the bridge over which his grenadiers had to pass. At the crucial moment the Dragoons turned tail, leaving Suvorov alone. But instead of rushing the solitary horseman, the Polish gunners withdrew their battery.

Himself always a model of courage, Suvorov never tolerated any signs of cowardice or confusion. During one of the attacks, when the Confederates were advancing from all sides, a major shouted in despair: "We are cut off!" Suvorov looked at him grimly and immediately ordered him to be arrested.

In this battle the Confederates lost one of their leaders: a Russian trooper attacked Casimir Pulavski; his elder brother Francis went to his assistance and saved his brother but was himself killed on the spot.

Thus ended the Orekhovo affair, which established Suvorov in the first rank of Russian generals in Poland and brought him promotion to Major-General.

After Orekhovo, Suvorov chose the town of Lublin as the concentration

point of his detachment because of its central position and sent out small parties from there in every direction to give the Confederates no rest wherever they appeared.

The whole year 1770 was spent in such activities. There was no battle. What had to be done was to break up small Polish groups, taking precautions against a shot from behind a tree or some other even more inglorious death. In the autumn of this year Suvorov himself had a narrow escape; in crossing the Vistula he sprang on to a pontoon, missed his footing, fell into the water and would have been drowned had not a soldier seized him by the hair and saved him; but he suffered such contusions on his chest that he was disabled for three months.

All this was not what he had hoped for when he entered Poland. He wanted great battles and what he got was petty skirmishes. Instead of formidable enemies his opponents were inexperienced country squires or peasants who did not even know how to handle a musket.

Although he relentlessly smashed the Confederate detachments, he treated the vanquished with the greatest humanity and often released prisoners on parole, on their promising on their honour not to take any further part in the war.

"When I was in Poland, my heart never found any difficulty in doing good and my duty never precluded me from doing it," wrote Suvorov.

He gave orders that prisoners must be well treated and fed sufficiently, "even if they got more than the allotted ration." When his officers expressed their surprise at such an attitude, he explained that "the good treatment of repentant rebels will better serve our interests than the shedding of their blood."

This was a mixture of humanity and of political foresight. Other Russian generals behaved in a very different fashion. An especially evil reputation in this respect attached to Weimarn's favourite, Drewitz, a German, who gave orders to chop off the right hand of every prisoner. Suvorov hated Drewitz for this. "This practice is a disgrace for Russia, where such barbaric methods have long been outlived," he wrote with indignation. His anger was increased by an affront to his vanity, as Weimarn obviously preferred Drewitz to him. "Drewitz is giving splendid, luxurious feasts in Cracow," Suvorov complained, "while I with a handful of men fight in the woods like a band of outlaws."

Suvorov's relations with Weimarn deteriorated quickly. Weimarn harassed Suvorov with instructions, and taxed him with lack of discipline and ignorance of the rules of tactics.

"*Ja, so sind wir: ohne Taktik und ohne Praktik, und doch überwinden wir unsere Feinde*,"¹ Suvorov replied one day.

Weimarn once reproached him with overtaking the strength of his soldiers by excessively rapid marches.

"Read Caesar," Suvorov replied, "the Romans marched even faster than we."

But Weimarn was little concerned with following Caesar's example. The tension between superior and subordinate developed into an open quarrel. Disregarding all discipline, Suvorov objected to the tone of Weimarn's official orders in these terms: "I venture to request that you may be pleased to order my release owing to the frequent harsh expressions in some of your orders."

The unpleasantness between him and Weimarn increased Suvorov's desire to transfer from Poland to a more important theatre of war, to Turkey. In

¹ Yes, we are like that; without tactics and without practice, but we beat the enemy all the same.

January, 1770, he wrote: "My health has suffered, these worries are almost more than I can bear. If they only had mercy on me and let me rest, be it only for one month, if they only let me go. With the help of God I would not disgrace myself." His desire to go to Turkey increased even more when the news reached Poland of the brilliant victories won by Rumyantsev.

The year 1770 was the peak of Rumyantsev's glory. The Russian armies had conquered Moldavia, Valakhia and Rumania. The Tartars suffered a heavy defeat at Larga and soon afterwards a Turkish army of 200,000 men was totally routed near Kagul. In this last battle Rumyantsev had little more than 20,000 men. A Russian fleet which had sailed to the Mediterranean from the Baltic sunk the whole Turkish fleet in sea battles near the island of Chios and in the bay of Chesma.

It looked as if Russian arms were everywhere winning decisive victories. But the following year, 1771, brought a great change in the situation. True, Rumyantsev crossed the Danube, but he only loitered there, did nothing except take a few fortresses and then returned to Moldavia. Alexei Orlov, commander-in-chief of the navy, dared not sail through the Dardanelles and did not even give support to a Greek insurrection, permitting it to be brutally crushed by the Turks. Only in the Crimea did operations proceed successfully. Here the Tartar khan was forced to flee, but this was little compensation for the lack of success in the main theatre of war.

At the same time the political horizon was darkened by ominous clouds. Alarmed by the crushing defeats of the Turks at Kagul and Chesma, the European powers openly took up an attitude hostile to Russia. Austria concluded an alliance with Turkey and demanded the evacuation of Poland by the Russian troops, supporting this demand by a concentration of her own troops near the Polish frontier. Frederic played a double game, but nevertheless he too moved his troops towards Poland. France acted even more openly than the others. She gave the Polish Confederates an efficient organiser in the person of a French general, Dumouriez, who arrived in Poland in 1770 with a detachment of French troops.

But all that Dumouriez found among the Confederates were trivial quarrels and battles of conflicting vanities. The troops numbered about 10,000, but they were very badly organised. Dumouriez rapidly reorganised this army, and in April, 1771, he routed the Russian troops stationed on the Vistula, a victory which proved to be a Pyrrhic one: drunk with success, the Polish soldiery again began to loot.

With the arrival of Dumouriez, operations became more active, and wider opportunities offered for Suvorov, who immediately marched against the new opponent, and took by storm the little town of Lantskorona 20 miles from Cracow. In this affair his hat and coat were pierced by bullets.

Having taken the town, Suvorov vainly attempted to take the citadel, to which the Poles had withdrawn—one of the rare failures of his career. The Confederates repulsed the attack with great losses to the Russians. Both Suvorov and the horse he rode were wounded, although not seriously, and he had no choice but to retreat. Suvorov withdrew towards the little town of Rakhov and dispersed a group of Confederates assembled there. An incident, extremely characteristic of Suvorov occurred during this expedition: his column arrived in Rakhov at night and dispersed to comb the town for Poles hidden in the houses. The general was left quite alone when he became aware that a large group of Poles was in the inn. Without an instant's hesitation he rode up

to the door and tried to persuade the Poles to surrender: in this he was successful in the end and the Poles came out—there were fifty of them.

Returning to his "capital," as he called Lublin, he received orders from Weimarn again to move towards Cracow, where the main forces of the Confederates were now concentrated. Suvorov now had more than fifteen hundred men under his command. He covered the distance to Cracow with his usual speed and took Dumouriez completely unawares. He was, however, deprived of the fruits of this surprise by an insignificant setback. In the environs of Cracow, near the village of Tynets, there was a strongly fortified redoubt occupied by a Confederate detachment under the command of Valevski. Suvorov took this redoubt by storm but the Confederate infantry retook it and retained it after a bitter struggle. Having lost about two hundred men and—what was worse—several hours of precious time, Suvorov called off the attack and moved to the neighbouring village of Lantskorona, which had once before been the scene of an armed clash. The battle which now took place here was an admirable example of his daring and of his masterly appreciation of the psychology of the enemy.

At this time Suvorov had at his disposal three thousand five hundred men; the number of Poles opposed to him was about the same. Dumouriez took up a very strong position. His left wing was covered by the fortress of Lantskorona; his centre and right wing were protected by a steeply sloping hill covered with undergrowth. The battle began on the left wing of the Russians; at the same time Suvorov, without waiting for the rest of his troops to be engaged, sent a few sotnias of Cossacks against the centre of the enemy line. Certain of the inaccessibility of his position, Dumouriez gave orders that the enemy cavalry "rushing into certain death" should be allowed to come to close range and was not to be fired on until it reached the crest of the ridge.

But the Cossacks, once they had reached the top, closed their ranks, and made so vigorous a charge that the Polish infantry broke and ran. Sapieha, who tried to stop them, was killed by his own panic-stricken men. All Dumouriez's efforts to restore order were vain, the battle was over in half an hour; the Poles lost 500 men, the rest scattered all over the countryside; only the French corps and Valevski's detachment withdrew in good order.

After this battle the relations between Dumouriez and the Confederates, never very cordial, became untenable and Dumouriez returned to France a few weeks later. "Mouriez, having done his job, without waiting for a regular attack, took French leave and retired to Bela and from there abroad," Suvorov reported ironically.

In his memoirs Dumouriez later extensively criticised Suvorov's action in attacking a strong position with cavalry, describing such an operation as contrary to all tactical rules and attributing Suvorov's success to mere good fortune. Mediocrity criticizing genius! It never occurred to Dumouriez that Suvorov had shown consummate skill in this battle, had taken all circumstances accurately into account, had probed the moral weakness of his opponents, and had intuitively found the correct means of beating them, basing his risky operation on the impressionable nature of the Poles, on the effect of surprise and on the vigour of his own thrust. In this instance such a procedure was far more effective than any systematic advance on the Polish positions could have been. It was, in fact, a simple solution of the problem, but the simplicity was that of genius. "In war everything is simple," Clausewitz said, "but even the simple is difficult."

After the defeat of Dumouriez the most prominent surviving leader of the Confederates was Casimir Pulavski. Suvorov chased him, overtook him, routed his forces and attempted to annihilate his detachment. But Pulavski succeeded in breaking away from the Russian troops by a clever manoeuvre, luring them into pursuing his vanguard and himself escaping together with the bulk of his corps.

On hearing of Pulavski's ruse, Suvorov was delighted. He was an artist, always ready to appreciate a good piece of work, whether of friend or enemy. He sent Pulavski his favourite porcelain snuff-box as a token of his respect for the daring and ingenuity of his opponent.

Thus ended the expedition against Cracow. It was based on Suvorov's firmly established principles: tireless aggressiveness and irresistible drive. In seventeen days the detachment marched about 420 miles through a hostile population, and fought an action almost every day. They swept the land like a tornado and neither the Poles nor their French officers knew how to resist them.

The last hopes of the Polish Confederates were now centred around the Grand Hetman of Lithuania, Count Oginski. Having hesitated for a long time before he embarked on military action, he finally yielded to the urgings of the French Government. His decision was further influenced by the arrival from Poland of the Confederate leader, Kossakowski, with his "Black Hussars," a regiment numbering 2,000 men. They called themselves "free brothers" and their unit was regarded as one of the best of the Confederate army. Oginski, who hoped to gain the Polish crown in the event of success, finally burnt his boats in August, 1771, and suddenly attacked a Russian unit, taking about 500 prisoners. The Russian commander, Albychev, was killed. The news that Oginski had cast in his lot with the Confederates quickly spread throughout Lithuania and volunteers began to flock to his banners from every direction.

The spread of Oginski's movement was a serious threat to the Russians. Popular unrest might easily envelop the whole of Lithuania, which hitherto had been peaceful.

Suvorov characterised Oginski's action in these terms: "All Lithuania has risen in arms. . . . Her regular army . . . with sufficient artillery and other munitions required for war and also a fair number of irregulars, has gathered under the leadership of their Grand Hetman, Count Oginski, who at first had some success; our detachments there showed weakness and timidity and thus gave the rising time to grow. They estimated that he already had ten thousand good troops, a figure which was at first exaggerated, but later was not far from the truth."

Suvorov's experienced eye easily discerned the possible results of Oginski's enterprise if it were not suppressed from the beginning. But the Russian command was wasting time as usual. Weimarn entrusted the main operations to Drewitz, who was to "follow the Hetman like a shadow and never leaving him, crush him before he could grow sensibly stronger." Suvorov was to help in carrying out this plan. Suvorov found the task little to his taste: he disliked the time-wasting tactics, the timid, over-cautious operations and the modest role assigned to him despite the fact that he was senior to Drewitz in rank. He decided, on his own responsibility, to overstep the bounds set him to the detriment of the cause by his superiors.

With a detachment of 800 men, Suvorov covered about 120 miles in four days and on reaching Slonim learned that a column of Oginski's forces, over

3,000 men, had taken up quarters not far away, in the little town of Stalovichi. Although the enemy had a numerical superiority of four to one, Suvorov followed his usual tactical method and decided to attack without delay. He counted on surprising his foes, who had no idea that Russian troops were anywhere near them. The night was dark. The Russian force noiselessly approached the town, overpowered the sentries and pickets and burst into Stalovichi.

Only part of the Polish-Lithuanian troops were in the town itself, the others had bivouacked in the open outside it. Giving them no time to muster to meet him, Suvorov attacked them at dawn and dispersed them. The victory was complete and Oginski fled the country with only a dozen hussars. His estates, with 6,000 serfs, were confiscated and given to Repnin, who, however, allowed Oginski to the end of his life all the revenue of these estates.

The consequences of the battle of Stalovichi were far-reaching. In the words of Suvorov: "The whole artillery, baggage-train, chancellery and valuables of the Grand Hetman fell into our hands . . . we took more prisoners than our own numbers: of the dragoon and infantry regiments nearly all except the officers who had been killed were our prisoners . . . the battle lasted three to four hours—and all Lithuania was pacified."

Suvorov was so pleased with the conduct of his soldiers in this operation that he gave each of them a silver rouble out of his own pocket.

This brilliant victory at first brought Suvorov nothing but unpleasantness. Weimarn bombarded him with spiteful remarks, reproached him for insubordination and finally made a formal complaint against him to the military authorities. The facts were, however, all too obvious; the complaint was disregarded and Suvorov received a decoration (the third since he had come to Poland). About this time Weimarn was transferred to another command and his place taken by Bibikov, with whom Suvorov was on friendly terms. But the intrigues, after the inveterate habit of the generals of the time, still continued and Suvorov again applied for his release.

"I am a prey to misanthropy," he wrote to Bibikov, "and foresee nothing but unpleasantness and grief for myself."

But it took another year before he succeeded in getting out of Poland. In the course of this year a not uninteresting incident occurred: Viaumesnil, a French general who had taken the place of Dumouriez with the Confederate army, undertook a bold stroke which was much commended. "In the desperate position in which the Confederation finds itself," wrote Viaumesnil, "a brilliant exploit is needed to sustain it and again inspire it with courage." Such an exploit was the seizure of the Cracow citadel, occupied by the Susdal regiment under command of an inefficient officer, a certain Stakelberg. The enterprise was completely successful. In January, 1772, while the Russian officers were enjoying themselves at a masquerade, a French detachment crept through the sewers into the citadel and seized the entire garrison.

As soon as Suvorov received the news of this event, he hurried to Cracow with 1,500 men and attempted to retake the citadel by storm. This attempt was completely unsuccessful.

"Our unsuccessful assault revealed the great courage of our men, but it also revealed our lack of skill in such work," Suvorov reported to Bibikov.

There was nothing for it but a siege. In the citadel the scarcity of food and medical supplies soon made itself felt. Choisy, the French commander, asked permission for the clergy and the wounded officers to leave the citadel. Suvorov replied that he was willing to take over and give medical care to the officers, if

they gave their word of honour not to participate in the war any further; but so far as the "spiritual pastors" were concerned he decidedly refused to let them go as he had no intention of decreasing the number of mouths to be fed in the citadel.

After a siege of three months, having learned from scouts that the defenders of the citadel were in a very difficult position, Suvorov sent an emissary to them, offering very favourable terms of surrender. The besieged took this to be a sign of weakness and began to bargain. In reply Suvorov sent new, far less favourable conditions and warned the besieged that the conditions of surrender would become harder each time. The besieged hurriedly accepted all conditions.

Suvorov gave the garrison very courteous treatment after their surrender. He returned their swords to all French officers, remarking rather pointedly that Russia and France were not at war.

Meanwhile, the last act of the drama was fast approaching. The resistance of the Poles weakened more and more and now the western neighbours of Poland stretched out their hands for their share in the division of the spoil, Austria and Prussia having concentrated troops on the Polish frontiers for the past two years. In 1772, fearing that Russia might again seize the whole of Poland for herself, Austria launched an army of 40,000 men towards Cracow, while 20,000 Prussians invaded the northern provinces of Poland.

The Russian forces were given the delicate task of not yielding an inch of ground to the Austrians and yet preserving good relations with them. Suvorov conscientiously strove to cope with this singular task, but the results were hardly encouraging. The Austrians with "exquisite politeness" took possession of Lantskorona and pushed ever further. Suvorov found his functions as a diplomat most distasteful.

"I am a kind-hearted man . . ." he wrote to Bibikov, "and find it hard to say no. . . . I am an honest man and have not had my boots off since Candlemas, but what good am I, little father, as a politician? Please send somebody else; I'll be damned if I can get on with these fellows."

Finally the "concert" of powers found a basis for agreement: in August, 1772, they signed a treaty which deprived Poland of most of her territory: about 4,000 square miles, with 5,000,000 inhabitants. Russia's share was a little more than a third (the White Russian regions on the Dnieper and Dvina) while the rest went to Austria and Prussia.

The Polish gentry protested, but their protest was a voice crying in the wilderness. The majority of the Confederates yielded to superior force and made submission on condition of an amnesty. Pulavski, abandoned by his followers and expelled from Bavaria, crossed the ocean to America, enlisted in Washington's army and was killed in the battle of Savannah. It is a curious fact that in taking leave of his last comrade-in-arms he paid a tribute to Suvorov and expressed his regret that the Poles had not found among themselves a man of similar quality.

At the end of the war Suvorov finally got permission to leave Poland. On leaving he wrote Bibikov a long letter:

"I follow my destiny, which brings me nearer to my country and away from Poland where I wished to do nothing but good, and at least always strove to do so. My heart never found any difficulty in doing good and my duty never precluded me from doing it. . . . My irreproachable virtue is greatly gratified by the approval which has been accorded to my conduct. . . . Simple gratitude must evoke in me an affection for this country where I found only well-wishers."

This letter, from which we quote only a few passages, is most characteristic

of Suvorov and his puritan tendencies. He always prided himself on—and sometimes boasted of—his “virtue,” a term by which he probably meant to describe his genuine disinterestedness and honesty. He prided himself on the fact, that even while carrying fire and sword through conquered territories he never committed acts of cruelty, unless he considered such a course a military necessity, when he did not regard them as cruelty at all and did not consider that they were incompatible with his “goodness.”

Suvorov persistently asked to be transferred to the southern army, but he was sent instead to Finland, where the situation was tense in consequence of political complications with Sweden. He remained in St. Petersburg during the winter of 1772 and later spent several months inspecting the frontier regions of Finland. Even when travelling through the dark northern forests he never ceased to follow attentively the news concerning the armistice concluded with Turkey at the time, as he anticipated the imminence of a major armed conflict with that country.

Suvorov was as eager to take part in such a conflict as he had been four years earlier to go to Poland. There he had been deceived in his hopes: the ceaseless pursuit of the Polish partisans, the narrow-minded interference of Weimarn, the small scale of the operations had afforded him little satisfaction. He hoped that in Turkey he would find the elbow-room he longed for. He still remained the same Sviatogor of the fairy-tale, the hero searching for a way of exercising his strength.

THE FIRST TURKISH WAR

IN MAY, 1772, THE SUBLIME PORTE PROPOSED TO RUSSIA A TEMPORARY SUSPENSION of hostilities and peace negotiations were set on foot with the participation of representatives from Austria and Prussia. Both belligerents wanted peace. The Turks were shaken by the defeats which they had suffered and Russia found the cost of a war on two fronts—the Polish and the Turkish—and the necessity of simultaneously guarding her northern frontier, a serious burden. In addition, the Russian Government was uneasy because of an outbreak of plague in Moscow and the unrest connected with it. Finally—and this was one of the most important reasons—the struggle with the growing unrest among the peasants tied down considerable forces.

It proved impossible, however, to find a basis for agreement with the Turks. Catherine II wanted to implement the victories of Rumyantsev and Orlov in tangible fashion. “If the peace treaty were to make no provision for the independence of the Tartars or the freedom of shipping in the Black Sea, then one may well say that after all our victories over the Turks we have gained nothing,” she wrote. But it was precisely in the matter of the “independence” of the Crimean Tartars that the Turks refused to make any concessions. On the other hand, the Russia of Catherine II had no intention of giving up its plans of expansion.

In the spring of 1773 hostilities were reopened.

The formerly mighty Ottoman Empire was in a state of profound decline. Its troops were no longer the mighty conquerors they had once been; they were badly organised and resembled Asiatic hordes rather than a European army, although they could still be dangerous opponents, as they had shown shortly before, when they completely routed the Austrians.

The tactics of the Turkish troops were always the same: they invariably attacked, but only in their first thrust, carried out with dense masses of men, mostly of cavalry, did they show determination and vigour. If this was not immediately successful, they lost heart and withdrew into fortified positions, there to gather forces for a fresh blow. The Turkish soldiers were brave and tough and their troopers were superior to European cavalymen in individual combat. Their infantry could shoot well and their artillery was efficient enough. But their lack of organisation and discipline cancelled out all these good qualities.

The Europeans could defeat the Turks because of their better organisation and greater powers of endurance. They formed their regiments into huge squares and surrounded them with palisades to defend them from the first vehement shock of the Turkish cavalry. This was a reliable tactical measure for defence but it doomed their troops to passivity. Field-Marshal Minich was the first to suggest different tactical methods and Rumyantsev developed his ideas: the clumsy giant square was broken up into several smaller ones and the use of palisades restricted because they rendered manœuvring difficult. In spite of all this, however, a war against the Turks remained a sort of equation with many unknown quantities. An illustration of this is the fact that Rumyantsev, who so recently distinguished himself as the hero of Larga and Kagul, asked to be relieved of his post as Commander-in-Chief: "I feel to-day, if not from long labours, then from all too frequent attacks, a great weakness and decrease of my strength and cannot have sufficient confidence in my means and measures."

It was at this moment that Suvorov arrived.

Sweden was indulging in some sabre-rattling, but hesitated to open hostilities. There was no point in retaining Suvorov in Finland and he succeeded without much difficulty in getting a transfer to the First Army. Rumyantsev received him moderately well and appointed him to a command in the division of Count I. P. Saltykov, a son of the Saltykov under whose command Suvorov had served in the Seven Years' War. It is noteworthy that Potemkin was already serving in the same division.

Saltykov entrusted the command of his left wing to the new general. The Russian position was near the Negoyesht monastery, opposite Turtukai, a town on the other bank of the Danube. Suvorov commanded a mixed force of about 2,300 men.

There can be no doubt that Suvorov's reputation had preceded him. His exploits in Poland had distinguished him sharply from other generals. Exaggerated rumours of his eccentricity and originality increased interest in him. His popularity with the soldiers was also well known.

But in the Russian army of that day a popular general was a thorn in the flesh of the ruling clique, and their hostility towards Suvorov grew with his growing fame. Suvorov knew this and at first he apparently tried to steer safely between Scylla and Charybdis by pursuing the course of preparing all operations with the greatest care so as to ensure success, at the same time skillfully playing the part of "simpleton" in order to mitigate the suspicions and envy of the high command.

A few days after the arrival of Suvorov, Rumyantsev undertook a series of reconnaissances in force and one of these was entrusted to the new commander.

Although he had received some reinforcements, Suvorov's detachment was several times outnumbered by the Turkish forces in Turtukai. In these circumstances the forcing of the Danube crossing was no easy task. On the other hand a failure might have ruined Suvorov's reputation for good: he had no illusions

as to the manner in which any reverse he might suffer would be preposterously exaggerated. Thus he had to rely only on the courage of his men and on his own skill.

During several days he carefully studied the Turkish positions and then worked out a detailed plan of operations. Some words from this plan merit quotation: "The attack will take place at night with all the courage and fury of Russian soldiers"; "... women, children and peaceful inhabitants ... mosques and their clergy must be spared" ... "Turkish attacks must be beaten off as usual, offensively, but detailed measures for this must depend on the circumstances and the common sense, skill, courage and determination of the commanders." Only if one considers how little initiative was permitted in those days to commanders of smaller units can one appreciate the great significance of such an order.

At first Suvorov planned to cross the Danube at an unguarded spot about four miles below Turtukai. All preparations had been made and Suvorov, who had superintended them in person, had fallen asleep on the bank of the river, wrapped in his cloak, when the guttural war-cry of the Turks was heard echoing near the heart of the Russian position. About 1,000 janissaries had swum the river and were making for the main Russian camp. Suvorov himself narrowly escaped capture. The raid was quickly repulsed, but the Turks had seen the Russian preparations and could not fail to guess that an attack was planned against Turtukai. Suvorov thus lost his trump card—surprise. To this he reacted in his energetic, profoundly "psychological" way by deciding to carry out the operation the same night. He correctly assumed that the Turks would never expect the Russians to engage them in a second battle immediately after the conclusion of the first.

In the night of 10th May, Suvorov, having issued all instructions and with his own hand sited four guns, gave the order to advance. The attacking force went forward in two columns, keeping two companies under the command of Major Rehbock in reserve. The crossing of the river began at 1 a.m. The Turks opened a fire, which, although hot, was ineffective owing to the darkness. Having reached the other bank of the river, the Russians marched upstream in two columns as ordered. Suvorov was with the first column. While following the retreating Turks, the Russians saw an abandoned Turkish gun in serviceable condition, turned it round, and fired it in the direction of Turtukai. The gun burst and wounded everyone in the vicinity, including Suvorov, who was injured in the thigh. Despite the pain, Suvorov continued to lead his men on and was one of the first to enter an enemy trench. A huge janissary rushed at him, but Suvorov deftly evaded him, aimed a musket at the janissary's breast and, handing him over as prisoner to the soldiers running up to aid him, hastened forward.

The first column took two batteries and a fortified camp in its first rush. The second column met with more obstinate resistance and a violent struggle ensued. At this moment Suvorov, striving to exploit his success to the utmost, ordered the reserves under Rehbock forward and sent the first column to attack the town of Turtukai itself. Thus the second column, which was still held up, could still serve as a reserve at need.

By 4 a.m. the battle was over—the Turks fleeing in disorder. Suvorov ordered the evacuation of the Slav section of the population from Turtukai, and then gave orders that it should be burned to the ground after the troops, according to the custom of the time, had looted it at will. The Russians returned

to the other side of the river the same day, having lost 200 men to the Turks' 1,500.

Immediately after the taking of the town Suvorov made his report to his superior officers. One of these reports gave rise to so many comments that it seems to merit mention. He wrote to Saltykov: "Your Excellency. We have won, glory to God, glory to you." To Rumyantsev he sent this report in rhyme:

Slava Bogu, slava vam,
Turtukai vzyat i ya tam.

Glory to God and glory to you!
Turtukai's taken and I'm there too!

The rhyme conceals a pun: with Turtukai the Russians took another locality, Yatam, which if divided into two words, means, "I am there."

In sending this report, Suvorov tried to represent himself as a simpleton, thus hoping to take the edge off the inevitable outbreak of envy and malice on the part of the incompetent generals who were his rivals.

The same intention can also be detected in the detailed report Suvorov sent Saltykov the day after the battle. In it, Suvorov expresses a naïve pleasure at the fact that "everything went off so well" and with the same feigned ingenuousness asks to be rewarded with the Order of St. George, 2nd Class. "I shall continue to serve your Excellency, I am an artless fellow, but please, Little Father, let me have the 2nd class as soon as possible."

A few days later he wrote to Saltykov a second time. This letter is indeed touching in its artlessness: "Your Excellency, do not abandon my comrades in arms, and please, for God's sake, do not forget me either, It seems I have earned the George, 2nd class; however dispassionately I look at myself, it still seems to me I have earned it. My chest and broken ribs hurt very much, and my head aches fit to burst."

This time the ardent desire of the general was fulfilled: Rumyantsev forwarded the rhymed report to the Empress Catherine and explained that he was sending the "peerless laconicism of the peerless Suvorov," and at his suggestion Catherine rewarded the conqueror of Turtukai with the Cross of St. George, 2nd class. Suvorov could now be satisfied. Even better pleased was Catherine, whose chances of satisfying her aims of conquest had much improved.

The practical results of the Turtukai operation were, however, slight. Having struck his sudden blow at the Turks and destroyed the town, Suvorov was compelled to return to the north bank of the Danube: he considered that a strong force under cover of entrenchments could have remained on the south bank and reported to this effect. But Saltykov would not venture on such a daring step and thus the action of Turtukai had no sequel. The Turks returned to their previous positions and began to reconstruct their fortifications.

Four weeks went by. Saltykov's division did nothing and Suvorov was condemned to the same inactivity. In addition he had an attack of fever. Tormented by sickness and by his enforced inactivity, he asked for leave to go to Bucharest for his health, but just then the division received orders from the commander-in-chief to undertake another reconnaissance in force against Turtukai on 5th June: Rumyantsev was at last preparing to strike at the Turks in real earnest and in order to divert their attention from the point where the main attack was to be made, he sent Suvorov to arrange a demonstration.

Suvorov made all necessary preparations and drew up a plan, but on the

day fixed for the operation he was taken ill with a severe attack of fever and had to leave the conduct of the action to his subordinates. This time the Turks were on their guard, however, and their pickets kept vigilant watch over the river. The Russian commanders (one of whom was Prince Meshcherski) made a few half-hearted attempts to cross the river and then considered the operation "too risky" and gave it up.

When Suvorov heard of the abandonment of the operation, he was both angry and aggrieved. "May it please Your Excellency to judge," he wrote to Saltykov, "whether I can again bring myself to command such base cowards . . . What a disgrace! They all lost heart, and showed it too! My God! Every time I think of it, my veins seem to burst!"

This time he was not pretending. His whole being was in revolt. Shocked by the faintheartedness of his subordinates and feeling very ill himself, he turned his command over to Meshcherski and left for Bucharest.

Rumyantsev, however, was little concerned about the abandonment of the diversion: on 7th June the main Russian forces crossed the Danube and thus there was no longer any need for a diversion against Turtukai. He gave the left wing of Saltykov's division a new task—to descend the Danube and prevent the garrison of Silistria from interfering with the advance of Potemkin's corps.

Suvorov realised that a further attack on Turtukai was useless now that the army had already crossed the river. But he could not restrain his ardour. The consequences of disobeying the orders of the commander-in-chief, the inevitable sacrifice of life—all this did not influence his determination to carry out on his own initiative the operation abandoned by his subordinates.

It never occurred to Suvorov that he was thereby putting himself in the same position in relation to Rumyantsev as had Mascherski towards him, Suvorov. In such cases Suvorov always applied different standards to himself and to others—his standard was that of a genius demanding different rights and a different criterion. In the present instance he was acting from two motives: the first and chief of these being considerations of military morale and the second the passionate desire to wipe out the previous disgrace. In his own words, he preferred "to linger somewhere in the wings rather than be disgraced by having under his command men who broke their oaths and failed in their duty."

After an absence of a week he returned to Nyegoyeshti and immediately began to prepare for the new attack on Turtukai. In order to create a deeper moral impression he announced that the previous plan remained in force, though in actual fact he modified it in many respects in conformity with the changed circumstances. The basic principles of this plan were perfectly in tune with his rule for war: "Try for a break-through, never stop; the head should not wait for the tail; unit commanders of the column make no reports, but act on their own, rapidly and with common sense; if the Turks ask for 'aman' (mercy) give it them," etc., etc.

The operation orders provided for the combined action of skirmishers, lines and columns. Compared with the methods then in general vogue this was highly unorthodox, although some time elapsed before this was generally understood.

The fighting was very hard owing to the considerable numerical superiority of the Turks.

" . . . After we had taken the Turkish trenches," Suvorov wrote in his autobiography, "during the night the unbelievers, nearly ten times stronger than we, attacked us strongly there."

The battle lasted all night. By morning the Turks were defeated and in flight; the Cossacks pursued them more than three miles.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of this whole enterprise was the conduct of Suvorov himself. He had been suffering from fever all day. Although he was so weak that he could not walk without assistance he crossed the Danube by ferry, two officers supporting him all the time. One of them had to repeat the orders given by Suvorov, and the general's voice was hardly audible. In such a state of complete physical collapse Suvorov, this time trusting no one, conducted the battle all night in an extremely difficult situation. In the morning he even forced himself to mount a horse.

Rumyantsev, far from resenting the disobedience of his subordinate, was very pleased with his success as it permitted him to brighten up the rather colourless picture of the operations. After the crossing of the Danube, the operations of the army proceeded with a lack of inspiration which elicited from Frederic II the comment that Rumyantsev's victories over the Turks were "victories of the lame over the blind."

But the successful actions fought by Suvorov could not alter the general trend of the campaign. Rumyantsev was forced to return to the north bank of the Danube and after this he finally lost the initiative and restricted himself to defensive operations. All that the Russians could retain on the south bank of the river was the town of Hirsova to serve as a base for a new offensive. The Turks were anxious to remove this thorn in their flesh and persistently attacked Hirsova. Its defence had to be entrusted to a reliable commander. After long hesitation, Rumyantsev informed the Empress Catherine that "the important post of Hirsova I have given to Suvorov, who has shown his willingness and ability to fill any post."

Having convinced himself of the insufficiency of the Hirsova fortifications, and expecting further attacks, Suvorov immediately began to strengthen his defences.

"I repaired the fort, added earthworks and made various field works," he relates.

The work of fortification was not yet completed when the general assault on the fortress began. This time the Turks proceeded in the European manner, forming three lines and attacking in exemplary order—a result of training by French instructors.

"The Turks want to fight in battle order. That will cost them dear!" Suvorov exclaimed.

His intentions were by no means merely to repulse the attack. In his opinion every encounter ought to end with a complete disaster for the enemy. The garrison of Hirsova comprised only 3,000 men; the Turks had over 10,000, but this did not dismay Suvorov. He ordered his advanced troops to pretend to turn and flee and thus lure the Turks nearer the walls. Having approached to half a grapeshot range without meeting resistance, the Turks now made a furious charge. At this moment the Russians opened up with grapeshot and musketry. Although they suffered tremendous losses, the attackers reached the palisade and the fate of the battle hung precariously in the balance—it seemed as if the Turks might break in and crush the defenders by sheer weight of numbers.

But Suvorov's risky plan was destined to succeed after all. The Turks flinched from the murderous Russian fire and gave ground. This was the climax of Suvorov's whole plan of battle: the Russian infantry now suddenly counter-attacked along the whole line, while their Hussars and Cossacks struck

the final blow. The Turks fled in disorder, leaving behind all their baggage and many dead and wounded.

"... They suffered severely," wrote Suvorov in his autobiography. "The affair did not last long, only about an hour or two; they ran and suffered great loss, leaving all their artillery behind; the victory was complete. We chased them eighteen miles."

Here follows the well-known sentence:

"The rest is known from the reports, to which I have paid little attention, always considering action better than description."

Rumyantsev again snatched at the opportunity of raising the morale of his troops. Thanksgiving services were held throughout the army, and the commander-in-chief even deigned to send Suvorov a gracious letter. But his favour did not last long. A few weeks later, at the orders of Rumyantsev, Suvorov was visited by Potemkin, coming to inquire into a denunciation alleging that Suvorov had neglected the construction of shelters for the soldiers. The denunciation was disputed, but it added another drop of bitterness to Suvorov's unhappy experiences.

The action at Hirsova ended the campaign of 1773. Profiting by the lull, Suvorov asked for leave of absence. He was now forty-three years old and his father had long broached the subject of marriage and the perpetuation of the Suvorov blood. The general himself showed little interest in this question. He was completely absorbed in his vocation and also understood that his unimpressive appearance and insufficiently prominent position would hardly attract the attention of the ladies. Averse to playing second fiddle to anyone in female society and not being particularly attracted to it, he sometimes even seemed to avoid women as if he were afraid that they would distract him and break up the straight line of his life. When he left Poland, he wrote: "I had insufficient time to occupy myself with women and I was afraid of them; they run the country here as they do everywhere else and I did not feel sufficient fortitude to defend myself from their charms."

Living in Finland he expressed his attitude towards marriage in a manner hardly leaving room for misunderstanding:

"If there is to be nothing doing with the Swedes, what shall I do in Finland? Hunt rabbits, or get married?"

Nevertheless he did not absolutely reject the idea of marriage and the fact that his father Vassili Ivanovich informed him that a bride had been found for him was one of the reasons for his request for leave of absence. On 16th January, 1774, he married, in Moscow, Princess Varvara Ivanovna Prozorovskaya, the daughter of a retired general-in-chief. The honeymoon proved to be the only time he spent with his wife—in the middle of February he was back in the army.

This time he was given the task of preventing the Turks from crossing the Danube at Siliustria. Nothing was said in his orders about more active operations; there were only general instructions that in the event of offensive operations he was to keep in touch with the neighbouring detachment of General Kamenski. The time and direction of the advance was to be decided by the two commanders independently, but in consultation with each other. Although Rumyantsev gave Kamenski the right of final decision, he did not definitely subordinate Suvorov to him. This conditional subordination proved to be pregnant with unhappy consequences. Suvorov held the same rank as Kamenski and was his senior by eight years. Although he admitted that Kamenski was

a competent and efficient commander, Suvorov by no means regarded him as his equal. Hence he decided to act independently.

Having agreed on a plan of operations, both commanders began their campaign. But Suvorov delayed his own action for two days, later giving as a pretext the absence of part of his detachment, and then set out by a different route to that agreed upon with Kamenski, without even informing him of the change. He obviously intended to avoid a junction with Kamenski's troops.

Suvorov's hope of meeting the Turks before he met Kamenski were not fulfilled, however, and a few days later both detachments met in the village of Yushenli. But Suvorov still adhered to his determination to act independently. Disregarding Kamenski's wishes, he immediately led his troops forward to form the vanguard and putting himself at the head of his cavalry set out on a reconnaissance in force. His plan was to engage the enemy, conduct the action as circumstances indicated and, confronting Kamenski with a *fait accompli*, compel him to act in accordance with the requirements of the situation.

It happened, however, that the Turks had undertaken offensive operations at the same time as the Russians and a Turkish army of 40,000 men was at this time already in Kozludzhi, only a few miles from Yushenli. Suvorov's cavalry entered a narrow defile leading through a dense wood. The Turkish scouts saw them and as soon as the Russians emerged from the wood, they were attacked by a strong Turkish force. The suddenness of the attack, the numerical superiority of the enemy and their unfavourable position proved too much for the Russian troopers—they first retreated and then fled in disorder. Suvorov himself was hard put to it to escape.

Having received news of what had happened, Kamenski immediately sent three cavalry squadrons to the aid of Suvorov, but the flying troops of the latter, pursued by hordes of Albanian horsemen, swept the reinforcements away with them in their disorderly flight. The position was now most precarious. Kamenski was equal to the occasion, however. He ordered two regiments of infantry to form four dense squares in front of the wood. The Albanians tried to break through this infantry barrier but were beaten off by musketry fire and withdrew.

The first phase of the battle was ended. Without the slightest doubt it was Kamenski's presence of mind that saved the situation. But in the further development of events it was Suvorov who played the leading part and who completely eclipsed Kamenski.

Having rallied his disorganised cavalry and reinforced them by infantry, Suvorov immediately turned back in pursuit of the retreating Albanians. The operation was carried out in extremely difficult circumstances. The narrow forest paths were littered with the dead bodies of men and horses. It was terribly hot. Neither the soldiers nor the horses had had any food or drink for a considerable time. They had constantly to be on their guard against ambushes by Turks hiding among the trees. Many soldiers died on the march from sheer exhaustion.

At last the defile, five and a half miles long, was at an end and the troops emerged from the forest. Deploying in the plain, Suvorov repulsed repeated attacks of the far more numerous Turks and, bringing his guns into position, began an intensive bombardment of the enemy camp. After an artillery preparation lasting three hours, Suvorov, without waiting for the arrival of Kamenski's force, launched all his available men in a fierce charge. The Turks

gave ground and then fled, leaving twenty-nine brass guns and 107 flags in the hands of the victors.

It is hardly surprising that after this episode the relations between Suvorov and Kamenski took on a character of open hostility.

The day after the battle of Kozludzhi, Kamenski sent Rumyantsev a report in which he made himself out to be the chief hero of the day. This finally ruined the relations between him and Suvorov. In these circumstances, tormented by unceasing attacks of fever, hardly able to keep his feet during the paroxysms of sickness, Suvorov was no longer prepared to overtax his strength and after a few days relinquished his command and left for Bucharest.

Rumyantsev received him very coldly and began the interview by asking Suvorov to explain why he left his post in the front line without orders to do so. Suvorov replied that it was impossible for him to serve under the command of Kamenski; he also applied for sick leave. The commander-in-chief thereupon first issued an order transferring Suvorov back to Saltykov's command, and by a second order dated the same day gave him leave of absence with permission to return to Russia. In view of the continuation of military operations this was equivalent to dismissal.

Meanwhile the campaign was drawing to an end. Shaken by the defeat at Kozludzhi and, having exhausted its available financial resources, the Sublime Porte concluded a peace on conditions very favourable to Russia. According to the treaty signed at Kuchuk-Kainardzhi, Russia acquired Kerch, Kinburn, Azov, the territory between the Bug and the Dniester, the valleys of the Terek and the Kuban, and the right of free navigation on the Black Sea, and was to receive a war indemnity of four and a half million roubles.

The aggression of the Sublime Porte was thus frustrated by the mightier aggression of its northern neighbour.

The Crimea was finally detached from Turkey and its "independence" recognised. This meant that the Tartars of the Crimea would be ruled by the Emperors of Russia instead of by the Sultans of Turkey. Of two evils this was the lesser, but the right of self-determination for the Crimea still remained an unfulfilled dream.

Meanwhile Suvorov had not left the south.

It seemed as if there were nothing he could do there now. His command had been taken from him, his health was shaken and a young wife was waiting for him in Russia. And yet he did not leave the army. He remained in Moldavia, putting off his departure for the north day after day.

His thoughts were hardly consoling. All his victories, all the selfless devotion with which he had braved the bullets of the enemy dozens of times, even all his attempts to appear a simpleton, had been in vain. Nothing had come of it all, because he had been unable to find favour at Catherine's court.

IN THE STEPPES OF THE VOLGA AND KUBAN

THE PEACE WITH TURKEY WAS SIGNED IN JULY, 1774, AND A FEW DAYS LATER Suvorov was urgently ordered back to Russia. This time his services were required not against a foreign foe, but against an enemy far more terrible to Catherine and her nobility. Suvorov was recalled to deal with a man whom the Empress, in a letter to Voltaire, with assumed disdain called "Marquis de Pugachev," but who in reality caused her to tremble with fear. At one time she

made a show of going to the Volga to head the struggle against the popular masses who had rallied to the standard of Pugachev, but Nikita Panin, her Chancellor, easily dissuaded her and suggested that she should send his brother, Peter Panin, instead. Peter Panin had quarrelled with Rumyantsev and Orlov and lived in retirement on his estates, secretly hoping that he would some day be recalled. He accepted the new appointment with pleasure, but demanded an assistant and named Suvorov for the post. This choice was partly due to the military reputation Suvorov had by this time acquired and partly to the fact that Bibikov, the previous commander-in-chief of the army operating against Pugachev, had recommended him. As long ago as March, 1774, Bibikov had insistently demanded that Suvorov be transferred to his army, but Rumyantsev objected on the grounds that this would make the Pugachev movement (which the Government obstinately attempted to represent as a disturbance of little importance), appear too serious and dangerous both at home and abroad. Rumyantsev's argument was accepted as sufficient but when, after the death of Bibikov, the new commander-in-chief again requested that Suvorov be sent to him, the position was somewhat changed: the war was over, Suvorov was without an appointment and, last but not least, the Empress was so frightened of the expanding insurrection that she would have gladly sent all her generals to the Volga for the sake of finishing with Pugachev. When the news came that Pugachev had crossed to the west bank of the Volga and was advancing towards Moscow, a messenger was sent galloping to Suvorov the same day. Immediately on receiving his orders, Suvorov left for Moscow, met his wife and father there and, without stopping for his baggage, hurried to join Panin.

In the eighteenth century the conditions of the landowners' serfs and of the serfs of the Crown assigned to work in manufactures had become burdensome in the extreme. Extensive contacts with Europe, and the luxury of court life increased the requirements of the nobility. Their only source of income was their serfs, on whose long-suffering shoulders fell the burden of merciless exploitation by their landlords. They had to work in their masters' fields from three to five days every week and had in addition to perform many other services: mend roads, act as carriers, guards, etc. Peasants who paid in cash for exemption from these obligations were slightly better off, but they too, were often unable to satisfy the excessive demands of their masters.

The difficult economic position of the serfs was aggravated by their harsh treatment at the hands of their masters. Not a trace was left of the former peculiar patriarchal relationship, when the feudal lords manifested at least the shadow of some solicitude for their serfs. Now a cold inhumanity was established everywhere and the slave-driver attitude towards their men increasingly developed in the minds of the masters. The peasants were subjected to savage punishment on the slightest provocation. Count Rumyantsev issued orders that those who failed to come to Holy Communion should be given 5,000 strokes of the birch. Landowners whose estates lay in treeless districts imported birch sticks by the cartload. On the great estates there were special punishment barns, with stocks, flogging stands and a whole assortment of whips and knouts. The landowner could send any of his serfs to penal servitude for any term, could banish them to Siberia, or send them into the army for life. Even to complain of the tyranny of the landowners was a criminal offence. A ukase of the year 1767 threatened with the knout and penal servitude all those who dared make a complaint against their masters.

The position of the factory peasants was no better. Those who worked in

the mines and factories of the Urals lived in such terrible conditions that many of them committed crimes merely in order to get away from the hated factory.

It is hardly surprising therefore that men thus driven to despair seized any weapons they could find and rose against their oppressors. In the first five years of Catherine's reign, according to her own computation, more than 200,000 peasants participated in peasant revolts. Catherine also noted that the year 1767 "was notable for the slaughter of many gentlemen by their serfs."

The masses, prostrate under the heel of their tormentors, were waiting for a leader who would be able to organise their spontaneous revolt. Such a leader was found in the person of Pugachev. Peasant serfs, Cossacks, "assignees" from the factories, free wage-earners, Bashkirs, Kalmyks—they all rose when he issued his call to arms for a better life.

It was against these insurgent masses that the armies of the Empress marched under the command of Peter Panin. The commander-in-chief had at his disposal forces then regarded as considerable: about 20,000 men, among them the gentlemen-cadets of the Kazan and Pensa military schools. In addition to these forces, numerous armed bands were formed in the area of insurrection, at Orenburg, Pensa and Kazan.

While the Government was mobilising whole armies, Pugachev's resources began to melt away. The prosperous Cossacks of the Don gave him no support, the Bashkirs left his army, being reluctant to go far away from their territory; he also lost the Ural workmen, who had given him cadres of loyal fighting men with arms as long as he fought in the Ural region. The Kalmyks, who had recently joined him, did not represent a serious military force. Moreover Pugachev's men were poorly armed.

At the end of August, Government forces under the command of Michelson inflicted a severe defeat on the insurgents near the Salnikov factory. Pugachev lost twenty-four guns, 6,000 prisoners, and 2,000 killed, among them his faithful comrade-in-arms, Ovsyannikov. This happened on the day on which Suvorov reported to Panin.

It is curious that the mere fact of Suvorov's rapid journey to Panin was sufficient to bring him a gracious letter and a cash reward from the Empress. "Learning from the letter of Count Panin," wrote Catherine, "that you hurried to him with such expedition and so little baggage that you have nothing with you except your well-tryed zeal in my service and that you immediately set out to strike at the enemy—for such a laudably rapid journey I tender you my thanks. . . . But that you may the sooner provide yourself with a travelling equipage, I am sending you 4,000 gold pieces." When Suvorov had galloped through swamps under a hail of enemy bullets, suffering every sort of privation, never getting out of his clothes for weeks on end, no one thanked him for it. And now a quick journey in a coach was credited to him almost as a deed of heroism. The conclusion was inescapable: in order to be appreciated it was not enough to fight well, one had to fight against an enemy who appeared especially dangerous, fight where one was well in the public view and fight in a way to please Catherine and her court.

Having received unlimited powers from Panin, Suvorov, escorted by a detachment of fifty men, set out for Saratov by way of Pensa.

His way took him through localities recently the scenes of fighting against Pugachev. The smoking ruins of buildings were everywhere; the unburied bodies of peasants littered the road. They met groups of insurgents here and there, but these did not attack Suvorov's party nor did he attack them, not

wishing to lose time. Only when there was no danger of an armed clash did he assume the part of both conqueror and judge. Refusing to inflict the death penalty, he limited himself to corporal punishment, sometimes sentencing the "mutineers" to floggings; he also used the weapon of propaganda extensively, spreading the rumour that those who surrendered voluntarily would be mercifully treated.

Sometimes Suvorov's party was surrounded by insurgents; in such cases he pretended to be a follower of Pugachev, riding on Pugachev's business. Needless to say, his reason for this was not cowardice, but his wish to avoid unnecessary fighting.

"Crazy mobs were about everywhere," he says in his autobiography, "and on our way we saw many they had mercilessly slaughtered. I am not ashamed to say that I sometimes took on their name of evildoers. I myself nowhere carried out executions or ordered any to be carried out, but rather tried to appease by humane persuasion. . . ."

These words, confirmed by facts, show that Suvorov was far from sharing that savage hatred of the insurgents which distinguished most of the gentry and which soon found its expression in thousands of hangings and breakings on the wheel, and scores of thousands of bestial floggings. But for Suvorov the followers of Pugachev were mutineers and he conscientiously carried out his orders, which were to "pacify" them.

On his arrival in Saratov, Suvorov learned of the defeat of Pugachev at the Salnikov factory and heard that Michelson was indefatigably pursuing him. "If all local authorities were like Michelson," Suvorov remarked, "the Pugachev revolt would long ago have been shattered like a meteor." But while giving Michelson his due, Suvorov had no intention of letting the honour of capturing Pugachev slip from his own grasp. In Tsaritsyn he formed, in a single day, a detachment of several hundred cavalymen and 300 mounted infantrymen and rode into the steppe in search of the defeated leader of the peasant war. One of Pugachev's comrades, Tarpov, a Cossack of Yaitsk, having been captured by Michelson, told him that Pugachev with a few dozen men had swum the Volga and ". . . riding a few miles further on with his comrades . . . and having taken counsel with them decided to escape into the steppe by waterless places to some reeds, fifty miles away," where they hoped to find water and lie low, getting their food by hunting wild animals.

Suvorov's light forces rode on into the steppes.

"I am going to catch doomed Yemelka as he flees across the steppes," Suvorov wrote to Derzhavin.

There was little bread for the troop, and they ate slices of meat roasted over the fire instead. They rode, taking their direction from the sun by day and the stars by night; they rode in all weathers; left stragglers behind and abandoned exhausted horses. Soon they found the track of Pugachev: peasants told them that when he had halted the night before, his followers had mutinied, had tied him hand and foot and had taken him to Yaitsk.

Still Suvorov did not give up the idea of capturing Pugachev with his own hands. Speeding up the pace of his troop to the limit, he rode towards Yaitsk. On the road, however, they met with an unexpected check; in the night they encountered a group of Steppe nomads who opened fire on them and killed Maximovich, Suvorov's aide for many years, who was riding by his side. Having scattered the attackers, Suvorov picked out a few of his better mounted men and galloped ahead with them.

But all his efforts were in vain—Pugachev had already been delivered up to Simonov, commander of the Yaitsk garrison.

Two days later the troop left Yaitsk, taking Pugachev with them as prisoner.

Suvorov treated Pugachev as a prisoner of war. He would have been quite incapable of striking a defenceless prisoner, as Panin did when the captured leader was brought to him. He questioned Pugachev about his operations and his plans and interested himself in the organisation of his forces. But, as ever in the performance of his duties, he was averse from all sentimentality. Fearing that an attempt might be made to rescue the prisoner and doubting whether the escort would be equal to such a test (he had only three infantry companies and 200 Cossacks) Suvorov ordered a kind of huge cage to be made, in which he placed Pugachev, who was also fettered. This barbarity is hardly in harmony with the noble character of Suvorov and doubts have been expressed as to the truth of the story. But references to the cage occur in so many sources, notably in the annals of Rychkov, in the memoirs of Derzhavin, in Pushkin's *History of the Pugachev Rebellion*, and finally in the book of Anting, edited by Suvorov himself, that the fact itself can hardly be doubted. It must be said, by the way, that Pugachev, having energetically protested against being lodged in a cage, he was soon transferred to an ordinary cart, to which he was bound with ropes and the same procedure was applied to his twelve-year-old son.

Hardly had the peasant leader been captured when the generals began to squabble among themselves. Who was to have the credit for taking Pugachev? The fact that Pugachev was not captured in battle but delivered up by his own followers made the solution of the question somewhat difficult.

Actually it was Michelson who had shown the greatest energy in the struggle with the rebellion, but Panin preferred to give the credit for the successful operation to Suvorov, his own candidate. He reported with bathos to Catherine: "The untiring zeal of Suvorov's detachment was beyond all human endurance. In the steppe, with the coarsest food of a common soldier, in the worst of weathers, without fuel, without winter apparel, with the command of a major, not of a general, he carried the pursuit to the utmost limits."

Ironical fate had again played a trick on Suvorov: never, either before or after, did he receive so brilliant a testimonial from his superiors as he did for the handing over of a defeated, fettered, friendless captive.

Actually the part played by Suvorov had been less than insignificant. Coming as he did at a time when the rebellion was already on the wane, the most he could have done was to accelerate by a few days the inevitable tragic end.

As a matter of fact, Catherine knew this perfectly well. Although she sent Suvorov a golden sword studded with diamonds, as a reward for the capture of Pugachev and nothing for the Turkish campaign, yet on one occasion she said bluntly, "Suvorov had nothing to do with it . . . he arrived after the end of the fight and the capture of the rogue." On another occasion she expressed herself with even less respect, saying that Pugachev owed his capture to Suvorov just about as much as to her, Catherine's, lapdog Thomas.

In the summer of 1775, landowning Russia celebrated with great pomp the suppression of the Pugachev rebellion and the successful end of the Turkish and Polish campaigns. Suvorov was not present at these festivities: he was on the Volga at the time, mopping up the last nests of rebellion. This period marks among other things the beginning of his correspondence with Potemkin. Potemkin was now no longer merely a general in Rumyantsev's army, but the omnipo-

tent favourite of the Empress. He had relegated to the background the two Orlovs, Rumyantsev and Panin, and was, as Derzhavin sang:

“All-powerful both in peace and war,
Not born in purple, yet a tsar.”

Having learned by bitter experience how difficult it was to be without a protector, Suvorov decided to put himself under the wing of the new favourite. His letters to Potemkin are full of compliments and requests for support; but his skill in the sphere of flattery was slight, his compliments were generally crude and his requests clumsily phrased and unconvincing.

In August, 1775, Suvorov's father died. In connection with this, the general was granted permission to go to Moscow, was there presented to the Empress and appointed to the command of the Petersburg division. For most of Catherine's generals such an appointment would have appeared extremely flattering and advantageous. But Suvorov disliked it. He was not attracted by the prospect of receiving rewards for ceremonial parades; in his dreams he strove for genuine fame, linked inseparably with the glory of his country as he conceived it, and he did not wish to exchange the hardships and dangers of war for a place in the sun in the capital. It is highly characteristic of Suvorov that while he might appeal for the protection of the powerful courtiers of the Empress, he would never have agreed to become one of their number.

Remaining in Moscow for domestic reasons, he spent more than a year there and on his country estates, without ever putting in an appearance in Petersburg to command his division.

In November, 1776, he received an urgent order from Potemkin to go to the Crimea.

Peter I had already conceived the idea that it would be necessary to annex the Crimea to Russia. Since then the policy of all Russian Governments had always been directed towards the acquisition of that attractive peninsular. The peace treaty signed in 1774 in Kuchuk-Kainardzhi contributed greatly to the solution of this problem, the Turks having evacuated the peninsula in fulfilment of that treaty. The Crimea was thus given a nominal independence, but, in fact, Russia had acquired a decisive influence on Crimean affairs through the possession of the fortresses of Kerch, Yenikale and Kinburn. The Tartars of the Crimea knew well enough what the “independence” thus forced on them was worth and accepted it most unwillingly. Internal dissensions arose among them which the Russian Government immediately prepared to exploit for its own ends. Shagin-Girei, a brother of the former Khan of the Crimea who had been deposed by the Murzas, had been educated in St. Petersburg for several years. Shagin-Girei was completely russified; he was often seen at the dances held in the Smolny Institute for “well-born young ladies,” and was even carried on the strength of the Preobrazhenski Regiment. He was, therefore, the Russian candidate for the regency of the Crimea; it was decided that he should first be forced upon the Nogai tribes and later be made Khan of the Crimea. The unrest among the Tartars induced Turkey to move troops to the Crimea and Russia for her part also sent 25,000 men under Prozorovski to the peninsula, with Suvorov as second in command.

In March, 1777, Shagin-Girei arrived in the Crimea and was immediately elected Khan by the Murzas. Full of new ideas learned in Russia he at once introduced extensive reforms, ordered a census to be taken, began to coin

money, laid down the keel of a frigate, ordered the children to be taught European languages, etc. These "European" measures, enforced by Shagin-Girei with Asiatic cruelty and despotism, aroused the dissatisfaction of the Moslems. The unrest spread to the Kuban where the Nogai tribes were still living as nomads.

At this time the command over the Kuban forces was entrusted to Suvorov. He hurried to the Kuban and immediately set to work. Although he only remained there some three months, he got a vast amount of work done, organised a frontier guard, built a few score new forts, redistributed the garrisons and had the riverside reed thickets burnt away, as these usually served the mountaineers for cover in preparing their raids. In the midst of this work Suvorov received the news that he had been appointed commander of all the armed forces in the Crimea in succession to Prince Prozorovski.

The position in the Crimea was very serious indeed. The Turkish fleet was riding off the coast with the obvious intention of landing troops. This had to be prevented, while avoiding an open conflict which might have led to an undesirable new war. Knowing Suvorov's impetuous temper, Rumyantsev doubted whether he would be able to cope with such a task. But Suvorov showed himself very much the master of the situation. Cleverly placed detachments kept the whole coast under observation and when the Turks tried to land, on the pretext of a lack of drinking water, they were politely but firmly refused permission. The commanders of the detachments were very sorry, referred to a non-existing quarantine and at the same time laid their hands on their sword-hilts with unmistakable meaning. The Turks understood that a landing could only be made at the price of a battle, and the Turkish fleet sailed away to Constantinople.

After this Suvorov was given another, no less delicate task. The Russian government wished to transfer the whole Christian population of the Crimea to the coastal regions of the Sea of Azov. As a result Khan Shagin-Girei would lose the overwhelming majority of his tax-payers and become financially dependent on Russia. In carrying out this task, Suvorov had to take into account the sharp opposition of the Khan, the complaints and protests of the population concerned, and, finally, the hostile attitude of Rumyantsev who did not approve of this measure and foresaw that its realisation would have many harmful consequences. The circumstances in which the transfer of population was actually performed is characterised by the fact that "a strong guard with a cannon was immediately posted before the house of the two ministers of the Khan who were most active in obstructing it, and kept there until they submitted." Nevertheless, the transfer was quickly and successfully carried out.

While he was watching the Turkish fleet, transferring the Christian merchants from the Black Sea region to the Azov coast, and fortifying the steppe frontier, Suvorov never lost sight of the problems of army reorganisation. In May, 1778, in an order issued to the Crimean and Kuban army corps he gave them detailed "Regulations on the Order of Service for the Infantry, Cavalry and Cossacks," which constitute a comprehensive scheme of instruction for carrying out operations under the existing difficult local conditions. This highly interesting document has preserved its value to this day.

Thus Suvorov was working hard, if not at a battle post, at least in the closely allied task of military administration; but he was nevertheless in very low spirits. Rumyantsev had long taken a dislike to him, was further annoyed because of the transfer of the Christians, and vented his anger by sharp reproofs addressed

to Suvorov. The impressionable nature and vanity of Suvorov preventing him from taking these rebukes calmly. The necessity of enduring silently the coarse abuse of the powerful grandee was torment to him. Being at that time subordinate to Rumyantsev, Suvorov had no real right to communicate with Potemkin over the head of his superior, but regarding Potemkin as his shield against Rumyantsev's intrigues he appealed to him again and again. Suvorov's position was made even more difficult by the violent feud which had broken out between Rumyantsev and Potemkin. Engaged in carrying out a mission given him by Potemkin, while at the same time being subordinate to Rumyantsev, Suvorov found himself, so to speak, between the hammer and the anvil. When Rumyantsev sent him a categorical order that the compulsory transfer of Christians must cease, Suvorov wrote: "This rebuke reached me when nearly all Christians had already gone; had it come earlier, Suvorov would have perished as a failure. The field marshal gives me more and more vitriolic pills to swallow."

Hearing rumours—as usual, very much exaggerated—of intrigues set on foot by Rumyantsev against him, Suvorov was extremely worried. "I go in perpetual fear of the field marshal," he wrote. "He writes to me as if from a cloud. If only he would postpone the vitriol and coldly look to the end, or patiently wait for it. . . . His communications are usually mere abuse, sometimes wreathed in roses."

In his despair Suvorov sometimes thought it necessary to justify himself in the eyes of Potemkin regarding the crimes of which Rumyantsev, according to rumour, was accusing him.

"They are saying that I boasted that I was going to conquer the Crimea. No, the only thing I boast of is that I have served for forty years without a blemish. They are saying, more shame to them, that I demanded beautiful girls from the Khan. But I never had such thoughts outside wedlock. They are saying that I demanded Argamaks (a breed of horses. Tr.), but I use only post-horses; that I demanded "Indian brocades"—but I don't even know whether such things exist in the Crimea."

There can be no doubt that Suvorov exaggerated the Rumyantsev intrigues. But that Rumyantsev was ill-disposed towards him is an indubitable fact, and Suvorov reacted to it all the more violently as he was no longer young and had many a successful operation to his credit. To crown it all, he fell seriously ill. "I cannot describe to you all my attacks of ill-health," he wrote to Potemkin. "Give me a change of air and you will still find me of some use . . . Find me the means to improve my health . . . or my life will be cut short—and we have only one life. I could still give good service if I lived."

Potemkin remained unmoved by these letters and Suvorov had no choice but to be patient and wait for a turn of fortune.

Little by little the atmosphere in the Crimea became less tense. The Sublime Porte acknowledged Shagin-Girei as Khan of the Crimea and most of the Russian troops were withdrawn from there. Suvorov was appointed to the command of a Ukrainian division. Hardly had he begun to "exercise" it when he was summoned to St. Petersburg. He hurried to the capital with secret hopes. Perhaps the "little mother" had recognised his faithful services at last? The Empress did, in fact, receive him very graciously; obviously the successful conclusion of the Crimean enterprise and the protection of the omnipotent Potemkin had had their effect. Having enchanted Suvorov with compliments

in broken Russian, the Empress sent him to Astrakhan on a "secret and important mission."

With the enthusiasm of a youth Suvorov hurried to carry out this "fresh little job," but he was soon to be bitterly disappointed. What the Russian Government had in mind was to take advantage of the war between England and France to divert part of the sea traffic with India to the land route by way of Persia. In connection with this project Suvorov was to examine the roads, take measures to ensure the safety of the caravans and begin preparations for a projected campaign in Persia. Very soon, however, the impracticability of the whole plan became manifest and the matter was shelved, but Suvorov was nevertheless left in Astrakhan.

He spent two long years there, suffering from the unaccustomed lack of activity. Even life in the Crimea seemed a paradise to him now. His service position was most ambiguous—at times he felt that it was plain exile. In addition, he was sorely stung by all sorts of petty pinpricks and gossip with which Astrakhan was full. At a reception in the governor's house the arrival of the vice-governor was marked by a flourish, while no flourish was forthcoming when Suvorov arrived; some schoolmaster or other proved to him by means of algebra that any young ensign had more brains than he, Suvorov; the wife of the governor did not return a call made by Suvorov's wife, Varvara Ivanovna, and so on. This whole tangle of trivialities engulfed the general, who was not free from vanity. Every little annoyance of this sort wounded him. On top of it all, he had serious domestic trouble—there was considerable unpleasantness between him and his wife.

The relations between Suvorov and his wife Varvara Ivanovna deserve some discussion.

Feminine beauty frightened Suvorov by reason of the excitement it brought in its train. The marriage tie appeared to him as a chain restricting his independence. One day, in expressing doubts as to the ability of a Polish general, Grabovski, to act rapidly, he wrote: "Grabovski, reposing with his wife. . . ." At the same time, however, he regarded it as the duty of every man to marry and have children. "My father begot me and I must beget others in gratitude to my father for begetting me. . . . It would be displeasing to God, if men were not to multiply."

At this time Varvara Ivanovna was twenty-three years old. "She was a beauty of the Russian type, full-fleshed, stately, rosy-cheeked, but with a limited intelligence and an old-fashioned upbringing that debarred women from all learning except the ability to read and write." But even this elementary knowledge had been most imperfectly mastered by Varvara Ivanovna, as one may conclude from a letter to her uncle, Prince Golitsyn, which we quote with her own spelling:

"And I, grashus sir uncle, send yoo my umblest respects, and have the onur to recamend to your graice aleksandry vasilivich and miself and so remane, graishus sir uncle, your obidient neece at your service, varvara Suvorava."

Even taking into consideration the low level of education which characterised the upper class of Russian society in the eighteenth century, this letter must be regarded as exceptionally illiterate.

Suvorov married with the precipitation which characterised all his actions. The engagement took place on 18th December, 1773, the betrothal on 22nd December, and the wedding on 16th January, 1774. The bride's father had, by this time, lost his fortune and gave a dowry of only five thousand roubles

to his daughter. Suvorov, having by now acquired a certain reputation, might doubtless have found a wealthier bride, but obviously both he and his father were impressed by the social eminence of the Prozorovski clan and the beauty of the bride. Apparently Suvorov had never been passionately attracted to Varvara Ivanovna.

The husband and wife had nothing at all in common. He was ugly, she was beautiful; he was a man of profound learning, with an iron will and lofty ambitions; she an aristocrat, essentially vacuous, seeing in everything only the external appearance and quite incapable of understanding her husband or recognising his true worth. Nor did the general's mode of life accord with the ideas of his young wife. She had no sympathy with his thrift, with his neglect of all the external accessories of rank, his simple tastes. To crown it all, both were self-willed and obstinate.

Still, the first years of their marriage went by without any serious quarrels. It was during this time that Varvara Ivanovna had her first child, her daughter Natalia. But later their relations deteriorated quickly. To the conflicts arising from their contrasting tastes and characters was added a new, serious factor: Varvara Ivanovna was unfaithful to her husband. Catherine's reign was characterised by an extraordinary moral licence in the so-called "highest" sphere of society. "The court of the Empress could well compete in this respect with the royal Versailles then approaching its final doom. Ladies of rank changed their lovers as often as their linen and this was no secret even to their husbands. Varvara Ivanovna behaved as nearly every other blasé young woman of her sphere behaved."

But Suvorov categorically refused to accept these customs. Considering the severity and purity of his views on marriage, the conduct of his wife could not but result in serious trouble.

In September, 1779, Suvorov applied to the Consistory for a divorce. He wrote in his application: "The same Varvara, holding in contempt the fear of God and Christian laws, openly indulged her lawless passion with my nephew once removed, Nikolai Sergeyevich Suvorov, Major of the Saint Petersburg Regiment, and wandered abroad day and night, on pretext of taking the air, without attendants and in the company of only this my nephew alone, on the battlements and in empty gardens and other deserted places."

A few months later he withdrew this petition, having apparently agreed to a reconciliation with his wife.

In 1780, Suvorov wrote to Turchaninov, Secretary of State to the Empress: "Take pity on poor Varvara Ivanovna who is dearer to me than life itself. If I regard the situation in which she finds herself, I cannot contain my tears. Safeguard her honour. Her insensate upbringing has left her without the slightest ability to distinguish between vice and virtue. Punish that monster with exemplary severity, put an end to such public temptation." And in a subsequent passage of the same letter: "I entreat you to punish this evil seducer and eternal sullier of my honour, who makes so ungrateful a return for my hospitality and benefactions."

There is reason to believe that the petition of the general was not without effect and that the "eternal sullier" of Suvorov's honour was punished. At all events he says in another letter addressed to the same Turchaninov in August, 1780: "Your honoured letter has reassured me. I see before me the prospect that my innocence will be covered with a white flag. The violent despoiler of my honour will receive his deserved punishment."

Varvara Ivanovna, who had obviously not expected her irresponsible conduct to have such serious consequences, wrote in her turn to Turchaninov: "As for the accursed evildoer, please do your best, little father, to trounce him, the sooner the better."

Suvorov's relations with his wife went from bad to worse; but even now there was no complete break.

For several years after this the wedded life of the couple was not disturbed by any major incidents, but in 1784 they separated for good. Suvorov applied to the Holy Synod directly for a divorce and although the Synod did not grant this for formal reasons, Suvorov completely broke off all marital relations with Varvara Ivanovna. His irritation against his former wife was so strong that when he heard rumours that "his wife was turning towards her husband again," he immediately sent his bailiff Matveich to the Archbishop of Moscow. "Tell him that there will be no third wedding and that I ordered you to make this clear to him. If he says that she will not sin any more, you must say: 'He who has scalded his mouth with milk, will blow even on water.'" If he says: 'People can live in one house and yet be apart.' You will reply: 'Her vicious nature is known to all and my master is not a courtier'."

In separating from his wife, Suvorov wished to return her dowry. Prozorovski refused to accept it, but Suvorov insisted, and finally achieved his object. On the other hand, when fixing the amount of the alimony for Varvara Ivanovna, he first hesitated and then allotted the inconsiderable sum of 1,200 roubles yearly. A few years later the amount was increased to 3,000 roubles. Having made up his mind about a final rupture, Suvorov stifled within himself the last vestiges of affection for his wife and even went so far as to quarrel with his own relatives whom he suspected of sympathy with her. It is only fair to say, however, that Varvara Ivanovna herself was in many ways to blame for this attitude of Suvorov, for she spread untrue rumours about him, alleged that he drank, did her best to compromise him, sued him for more money, etc. His first experience of married life proved a costly affair to Suvorov and he never married again.

Suvorov's life in Astrakhan was marked by perpetual quarrels with Varvara Ivanovna. The lack of interesting work, the pinpricks of the provincial bureaucracy and family quarrels finally brought the general to the end of his patience.

He flooded Potemkin with letters, begging to be given some other appointment, making numerous suggestions as to what the new appointment might be. Finally, in December, 1781, his "tearful entreaties" were crowned with success. He was transferred to Kazan—the one post that he had asked not to be given.

Still, Kazan was better than Astrakhan and Suvorov immediately set out. But before he arrived there, he was given a new appointment and directed back to the Kuban.

The annexation of the Crimea faced Catherine's government with a series of fresh problems. It was decided that all territories adjacent to the northern shore of the Black Sea should be definitely incorporated in Russia, especially the steppes inhabited by the nomad Nogai tribes.

The pretext required for this was, as usual, soon found.

The opposition to Shagin-Girei had been steadily increasing among the Tartars of the Crimea and the Nogais in the steppes beyond the Kuban. Matters came to a head in an insurrection, as a result of which the luckless Khan was driven to seek the protection of the Russian guns at Yenikale. A better excuse for an expedition with the object of fastening the Tsarist yoke on the necks

of the recently conquered tribes would have been difficult to invent. A secret rescript addressed to Potemkin and dated September, 1782, prescribed the following measures: "One army corps to the Dnieper, another to the Bug for the safeguarding of our frontiers and of Kherson, whence the force will also have to operate in the Crimea. The men of the Kuban must be punished and this is to be done by a large force from the Don army reinforced by regular troops." It was in execution of this order that Suvorov was summoned and given command of the Kuban army corps comprising 12 battalions of infantry and 20 squadrons of cavalry with 16 guns. In addition there were 20 regiments of Don irregulars available. From a military point of view the defeating of the Nogais, who hardly knew the use of firearms, could present little difficulty, and it would have been unnecessary to call in Suvorov for such a task. But Potemkin feared interference on the part of Turkey and wanted a quick and efficient settlement of the affair.

Thus Suvorov, sent on a previous occasion to quell a peasant insurrection, now had to take part in the subjugation of a non-Russian people striving to preserve the remnants of their former independence. Once again he obediently went to carry out the mission allotted to him, however much the task may have been against his wishes. He still retained the hope, however, that the problem could be dealt with without bloodshed. He began by inviting several thousand Nogais to a feast in celebration of his arrival. During the feast he persuaded some of the Nogai chieftains to acknowledge Russia as their sovereign. It would have been extremely difficult to obtain the general consent of the whole Nogai tribe to any such arrangement, because of lively counter-propaganda by the Turks, but Suvorov nevertheless decided to make the attempt.

In June, 1783, a second feast was arranged at which it was intended that all chiefs of the Nogai tribes should take the oath of allegiance. Everything went off very well: one hundred oxen and 800 sheep were eaten and 600 gallons of vodka drunk. The guests gorged until they could eat and drink no more, and swore fidelity to the hospitable Empress.

Such an oath could not, however, be regarded as a sufficient guarantee, and Potemkin secretly prepared further measures. In order to counteract the Turkish schemes he decided to resettle the Nogais in the steppes further removed from the frontier, i.e., in the districts of Tambov, Saratov and the Urals. That for the Nogais this was equivalent to ruin, was a detail no one was prepared to consider.

The transfer of the Nogais began a month later. Judging the moment opportune, Suvorov began the operation before the order to do so arrived from Potemkin, a circumstance for which he was later blamed by Potemkin. The road was lined with pickets all the way, but they were instructed to be very careful not to irritate the transferees. At first the Nogais submitted, but on 1st August the tribe of the Jemboyluks offered armed resistance and attempted to return to the Kuban. Troops were called out, and the unfortunate tribesmen were driven into the river and lost heavily.

In his report to Prince Potemkin, Suvorov said: "One man arriving from the scene of battle related that he had seen countless dead and the colonels have picked up many innocent infants whom they are feeding with milk."

The extermination of the Jemboyluks roused all the Nogais tribes and completely destroyed the precarious edifice of spurious friendly relations with them. A few small Russian detachments were massacred and ten thousand nomads besieged Yeisk, the garrison of which beat them off with difficulty. In

addition, Shagin-Girei moved his seat of government to Taman, entered into relations with Turkey and openly concluded a Turkish alliance. Potemkin now demanded that Shagin-Girei should immediately take up residence far in the interior of Russia. Suvorov sent a messenger, who was delayed on the road, and who found no one there when he arrived in Taman. The Khan had learnt of the approach of the messenger and had escaped during the night.

Potemkin was beside himself with rage. "I regard this as regrettable," he wrote to Suvorov, "as I do other strange happenings in your district and suggest that orders destined for your exclusive knowledge and execution should not be bruited abroad."

Suvorov knew well enough that he had made a mistake in allowing Shagin-Girei to escape. He was also greatly alarmed at Potemkin's displeasure and decided to make every effort to repair the damage done. Potemkin insisted on energetic action which would nip in the bud the unrest stirred up among the Nogai people by the Turks and the fanatical Murzas. Suvorov had previously been anxious to avoid another massacre, but having convinced himself that his efforts were vain and seeing that his own position was shaken, he lost no time in preparing a punitive expedition.

In insisting on such an expedition, Potemkin had demanded a "severe lesson" which would put an end to the Nogai raids and serve as a warning to other restless peoples and tribes. To put it plainly, it was proposed to exterminate the section of the Nogais living beyond the Kuban, the total number of whom was put at 80,000 souls. This in any case was how Suvorov understood his task.

From the military point of view the operation presented no difficulties: it was obvious that the poorly armed nomad tribes could not stand up against regular troops. The difficulty lay in another direction—the Nogais, retreating into the mountains, had to be brought to battle before they reached the almost impenetrable forests. In order not to frighten off the slowly moving nomads, the greatest secrecy had to be observed.

A rumour was set on foot that Suvorov had gone back to Russia and that it had been decided to leave the Nogais of the Transkuban in peace. Meanwhile a detachment under the command of Suvorov himself took the field on 19th September. The detachment moved in secret, mainly at night. Nogai look-outs were patrolling the far bank of the Kuban river and the Russians had to march in strict silence in order not to be noticed by them. No military signals were heard and orders were passed on in whispers. From afar the Russian corps might have been taken for a procession of spectres. The detachment marched across country, often by guess and by God. Many ravines and gullies had to be crossed, increasing the strain on the troops. Progress was nevertheless astonishingly rapid.

In the night of 1st October the Russians saw a Nogai camp on the other bank of the river Kuban. Now sixteen companies of infantry, sixteen squadrons of Dragoons and sixteen Cossack regiments had to ford the river without attracting the attention of the nomads. This fording operation was, according to Suvorov's own words "of extreme difficulty, the river being over seventy-five sazhen broad, the men almost out of their depth, the opposite bank very steep and high and the soil so hard that the trenching tool was of little use."

In complete darkness the troops reached the opposite bank without attracting attention. The infantrymen stripped naked and waded across the Kuban

holding their muskets and powder-bags over their heads; their clothes were carried across the river by the cavalry.

Fifteen miles beyond the river near Kermenchuk the Russians surprised the first Nogai camps. After a short and desperate engagement a massacre began. About three thousand five hundred Nogais were killed in the course of the day and a thousand taken prisoner. The rest scattered and sought shelter in the forest, where many of them were captured by their enemies. So numerous were the captives taken by the Circassians that they exchanged two Nogais for one horse. The Russians lost fifty men.

One more nation had been added to the number of those conquered by the Russia of the Tsars. The political independence of the Transkuban Nogais was at an end. The other Nogai tribes began to send in delegates with assurances of allegiance. Many Circassian tribes also began to restrict their raids. The Crimean peninsula finally passed into the possession of Russia, into the "high hand" of the Empress. Although the hand was not too light, in comparison with that of the Sultan of Turkey even this seemed soft enough.

As for Suvorov, in April, 1784, he was ordered to relinquish his command and return to Moscow in view of the recognition by Turkey of Russian rule in the Crimea and Kuban. The next two years he spent in "idleness," as he called the peaceful occupation of training the Vladimir division entrusted to him. One day when he was in St. Petersburg he wished to pay his respects to the Empress and was granted an audience. When the Empress appeared, Suvorov fell on his knee in front of the ikon and then prostrated himself at Catherine's feet and generally behaved in a manner which definitely labelled him as "eccentric" and "original."

THE SECOND TURKISH WAR—KINBURN AND OCHAKOV

HAVING ASSUMED COMMAND OF THE VLADIMIR DIVISION, SUVOROV SETTLED DOWN on his estate, the village of Undoli, near Vladimir on the Siberian highway. Attired in a tunic of coarse linen he strolled about the village, talked to the peasants, sang in the church choir and rang the church bells. But he soon tired of this rural idyll.

"The pleasures of idleness cannot cause me enjoyment for long," he wrote to Potemkin. A few months later he wrote Potemkin a second letter with the insistent request that he be given some other command. Fearing that his application would be rejected owing to the machinations of his enemies, he tried to justify himself in advance and described himself in a manner which in anyone else would have sounded like vainglorious boasting:

"I have served for over forty years. I am nearly sixty years old but my only desire is to end my service sword in hand. My long sojourn in the ranks has made me coarse in manner, although my heart is of the purest, and has removed me from acquaintance with the external forms of polite society. Having spent my life in the field it is too late for me to get used to other surroundings. Science has taught me virtue. I am a liar like Epaminondas, I fly from the enemy like Cæsar—I am as constant as Turenne and as righteous as Aristides. Unskilled in the arts of flattery and soft words I often displease my friends, but I have never broken my word even to an enemy. . . . Deliver me from idleness—I cannot bear to live any longer in the lap of luxury."

This remarkable letter is quite characteristic of Suvorov. He was perfectly sincere when, in the full glare of his "virtue," he sang his own praises. It was quite true that he knew neither falsehood nor hypocrisy—and the many defects of his character he regarded as insignificant.

However, this letter did not achieve its object any more than the previous ones. Not until 1786 was Suvorov appointed to the command of the Kremenchug troops, which formed a part of the Yekaterinoslav army, and was at the same time promoted in the order of seniority to the rank of general-in-chief.

In arranging this appointment, Potemkin was only pursuing his own interests. His policy in assimilating the newly acquired territories of the Crimea and Novorossia gave rise to many attacks on him. It was said that the enormous sums he spent were giving no return whatever, and that his administration was full of serious defects. Viewed in the light of all this talk, Potemkin had reason to be seriously alarmed by the decision of Catherine to visit the new territories in person. With the energy natural to him he set himself to prepare the new territories for the imperial visit, striving of course to show them in the best possible light. He decided to conceal the serious economic distress of the area behind a decorative façade of specially erected structures, and the sullen discontent of the population behind the carefully rehearsed demonstrations of a troupe of "inhabitants" driven from place to place along the imperial route. In this whole system of exaggerations and camouflage there was, however, just one bright spot—the available military strength. In this respect Potemkin had much to boast of: a fleet of forty ships was stationed in Sevastopol harbour and the army, despite all its deficiencies, constituted a formidable force according to the standards of the period. It was quite natural that such a master of window-dressing as His Excellency the Prince of Tauris would want to extract every ounce of credit from this trump card. In considering who would be the best man to prepare the troops for a review by the Empress, he picked Suvorov, whose methods of training he knew well.

Suvorov was pleased with this task. He had more respect for Potemkin than for most other public men. He knew that despite his tendency towards ostentation, despite his cold-blooded extermination of tens of thousands of men in back-breaking labour merely to tidy up the territories under his administration, Potemkin genuinely cared for the well-being of the soldiers. For this rare trait Suvorov forgave the favourite many sins.

"The beauty of military dress consists in its uniformity and in the suitability of each part of it for the use to which it is put," Potemkin wrote in a memorandum to the Empress in 1785. "Dress should serve the soldier for raiment and not be a burden to him. All foppery should be banned, for it is the fruit of luxury, and requires much time, expense and many servants, none of which can be available to a soldier."

These were far-reaching innovations compared with previous ideas, which were to be resurrected so fatally soon afterwards by the Emperor Paul I.

"Is curling and powdering the hair and plaiting into pigtails an occupation for soldiers?" Potemkin continued in the same memorandum. "The soldiers have no valets. Why curls? Everyone must agree that it is better to wash and comb the hair than to load it with powder, grease, flour, pins and pigtails. The soldier's toilet should be such that he may be ready as soon as he gets up."

Instead of the clumsy magnificence of former military dress, Potemkin introduced a new, comfortable uniform. Here, for instance, is a description of the new uniform of the Dragoons: "a tunic of dark green cloth with flat

brass buttons along the seams and wide red cloth trousers reinforced with leather. On the tunic, shoulder-straps, collar, lapels, and belt; stripes on the cloth trousers. On the left side: sabre carried in a frog. The sabre-hilt merely a brass cross-piece without a basket, the sheath of plain steel covered with leather. Across the left shoulder is slung a haversack with thirty cartridges. The head-gear: a helmet with a plumage of cock's feathers. Complicated hairdressing to be abolished: the cavalry simply to twist their whiskers, the infantry to turn the ends upwards; side-whiskers to be banned in the army."

The reforms were not limited to dress. They concerned the foundations of army organisation. In one order addressed to Repnin, Potemkin wrote in 1788:

"It is known by experience that regimental commanders train their troops to carry out movements rarely suitable for use on active service, while on the other hand they neglect the most essential matters. Hence I hereby order that the subject of training should be as follows:

(1) Marching should be with a simple and free step.

(2) As the war with Turkey proved the formation in squares to be the most advantageous, the soldiers are to be taught to form square from every position.

(3) The soldiers should be carefully trained to load quickly and aim accurately.

(4) Non-commissioned officers and corporals must not be permitted to punish men by flogging. Lazy men may be stimulated by not more than six strokes of the stick.

(6) Soldiers of exemplary conduct should be rewarded, thus arousing in them laudable ambition, and courage."

These were completely new ideas and in every line of the instructions quoted one can trace the influence of Suvorov's methods.

The attitude of Potemkin towards the soldiers was also different from that of other generals. "The most important matter for the good of the service is the care of the men and the granting of every possible privilege to them," he wrote in a memorandum to Prince Dolgorukov, "special care must be taken of the sick. I therefore propose that Your Grace should most strictly admonish all regiments and other units to this effect."

The trouble was that Potemkin, by reason of his changeable nature, neglected to enforce the actual realisation of the new ideas. However, the mere fact of their being proclaimed from a source of such authority was of the greatest importance and laid a reliable foundation for the corresponding innovations put into practice by Suvorov.

Early in 1787 Catherine, accompanied by a brilliant train, set out on her journey. As far as Kiev the imperial party travelled post, 560 fresh horses awaiting them at each stage; from there they sailed down the river Dnieper in eighty galleys. Potemkin surpassed himself in the attempt to dazzle all eyes by his magnificence and to convince the visitors of the prosperity of the newly-acquired territory. Each galley had its own "choir of music." The banks were crowded with "inhabitants" in their Sunday best; the countryside was dotted with herds of cattle assembled for the occasion and driven secretly along by night on the route of the imperial procession; sumptuous fireworks were let off on the horizon, marvels of pyrotechnics culminating in a bouquet of a hundred thousand rockets. The Emperor of Austria, Joseph II, who was in the company of Catherine, called the journey "a hallucination."

In May the Empress reached Kremenchug and here Potemkin suggested that

she should inspect the troops. Although Suvorov had been given only a few months in which to train his new division, even in this short time he had schooled it to exceptional accuracy of drill, and great rapidity and skill in manoeuvre. The review made an overwhelming impression on all present. "We saw here encamped fifteen thousand men of the very best troops one could find anywhere," wrote Catherine to Grimm.

Distributing rewards right and left with a generous hand, the Empress asked Suvorov what reward he desired. But Suvorov had been feeling out of place too long. He disliked all the fuss and saw nothing especially praiseworthy in a mere demonstration of his usual routine drill. Besides, he knew perfectly well that those who would gain the greatest advantage by the successful demonstration would be Potemkin himself and the crowd of toadies around him. In these circumstances the prospect of a reward gave him little pleasure and to Catherine's question he gave a purely *Æsopian* reply, most characteristic of him:

"Give to those who ask, surely you have plenty of such beggars here," he said and then added: "See to it, little mother, that my landlord is paid, he is giving me no peace."

"Do you owe him much?" the surprised Empress inquired.

"Very much, little mother: three roubles and a half!" Suvorov announced with a straight face.

Catherine made no reply to this sally, but ordered the money to be paid and Suvorov told the story with important mien:

"I got badly into debt! Fortunately the little mother is paying for me, it would have been too bad if she hadn't."

In spite of all this the Empress, on leaving Novorossia, presented the sharp-tongued general with a costly snuff box encrusted with diamonds, greatly astounding him thereby.

"I got a snuff box worth 7,000 roubles just for amusing myself," Suvorov wrote about this incident.

But the sumptuous pageant of this tour brought serious results in its train. Soon the skies of Novorossia were alight with the purple glare of fireworks of another sort.

The peace concluded at Kuchuk-Kainardzhi was like the short breathing-space of two wrestlers between rounds. The time had come for Potemkin to lay before Catherine his plans in connection with Greece. These were to drive the Ottomans from Europe, occupy Constantinople and unite all the Slav peoples of the Balkan peninsula under Russian hegemony. The Empress saw the difficulties of this enterprise more clearly than her favourite but allowed herself to be drawn into it, especially as the transport facilities offered by the Black Sea were becoming increasingly necessary to the Russian landowners, notably in the south, where trade in agricultural produce was developing fast. Turkey was barring the way to the economic development of the Black Sea territories of Russia and of the newly acquired Crimea. A clash was inevitable. Kherson was openly called "the gate to Byzantium"; Catherine's second grandson was significantly christened Constantine. If such was the temper of the governing circles of Russia, the Turks for their part manifested even more warlike dispositions; they were eager for a return match. The conquest of the Crimea, rumours of the further aggressive plans of the Russian government and the decline of the Sultan's authority were all heavy blows, the effect of which could be neutralised only by a victorious war, an attitude diligently fostered by

those ubiquitous prompters, the ambassadors of various foreign powers. The old web of intrigues and cunning machinations was revived; Turkey was promised that Sweden would make war on Russia, that the Poles would once more rise in rebellion, that Austria would remain neutral, and that Europe would give Turkey financial assistance. The Sublime Porte believed all this because it wished to believe it.

Turkey at this time lagged far behind the Russia of Catherine in political, cultural and economic development and such backwardness had particularly disastrous effects on the non-Turkish peoples subject to Turkish domination.

The situation deteriorated with every day that went by. The last straw was Catherine's tour to the Crimea, which Constantinople regarded as a deliberate provocation. The Turkish ministers, in an angry mood, presented Bulgakov, the Russian ambassador, with a haughty ultimatum, demanding the return of the Crimea to Turkey and the cancellation of the recent treaties. The Sublime Porte thus took a tone with Russia as if Russia were a defeated country and Bulgakov naturally rejected the ultimatum. The Turks retaliated by an unprecedented act—they imprisoned the ambassador in the Seven Towers. The foreign diplomats now suggested to the Turkish ministers that Turkey should approach Austria and ensure her neutrality, an object easy to achieve as Joseph II, although an ally of Russia, wanted to fight not Turkey but Prussia, now no longer ruled by the formidable Frederic. "Why should I fight the Turks?" Joseph said. "Potemkin likes to start everything and never finishes anything. What he wants is the order of St. George, first class—he'll get it and be happy. But the unwise policy of the Sublime Porte robbed Austria of any excuse for preserving neutrality. The Emperor Joseph reluctantly decided to acquire his military laurels in southern instead of central Europe. Austrian troops under Field-Marshal Lacy were concentrated on the Turkish frontier.

In the meantime Russia was making feverish preparations for armed action. The Russian Government had taken up a provocative attitude and provoked the war; but when hostilities finally broke out it was found that nothing had been prepared beforehand for such an eventuality. The regiments were short of half their strength, the food was bad, the soldiers often lacked even shirts. There were plenty of cannon but not enough powder and shot. A fleet was built but the ships, when completed, proved to be unseaworthy. The cavalry, dressed in beautiful uniforms, were armed with gimcrack sabres. The soldiers were still the same "fairy-tale heroes"—as Suvorov described them—but the organisation of the army was still, as before, beneath contempt.

Potemkin, the author of the aggressive policy of Russia, lost his head completely when he learned of the Turkish war preparations. He accused the French ambassador, the Marquis de Ségur, of "encouraging the barbarians" while Russia "merely desired to draw frontiers more convenient to Turkey in order to avoid any collisions in the future."

"I quite understand," de Ségur replied. "You want to occupy Ochakov and Akkerman; that is the same thing as asking for Constantinople and it means a declaration of war so as to preserve peace."

Potemkin winced. He knew that only a short time ago Bulgakov, on his instructions, had threatened the Turks with an invasion by an army of sixty thousand men under his, Potemkin's, command.

There was nothing for it but to go to war and Potemkin did not know which way to turn to remedy the chaotic organisation of the army of the south. He fell prey to a strange apathy. Although gifted, energetic and active, at times he

sank into an incomprehensible state of prostration, into a dark melancholy; at such times nothing aroused his interest and nothing could please him. The Prince de Ligne, Austrian military attaché with the Russian army, drew this portrait of Potemkin: "While pretending to be an idler, he labours incessantly; he tires even of pleasures and is unhappy because he is so fortunate; impatient in his wishes, he quickly wearies of everything; he discusses theology with generals and military affairs with archbishops. What, then, is the secret of his magic? A natural intelligence, an excellent memory, wiles without spite, cunning without treachery, a happy mixture of illusions and a profound knowledge of men." Potemkin was Catherine's lover for only a few years, but he retained her complete confidence until his death. She trusted him implicitly, relied upon him in everything and never took any serious step without consulting him. She saw in him a shield against the peasant risings, the intrigues of the court and all her enemies at home and abroad. She knew that he was clever, resolute and completely devoted to her. In return she was generous in rewarding him. Potemkin's power was almost unlimited. He could indulge with impunity in insensate orgies, help himself to millions of roubles from the public funds, and ruin some men and raise others to eminence merely because he disliked or liked them. Such was the man on whose shoulders rested the responsibility for the coming campaign.

The formation of two armies was hastily set on foot. One was to be commanded by Rumyantsev, the other by Potemkin. Both favourites resented this division of authority and each followed his own plan of campaign independently, nor could they come to any agreement with the Austrians. Had the Turks acted vigorously at this moment they could have won an easy victory. But they too remained inactive for six weeks, losing the advantage of surprise, so that when they finally took the field they already found themselves face to face with Suvorov.

After the brilliant success of the Kremenchug review, Suvorov enjoyed the favour both of Catherine and the omnipotent Potemkin. No victory had gained him the recognition accorded him for a successful ceremonial parade, and it was thanks to this that he was given command of one of the five army corps constituting the army of Yekaterinoslav. Potemkin entrusted him with the most dangerous task—he was to guard the Kherson-Kinburn sector, where the first thrust of the Turks was expected and where there were no means available for the repulse of such an attack.

In August, 1787, Suvorov hurried to Kherson and took command of his corps of 30,000 men. It was a happy time for him. He hastily fortified the coastline, brought batteries into position, disposed his troops as required, improved the military organisation throughout his command, visited all threatened points, issued instructions, tested the river fords, and observed the movements of the Turkish fleet; the measures taken by him at this time might still serve as a model for coastal defence. Suvorov himself was much gratified by Potemkin's unusually friendly attitude. Never, either before or after, did he hear such gracious words from his superior. "My dearest friend, your person is worth more than 10,000 men," wrote Potemkin, clutching at Suvorov as at an anchor of hope. "That is my opinion of you and, by God, I am speaking sincerely."

But still the war was only in its beginning. Suvorov learned of the declaration of war in a rather unusual manner. On 18th August a Russian officer was sent to visit the Pasha of Ochakov on some routine matter. At dinner the

Pasha chivalrously informed his visitor that war had just broken out and that they must expect to fight. The next day the Turkish fleet did in fact attack a Russian frigate it encountered by chance.

Potemkin sent out the fleet he had built in Sevastopol to fight the Turkish navy. "Even if all of you must perish, show your courage, attack and destroy the enemy," he wrote. His hopes were not fulfilled—a violent gale scattered the ships, one was driven before the storm as far as Constantinople and others had to put in for repairs at the port of Sevastopol.

This fiasco definitely discouraged Potemkin.

"Little mother Empress! My luck is gone!" he wrote sorrowfully to Catherine. "Although I have taken every possible measure, everything is going wrong. The Sevastopol fleet has been destroyed by a storm, all the ships of the line and frigates are lost. God is smiting us, not the Turks. Sick man that I am, I am grievously hurt and my spirit and mind is numb." In complete despair he even suggested that the Russian troops should be withdrawn from the Crimea. His insatiable thirst for expansion now gave way to fears for the lands of the Southern Ukraine.

But Catherine would not hear of the evacuation of the Crimea. "The news is, of course, not very pleasant," she replied, "but after all, nothing is lost. I think it would be best to undertake something against Ochakov or Bender and turn defence, which you yourself acknowledge to be harmful, into attack." In the state of depression in which Potemkin found himself, he was utterly incapable of such vigorous action. But Suvorov was there and quite ready to carry out Catherine's ideas in his place.

After the disaster of the Russian fleet the Turks decided to make a landing on the Kinburn promontory, a point of great strategic importance. At first Suvorov doubted the seriousness of this intention, but later left Bibikov in command at Kherson and hurried to Kinburn. On 22nd August he reported to Potemkin:

"Yesterday evening I was on the edge of the Kinburn promontory. The infidels seemed to be quiet and subdued."

Suvorov fortified the promontory with feverish haste, but his object was not merely to defend it against the attacks of the enemy. He wanted to inflict a heavy defeat on the Turks and destroy their army. It was in this spirit that he instructed his subordinates. To General Reek he wrote:

"Your Excellency knows that we have often fought the infidels one against ten. You yourself have had occasion to test the courage of your men at Kozludzi. Train your infantry for speed and to strike heavy blows and not to fire aimlessly. Remember the shepherd's hour!"

With the means at Suvorov's command this project was a bold one indeed. The condition of his artillery may be judged from the fact that when the Kinburn guns were tested, nine out of thirty-seven burst at the first discharge. This, however, troubled Suvorov little.

The Turks were still inactive. The gale season was approaching and Suvorov was already beginning to think that the Turkish fleet, aimlessly cruising just out of gun-shot range of Kinburn, would shortly have to return to port, when on 1st October the bombardment of the fortress began. All the Turkish ships opened fire and stood closer inshore. Boats were launched, manned by landing parties, and quickly rowed towards the sandy extremity of the promontory. The Turkish attack had begun.

To the utter amazement of the soldiers and their generals, Suvorov did not permit them to return the fire.

"It's a holiday to-day: Candlemas or something," he said. "Let's go to church. Let them land."

The officers, much alarmed, exchanged whispered comments about the sanity of their eccentric commander. But Suvorov coolly sat through High Mass from beginning to end. He wanted to wait until all the Turkish forces were landed so as to be able to inflict on them the heaviest possible blow; besides, the point of the promontory was within easy range of the Turkish naval guns, but as the Turks approached the fortress they would have to forgo this advantage.

Having met with no resistance, the Turks now landed more than five thousand men commanded by French officers. As an incentive to his soldiers to fight with determination and abandon all thought of a retreat, the Pasha ordered the ships to stand off some distance from the shore. Under the leadership of their French officers the Turks immediately began to move forward, throwing up trenches along their line of advance. Soon fifteen rows of trenches were cut across the narrow throat of the promontory. Assuming that further entrenchments were unnecessary, the Turks advanced to storm the fortress from which they were separated by a distance of only three quarters of a mile.

This was what Suvorov had been waiting for. Although he had not more than three thousand men at his disposal, he never harboured any doubts about victory. A hail of grapeshot met the attackers from the walls of the fortress, the gates opened and the infantry fell upon the Turks in a vigorous bayonet charge while their flanks were enveloped by waves of Cossack cavalry. The foremost Turkish lines were almost completely destroyed and the main body of the attacking force fled in disorder. General Reek's men occupied ten lines of Turkish trenches in the first rush.

But as the counter-attacking Russians got further away from the fortress, they came within range of the Turkish fleet. 600 naval guns from the hostile ships caught them in a flanking fire, inflicting severe losses. Reek himself and nearly all the battalion commanders were wounded. The troops, half of them raw recruits, faltered and fell back.

Suvorov retreated slowly with the last of them. His horse had been wounded and he was on foot. Catching sight of three soldiers leading a spare horse, he took them for Russians and called out to them. But the soldiers were Turks who immediately rushed at the Russian general. A Russian musketeer, Stepan Novikov, saw them and shielded Suvorov with his body. A giant in strength, Novikov killed two spahis and attacked a third, who fled. "Permit me to report, illustrious Prince, that the lower ranks also breed heroes," Suvorov wrote of this episode.

Seeing their general surrounded by Turks, the Russian soldiers rallied to him and the struggle was renewed, the Turks again getting the worst of the encounter. Finally their attack petered out at the edge of the promontory.

"Very fine fellows," Suvorov called the Turks with respect the day after the battle. "I have not had occasion to fight such men before; they simply rush to meet cold steel."

By this time the sun was setting. The Russians had used up all their ammunition and suffered tremendous losses. Suvorov could have thrown in a body of fresh troops which had arrived in the meantime, but he refrained because he was saving these men for a decisive blow.

Towards evening a fragment of grapeshot hit Suvorov in the chest. Although the wound was not dangerous, it caused the general to lose consciousness for a time. When he came to he saw the unwelcome spectacle of Russian regiments again retreating in disorder. The Turks were shouting victory and dragging away captured Russian guns. Dervishes in their ranks were egging them on, promising the pleasures of paradise to those who died in battle. The French officers directed the operations of the Turkish troops with skill.

Describing the battle of Kinburn four months later, Suvorov said: "God gave me strength, I never doubted."

Although it was already dark, the general decided to "renew the battle" a third time.

All reserves which Suvorov had preserved untouched were now thrown in against the Turks in a single thrust. At the same time the only vessel at Suvorov's disposal, the galley *Desna*, commanded by a daredevil Maltese midshipman of the name of Lombard, attacked the Turkish Fleet and forced seventeen Turkish vessels to sheer off from the shore. The bombardment from the sea was now much abated and making good use of the opportunity, a Cossack unit turned the flank of the Turks through the shallow water and fell on their rear. Finding themselves between two fires and exhausted by the long and fierce hand-to-hand fighting, the Turks gave ground, were driven into the sea and riddled with grapeshot until the darkness was complete. Only 700 men of the whole force were picked up by the Turkish ships.

Suvorov himself described the battle of Kinburn in these terms, in a letter written to Tekelli: "My men had already taken half the positions but then they weakened. The fighting was with muskets and cold steel on both sides. I was up with the front rank; my horse was injured. I began to tire. Two mounted Turks came straight for me. The Cossacks stabbed them—I had no one with me. Novikov, a musketeer of the Yaroslav Regiment, was close to me. I shouted to him. He stabbed one Turk with his bayonet, shot another and then rushed at about thirty Turks single-handed. All of them turned and ran; our men rallied and fought better than ever. Our infantry had already used up all their ammunition and were hard put to it when our light cavalry broke into the Turkish centre along the headland. The infidels were caught between our infantry on the right and our Cossacks on the left. Death flew over the heads of the Turks."

Not long before the end of the battle Suvorov was wounded a second time. A bullet pierced his hand. He had the injury bathed with sea water, bandaged it with a piece of linen and again returned to the fight.

The victory of Kinburn made a great impression on all. Potemkin recovered his spirits; the Austrians' faith in the strength of their ally was restored; in Constantinople there was despondency over the defeat. Services of thanksgiving were held in all Russian churches.

The soldiers sang a song about the battle which has been preserved to this day.

"The old man has set us on our legs," wrote Catherine. "What a pity he was wounded."

The regiments taking part in the battle were rewarded: each soldier received one rouble, two roubles or four roubles twenty-five kopeks according to the part played by their regiment in the battle; many of them also received medals and crosses. Suvorov was at great pains to obtain rewards for those who in his opinion deserved them or whose personal circumstances were difficult.

"I recommend to your charity, Illustrious Prince," he wrote to Potemkin, "Colonel Neidhart, of Muromsk: a battalion of his regiment first tipped the scale towards victory. His wife is dead, two daughters are engaged to be married and there is no food in the house."

"Majors Poyarkin and Samoilovich led their regiments to battle. Your natural generosity will not pass them by. Pardon me if I burden your Grace. I promise to repay your favours with my blood!"

Suvorov himself received a high decoration and an exceptionally gracious message from Catherine. He was completely overwhelmed.

"When I think of myself as a ten-year-old boy in the ranks," he wrote to Potemkin, "never could I have imagined, apart from vain day-dreams, that I should ever be raised so high. Illustrious Prince! Father! Only you could have done this! My life is yours to the very end."

Kinburn was the culminating point in the relations of Potemkin and Suvorov. Never again were they to be so friendly.

After the battle Suvorov directed all his efforts towards training his soldiers according to his own methods. He ascribed the failure of the first attack to the lack of such training, a failure which had very nearly led to a complete Turkish victory. This rankled in Suvorov's mind a long time and even six years later he still recalled the "Kinburn disaster" with discomfort. While training his troops he issued a remarkable order, clearly expressing his military ideas:

"Gunners should be taught to use rapid fire, but in action this can only be done by fast loading. In firing at the enemy, careful aim should be taken and the gun discharged not too often and never at random, in order that there may always be a sufficient ammunition supply available. Never shoot it all off and so find yourself disarmed."

"Infantry should be so formed as to be able to act as a moving fortress in battle, i.e., in squares, only very rarely in line. Deep columns are only for deployment. The square should first open fire at the enemy by volleys; at shorter ranges the sharpshooters in the platoons should only begin firing independently after receiving orders to do so. Officers should diligently train their men in rapid firing, but in battle such fire is more dangerous to one's own side than to the enemy; too many bullets miss their mark and the enemy, being unharmed, is more encouraged than frightened. Hence the infantry should fire at a slower rate but with better aim, each at his own target, however dense the enemy formation. Although I have allotted 100 cartridges to each soldier in battle, the soldier who fires too many of them deserves a flogging. It is even worse to fire into the air from the rear—the section commander must look out for this.

"In any case what damages the enemy most is our terrible bayonet, which our soldiers handle better than any troops in the world. The cavalry's best weapon is the sabre. Each trooper must be able to use it vigorously and effectively while riding at full gallop.

"Officers who have many sick in their regiments or companies will be subject to punishment. Recruits should be carefully looked after, and not treated as if they were veterans, but given time to get seasoned.

"Subordination is the mother of discipline and of the military art.

"To sacrifice yourself at all times is the supreme rule of the service.

"The Cossacks should harass the enemy in the winter and bring in prisoners for information."

The whole arsenal of Suvorov's didactic methods was brought into play for

the training of the troops. As usual results were not slow to appear. Recruits were quickly turned into first-rate fighting men who took pride in their profession and were ready to fight to the last, if not for the Empress, certainly for their commander, in whom they saw the personification of their mother-country.

The main Turkish base on the Black Sea was the strong fortress of Ochakov. Two weeks after the battle of Kinburn Catherine wrote: "The importance of the victory of Kinburn is very great at the present time: but I believe that we cannot feel secure until Ochakov is in our hands."

Potemkin did not, however, lay siege to Ochakov until July, 1788. The first half of the year passed in successful operations against the Turkish Fleet. The coastal batteries set up by Suvorov, co-operating with light naval forces, destroyed fifteen large Turkish ships. The Turks lost 8,000 men against Russian losses of only 100. Suvorov thereupon suggested that Ochakov should be taken by storm, but Potemkin could not make up his mind. He knew Suvorov's fiery temper well and in the October of the previous year had already addressed to him a document that was something between an order and a warning to be prudent. "In the present situation I consider an attempt to take Ochakov as offering insufficient hope of success. Such a daring enterprise may result in heavy losses to us and in the encouragement of the enemy. I particularly recommend you to husband your men and I hope that Your Excellency, being reasonable and prudent, will not undertake anything risky."

He gave an almost identical answer to Suvorov's suggestion that Ochakov should be besieged. "I give you a free hand for all useful purposes, but so far as Ochakov is concerned an unsuccessful siege might be harmful . . . I shall do everything so that, with God's help, we may get Ochakov at a cheap price."

When at last, in July, he invested Ochakov, Potemkin directed the siege according to the same principle of husbanding his men. He undertook practically no active operations, hoping that the supplies of the fortress would soon be exhausted and the garrison starved out. But the Turks proved to have been well prepared, while sickness began to appear in the Russian army, killing even more men than the Turkish guns.

Although a brilliant organiser, Potemkin was a less than mediocre general, as was shown very clearly at Ochakov. He devoted all his attention to unimportant reconnaissances, ordered from Paris plans of the fortress with the mine galleries laid out by French engineers marked on them, and sluggishly bombarded the advanced Turkish redoubts. At times he fell a victim to lethargy, lay in his luxurious tent, refused to see anyone and spent his time reading the works of the Abbé Fleury; at other times he suddenly appeared among the soldiers, talked to them as equal to equal, then went out into the open and stood for a long time with bullets whistling all round him.

Suvorov commanded the left wing of the besieging army. The slowness and lack of vigour of the operations irritated him beyond endurance.

"You don't take fortresses by just looking at them," he inadvertently remarked one day. "This wasn't how *we* thrashed the Turks. . . ."

Zealous friends immediately repeated the phrase to Potemkin.

After this Potemkin, pathologically vain as he was, completely relegated Suvorov to the background. Suvorov was beside himself at this enforced passivity and chafed at the consciousness of his helplessness and uselessness. "I shall always repeat, that when difficulties are to be overcome he who is suitable to play first fiddle will never be any good at playing second," was one of

his remarkable sayings. Alas! He was fated only too often to play second fiddle to the first fiddle of some third-rate musician.

After four weeks of complete inactivity, Suvorov's patience was at an end. On one of the last days of July he took advantage of a Turkish sally to commence a serious battle. Suvorov's beloved Fanagory Regiment routed the Turks, but the latter received strong reinforcements from inside the fortress. The Prince de Ligne implored Potemkin to take advantage of the fact that nearly the entire Turkish garrison was engaged and to storm Ochakov from the other side, but Potemkin refused. He strode up and down his tent, wringing his hands and deploring the "useless" deaths of so many Russian soldiers. Meanwhile the Turks were beginning to get the better of Suvorov's unsupported corps. He himself, as was his custom, was in the thick of the fight, shouting orders and always appearing wherever the troops wavered. One renegade Turk, who had recently deserted from the Russian camp and who knew Suvorov by sight, pointed him out to the janissaries. A dozen bullets were aimed at him the same instant. One of them pierced his neck and stuck in the back of his head. Feeling that the wound was serious, Suvorov compressed it with his hand, put Bibikov in command and withdrew. In his absence the Russian troops could not resist their superior foes and, having lost 500 men, retreated to their former positions.

Suvorov's wound was immediately attended to and the bullet extracted. While the operation was still in progress a messenger arrived from Potemkin. The commander-in-chief had angrily sent to inquire what was going on. Writhing in pain, Suvorov told the messenger to say that he was:

"Sitting on a stone so cold,
Watching Ochakov as of old."

This was a challenge that could not be ignored. The next day an official inquiry came from Potemkin: "Being in ignorance of the reasons and object of yesterday's incident, I wish to know what considerations induced Your Excellency to undertake such action without reporting to me during the whole course of the engagement, and without informing the commanders of neighbouring units of your intentions, or to engage without artillery support an enemy enjoying every local advantage. I demand that Your Excellency inform me of this without delay and explain in detail all the circumstances of this affair."

From a formal point of view Potemkin was right. The battle had been brought on by Suvorov on the spur of the moment and his repulse—one of the most serious of his whole career—was hardly surprising. It is true, of course, that if Potemkin had taken advantage of the opportunity offered, the result might have been very different, but such a speculation was outside the scope of their official relations and as inadmissible as the main reason urging Suvorov to engage the enemy: i.e., his desire to protest against Potemkin's inactivity.

The Prince of Tauris was not a man to pardon an insult, nor did he like disobedience. Suvorov was ordered to leave the army. Suffering from his festering wound—in bandaging, pieces of cloth had remained in it and set up inflammation—Suvorov went to Kinburn to have it attended to. Potemkin attempted to justify Suvorov's removal in the eyes of the Empress. He

represented the affair in such a light that Catherine, in passing on the news to her courtiers, said: "The old man has been making a fool of himself; rushing in without need, he lost 400 men and was himself wounded; of course he was drunk."

Thus Suvorov lost favour with Catherine as well as with Potemkin. On top of it all, his wound healed slowly. Anting, who was with him at the time, wrote: "His breath became very short and his death was feared."

Hardly had he begun to recover his health when another disaster overtook him. A magazine blew up close to his quarters and the explosion brought down part of the wall of the room in which he was staying. Half buried under the debris, his face and hands badly burned, he finally groped his way out into the street.

Potemkin's secretary, Popov, sent a message of sympathy. Suvorov arranged for a reply to be sent saying that he had escaped without serious harm, except for scars on the face and bruises on the chest. Having read the draft of the reply, Suvorov added: "Whew, brother! And my knee! And my elbow! Excuse me for not writing myself, but I am very ill."

But even in this condition, sick, wounded and in disgrace, he missed no opportunity of recalling and praising the heroism shown by the soldiers.

"The commander of the Kinburn garrison," he reported, "stated that when the explosion occurred Corporal Bogoslovski, of the Orel Regiment retrieved the flag, which had been blown down by the blast and had fallen from the bastion to the ground, preserved it and restored it to its place as soon as the explosion was over; Private Gorshkov, of the same regiment, was on sentry duty at the battery when the explosion took place; he was so close that the blast blew off his helmet and hurled it against the wall, but he remained at his post of duty. For such courage and zeal I have promoted the corporal to be sergeant and the private to be lance-corporal."

From Kinburn Suvorov moved to Kherson and from there to Kremenchug. On the way he paid a visit to Potemkin in the hope of regaining his favour. But Potemkin received him ungraciously, showered reproaches on him and, in Suvorov's own phrase, seemed to be preparing "the death of Uriah" for him. All that winter and part of the spring Suvorov was left without an appointment, enviously watching the actions of other generals.

These actions were, to tell the truth, none too successful. Having lost half his men and nearly all his horses as a result of dysentery and bad weather, Potemkin finally decided to do what Suvorov had suggested to him six months before. On 1st December he issued an order: "Having exhausted all means of overcoming the obstinacy of the enemy and inducing him to surrender the fortress besieged by us, I now find myself compelled at last to have recourse to extreme measures. I have decided to take the fortress by storm and will carry out this decision in the next few days."

The fortress was stormed on 6th December, the action lasted only an hour and a quarter in all. The Russian troops lost 3,000 men, a mere fraction of their previous casualties from disease and frost-bite. Ochakov was put to the sack. Potemkin was rewarded with an order he had long coveted and all his mistakes were forgotten when the "siege of Troy," as Rummyantsev sarcastically called it, at last ended victoriously.

THE SECOND TURKISH WAR—FOKSHANI AND RYMNIK

THE YEAR 1789 OPENED IN VERY DIFFICULT CIRCUMSTANCES FOR RUSSIA. HER allies, the Austrians, had suffered a series of severe defeats at the hands of the Turks. Sweden had decided to declare war on Russia and had at first operated with some success.

The ambitious plans of expansion which the Russian Government had harboured were now turning against their authors and the utmost effort was required to cope with the difficulties arising from the war. It was decided that the Turks had to be crushed at all cost.

In the spring of the year, Suvorov, chafing at his long enforced inactivity, obtained an appointment with the advanced striking force of the Moldavian army. Aware of the strained relations between Potemkin and Suvorov, Catherine sent the latter to Rumyantsev. Soon, however, Rumyantsev was retired at the insistence of Potemkin and the command of the Second Army was given to Repnin, with Potemkin in general charge of all operations.

With the forces under his command—five infantry regiments, eight cavalry regiments and thirty guns—Suvorov occupied an advanced position near Byrlad, the main point of contact with the Austrians. Soon a courier came at a gallop from the Austrian commander, the Prince of Coburg, with the message that a strong Turkish Army was concentrated at Fokshani and preparing an attack on the Austrians. Coburg asked for reinforcements.

Hesitating at first to act on his own responsibility, Suvorov asked permission of Repnin, who gave the evasive answer that he did not wish to prevent Suvorov from undertaking the operation, but that it would have to be completed in six days, part of the troops would have to remain in Byrlad as a covering force and a preliminary written agreement would have to be made with the Prince of Coburg.

Suvorov reported thereupon that, in fulfilment of the general instructions of Potemkin, "to forestall an enemy concentration," he was marching against Fokshani. Taking with him about half his force, he left Byrlad on 16th July.

In forced marches he covered thirty-five miles in twenty-eight hours and joined hands with the Austrians. Coburg immediately sent his aide-de-camp to invite Suvorov to a personal interview.

"General Suvorov is not here," the aide-de-camp was told politely.

An hour later a second aide arrived.

"General Suvorov is praying to God," he was told, no less amiably.

A third messenger was informed that General Suvorov was sleeping.

The Prince was at first surprised, then indignant. But Suvorov knew very well what he was doing. While still in Byrlad he had had the opportunity of acquainting himself with the plan of operations worked out by the Austrians, a typical product of doctrinaire armchair ideas. Under the circumstances, and with a divided command, it would have been difficult to oppose the plan, especially as Coburg was Suvorov's superior in rank. Suvorov preferred to engage the enemy according to a plan of his own and present the Austrians with an accomplished fact.

At 11 p.m. Suvorov sent the Prince of Coburg a dispatch in French, informing him that the Russian troops would go into action at 2 a.m., and suggesting that Coburg should do the same at the same time, proceeding along a route of march

indicated in the dispatch. No time was left for discussion and the Austrian commander-in-chief did as he was asked. Suvorov later explained his own conduct in these terms:

"There was nothing else I could do. The Prince is both wise and courageous, but he is a tactician and my plan was not a tactical plan. So we would have argued and argued, he would have refuted me diplomatically, tactically, enigmatically, and meanwhile the enemy would have decided the argument by smashing us up. So instead I said: 'Hurrah! Up and at them, and may God defend the right!' and no time was left for arguments."

Indeed his plan was not a bookish, stereotyped one, but a typically Suvorovian scheme based on daring aggressive action and expressing in every detail the energy and genius of its author and executor. In the dead of night the allied troops made straight for Fokshani in two columns, the right column being composed of 18,000 Austrians and the left of 7,000 Russians. They met a Turkish advance force half way to Fokshani on the little river Putna. After a sharp encounter the Turks were routed and the allies spent all the following night building a pontoon bridge under enemy fire; by morning they had crossed the river and the most difficult part of the operation began.

The road to the Turkish encampment at Fokshani lay through a dense, almost impenetrable forest; the approaches to the forest being defended by a Turkish cavalry force of 15,000 men. In a battle lasting five hours, the allies beat off the fierce attacks of the Turkish cavalry and reached the fringe of the forest. Here Suvorov swerved with his column to circle the forest from one side while the Austrians turned to do the same from the other side. Having proceeded a certain distance, Suvorov suddenly left the road and made to cross a swamp, heading straight for the enemy encampment. With a tremendous effort, sinking into the morass at every step, the soldiers struggled forward over the marshy ground. As a result of this manœuvre the Russian troops suddenly came upon the Turks from a totally unexpected direction. All the Turkish guns were faced the other way, there were no defences on the line facing the swamp and there was nothing to keep Suvorov from striking a heavy and sudden flanking blow at the Turkish position, which was exactly what he did. The two allied columns united again and, giving the enemy no time to recover, relentlessly drove him from his ground. The Turks withdrew to a fortified monastery in the vicinity, but were soon driven out of this as well.

"The scattered Turkish forces retreated along the Braila and Bucharest roads. Our light forces overtook them, beat them, and captured several hundred ammunition and baggage wagons on both roads," wrote Suvorov in his autobiography.

Only now did the two commanders-in-chief meet at last. The Prince of Coburg immediately gave a camp dinner and the successful beginning of their friendship was celebrated with libations of wine. Not even the division of the spoils interfered with the celebrations, although this was generally a bone of contention which ruined many a gallant enterprise. Suvorov let the Austrians have all the food stores, as he himself was already preparing to turn back, and the other booty was equally divided between the two armies.

From the battle of Fokshani onwards the Turks respected Suvorov above all other generals. The name of "Topal Pasha" began to inspire them with fear. "Topal Pasha," the lame general, was a nickname given Suvorov by the Turks because of a slight limp he developed as the result of treading on a needle which broke in his heel.

One of the most curious features of the battle of Fokshani was the extraordinary change in the conduct of the Austrian troops. Inspired by Suvorov's supreme confidence and seeing the courage and toughness of the Russian soldiers, the Austrians also fought with great courage. No trace was seen of their usual sluggishness.

On the way back to Byrlad, Suvorov sent Repnin and Potemkin laconic reports about the battle. Potemkin wrote to Repnin on the subject: "Of the Fokshani affair I have received only a sort of nutshell summary and don't know what to report to the Crown. The synopsis given by Alexander Vasilyevich is so very brief that I must ask you to require him to give a detailed report as to how it all happened and where the enemy has now got to." At the same time Potemkin rebuked Repnin for having sent an all too cordial message of congratulation to the Prince of Coburg. "In your letter to Coburg you seem to attribute the whole victory to the Austrians. Was that really how it was? And if not, it is quite unnecessary to extol them so, they are conceited enough as it is."

But all these were trifling frictions which did not diminish the triumphant rejoicings in the Russian and Austrian armies. Suvorov had at one stroke regained his former prestige and began to act with greater confidence, no longer looking so fearfully over his shoulder towards Repnin and Potemkin, who jealously watched his every step.

The month of August saw no action whatever. The Turks recovered from their discomfiture at Fokshani and planned retaliation on a large scale. They proposed first to rout the Austrians and then smash the Russian force occupying the Barlad-Yassy line. By a skilful manoeuvre—a demonstration by 30,000 men under the walls of Ismail—the Turks deceived Potemkin and induced him to concentrate his main force in this sector. Meanwhile, a gigantic army under the command of the Grand Vizier was gathered near the village of Rymnik, and prepared to take the offensive.

In the beginning of September, 1789, Austrian scouts brought news of the approach of this army which numbered more than 100,000 men. The Austrian commander, Prince Coburg, immediately appealed for help to his well-tryed ally, Suvorov.

Suvorov had little faith in the accuracy of information supplied by Coburg and decided to wait for confirmation. But twenty-four hours later a second messenger came galloping to his headquarters with the news that the Turks were quite close to the Austrian positions and that an attack was imminent. This time Suvorov made reply. On a scrap of paper he wrote in pencil the one word: "Coming."

Having advised Potemkin of his intentions, he immediately, in the dead of night, set out with his men. Potemkin, for his part, sent a report to St. Petersburg explaining that "Coburg was squealing 'Police' but our forces could hardly arrive in time."

However, Suvorov did arrive in time. Marching along waterlogged roads under torrential rain, compelled to repair on the way a bridge swept away by a river in raging flood, he made contact with the left wing of the Austrians on the morning of the 10th September, having advanced sixty miles in forty-eight hours. The story goes that when a spy reported the arrival of Suvorov to the Grand Vizier that dignitary had him hanged for spreading false rumours.

Greatly relieved, Coburg at once sought an interview with Suvorov to discuss a plan of action. Suvorov received him sitting on a bundle of fresh hay in an

ordinary army tent and immediately proceeded to explain his own plan without giving Coburg a chance to submit the scheme worked out by the Austrians. In Suvorov's view the fact that the Turks were not yet attacking meant that they had not completed the concentration of their forces. That being so, the best move was to attack them without delay. Coburg hesitated: the combined Russian and Austrian forces numbered only 24,000 men, one fourth of the Turkish strength. But Suvorov was in no mind for argument—he declared that if Coburg disagreed, he would attack alone, with his own 7,000 men. (Suvorov's forces numbered 10,000 men in all, but he had left 3,000 of these behind to protect his rear communications.) He pointed out that with a great inferiority of forces only a sudden and rapid attack offered any chance of success, that the very numbers of the Turks would make them unwieldy, and finally laughed and said that: "After all, the Turks were not numerous enough to darken the sun." The Austrian general finally submitted to a will stronger than his own and put himself under Suvorov's orders.

Immediately after the meeting with Coburg, Suvorov galloped down to the river Rymna, climbed a high tree—despite his sixty years—and studied the Turkish positions for a long time. A plan of battle was slowly taking shape in his mind. The Turkish positions were well suited to defensive tactics. Both front and flanks were well protected by ravines, forests and the river. For Suvorov this merely meant that his plan had to be worked out with particular care. Doubting the steadiness of the Austrians, he decided to entrust the most difficult task to his Russian regiments. His plan was to attack first one of the enemy flanks, where 12,000 men were concentrated, and at the same time tie down the enemy centre by a simultaneous deliberate advance of the Austrians. Then, having rolled up the Turkish flank, he would change front and join the Austrians for a united assault on the main enemy position. Such a change of front in full view of the enemy was an extremely risky manoeuvre, but Suvorov had faith in himself and in his soldiers. It was characteristic of him that not wishing to alarm Coburg he did not fully disclose his intentions but communicated only the first part of the plan to the Austrian general.

That same evening the troops advanced to make contact with the enemy. It was essential for them to remain undetected as long as possible. For this reason they moved silently and orders were given in undertones. There was no moon and the night was starless. The Turks, not anticipating any aggressive intentions on the part of their opponents, had not troubled to take any precautions. Suvorov's troops were able to advance about nine miles without meeting a single Turkish picket. On their way they had to ford the river Rymna, about 200 paces in width. Part of the Russian troops lost their way and got mixed up with the Austrians, but order was soon restored.

Towards morning the Turks at last became aware of the approaching columns and opened fire. At this moment the Russian corps was moving along the river towards the left flank of the Turks while the Austrians advanced against their centre, turning to the left and somewhat in rear of their allies. Contact between the Russian and Austrian forces was maintained by the Austrian cavalry commanded by Karacsay, one of the ablest of the Austrian generals. Thus the attack was being developed by stages, as it were. The Russian troops were advancing in four lines, their flanks protected by Don Cossack cavalry. Suvorov himself was with the main body of his first line.

The army had to cross fields overgrown with high grass and maize. This nearly led to disaster. Quite close to the Turkish positions the Russians came

upon a deep ravine. Their ranks were thrown into disorder and at this moment the Turks opened fire and dense masses of irregular Turkish cavalry bore down upon the Russians from the edge of the forest.

Suvorov was not in the least alarmed. He ordered the front ranks of his troops to descend into the ravine immediately, cross it and attack the Turkish batteries. The rest of the troops, supported by the Russian cavalry which had made its way round the ravine, accepted battle with the Turkish cavalry. It was at this moment that the famous incident occurred which was later described by an eye-witness, an Austrian officer. As the Russian grenadiers were scrambling down the face of the ravine in the very teeth of the enemy fire, they suddenly burst into roars of laughter: the ubiquitous Suvorov had apparently made some joke they found very funny. The Austrian officer thought this laughter "so unusual, unexpected and demonic," that he could only compare it with the "laughter of the devils described by Klopstock."

Meeting with stubborn resistance and disordered by the deep penetration into its flanks of the Russian advance force, the Turkish cavalry scattered and withdrew. Suvorov refrained from all pursuit on the grounds that he "had something better to do."

Without losing a minute, Suvorov now directed his forces towards the left, turning his front almost at right angles.

Meanwhile, the Austrian infantry had stood up well to repeated Turkish attacks in force, and although their advance was slowed down, had repulsed their foes with the assistance of Austrian and Russian cavalry.

The noonday heat had by now exhausted the soldiers on both sides. By tacit understanding operations were suspended for a short spell. The Turks brought up their main forces; Suvorov used the respite to inform his ally of his further plans. He suggested that a concentric advance be made towards the centre of the enemy positions, which were to be attacked by the Austrians and Russians at the same time.

But as he was examining the terrain lying in front of him, Suvorov noticed that the approaches to the Kryngu Milor wood covering the main Turkish positions were swept by the strong enemy batteries placed in the village of Bogcha. He decided to take Bogcha first of all, regarding this point as the key to the position, and immediately moved his force against it.

The battle was resumed with new energy. The Grand Vizier had brought up fresh troops and a mass of 40,000 horsemen rushed upon the Austrians with savage yells of "Allah Akbar. . . Ya Allah!" The Austrians put up a valiant defence but were obviously weakening. The Prince of Coburg, seeing that Suvorov was leaving this part of the field, sent messenger after messenger to him, begging for support.

"Let him hold out," the Russian general replied. "There is nothing to fear. . . I am keeping an eye on everything."

He knew that by occupying Bogcha he would give the Austrians more effective support than if he co-operated with them in repulsing a frontal attack. He himself had difficulties enough: strong Turkish batteries were pounding his decimated ranks at close range and the janissaries were ceaselessly harassing his flanks. One of these attacks completely routed the Cossacks, but the infantry stood like a rock. The Russian artillery did well and forced the Turkish guns to change their positions three times. Finally, Bogcha was taken by the Russians and Suvorov, rapidly making his way through a small coppice, debouched on the flank of the main Turkish forces which had by now nearly over-

come the Austrian resistance. Coming thus under cross fire, the Turks withdrew towards the Kryngu Milor wood.

The last act of the drama had come. The complicated manœuvre undertaken by Suvorov, the essence of which was to storm the Turkish positions in succession one after the other, was to be crowned by the final assault of the main positions defended by a shallow moat and earthworks. The latter were not yet completed and their height was inconsiderable. Suvorov noted this and took a lightning decision of the kind not foreseen in any theory, one such as only the mind of a genius could conceive—he decided to attack the Turkish trenches with cavalry.

On his instructions, the now reinforced Austrian troops together with the Russian forces took up a concave front; the squares of the first line opened out at intervals, cavalry units took post between them, while the rest of the cavalry was deployed on the wings.

Under heavy fire from the Turks the attackers approached in this order to within 600–800 yards of the enemy entrenchments. At this moment the cavalry broke out from the intervals along the whole line and charged the enemy at full gallop. In a few seconds the troopers had crossed the space under fire, had jumped the moat and parapet and penetrated into the serried ranks of the janissaries. Overwhelmed by such an unprecedented attack, the defenders of the trenches lost their heads and their confusion permitted the attacking infantry to reach the scene and intervene in the struggle almost unhindered.

"Lads, don't look the enemy in the eye, look at his chest," shouted Suvorov to his men, in whose midst he threw himself into the thick of the battle, "that's where you must thrust your bayonets!"

A fierce struggle at close quarters began. The Cossacks and Austrian Uhlans broke right through to the enemy rear, thus increasing the confusion among the shaken Turkish ranks. The Turks wavered and then broke and fled, throwing away their weapons in their headlong flight. In vain did the Grand Vizier, with the Koran in his hand, attempt to stop them; in vain did he order his guns to fire on the fugitives. The panic was so great that not even an attempt was made to hold the well-constructed positions covering the river crossing. The only bridge was blocked with vehicles. The Turks tried to swim the river and were drowned by the hundred in the cold and swollen waters of the Rymnik. Those who remained behind on the bank were mercilessly cut up by the Russian and Austrian troopers. The infantry took no part in the pursuit: the headlong flight of the Turks had far outpaced them.

The Grand Vizier's army with its 100,000 men had ceased to exist as a fighting force. About 15,000 Turks lay dead on the field of battle, it was said, though this figure may be somewhat exaggerated. The victors took 100 flags and 80 guns with enormous booty of all kinds, including several thousand sets of chains which the Turks, confident of victory, had brought with them to fetter their prisoners.

The sun set on the field of battle. The victors noisily rejoiced in their victory and proceeded to divide up the spoils. The story goes that in dividing up the captured guns there was some dispute between Russians and Austrians.

"Let the Austrians have them," Suvorov decided. "We'll take plenty more for ourselves, but where are they to get any?"

On the whole, however, relations between the allies remained cordial. The Austrians admitted that all the honours of victory were due to the Russians. One Austrian wrote: "The things that are said about the Russians are almost

incredible: they stand like rocks and everything has to go down before them." Suvorov, for his part, praised the conduct of the Austrian troops, especially mentioning Karachay and his cavalry.

The battle of Rymnik was one of the most noteworthy feats of military history and was one of Suvorov's greatest achievements. As for the Russian soldiers whose hands had won this victory—the Russian soldiers who fought against a stubborn enemy and against odds of five to one, breaking down all obstacles like battering-rams and destroying the very will to resist of the despairing Turks—in this battle they had shown that if competently led they might well be regarded as among the best soldiers of the world.

All troops taking part in the battle were rewarded. As usual, the soldiers were given a cash bonus of a few pence and a certain number of silver medals. The officers received more substantial rewards. Suvorov submitted three lists of those who had distinguished themselves, explaining that "where there are fewer troops, there are more heroes." The general himself was also rewarded and this time not ungenerously: he was granted the title of Count of Rymnik, awarded the First Class of the Order of St. George and presented with a ceremonial sword of great value. Unaccustomed to such recognition of his merits, Suvorov was thunderstruck. "I am down with brain fever," he wrote to his family, "but then who would not be! Upon my word, I very nearly died of joy!"

To give Potemkin his due, he let bygones be bygones and himself insisted on as generous a reward as possible. However, even with Potemkin friendly again, the new Count had plenty of enemies and enviers in Court circles. Stories about his vagaries and eccentricities—which were said to be increasing with his years—were circulated with ever greater insistence and of course not without exaggerations and embroidery. Ever oftener it was being said with an air of profound wisdom that Suvorov's victories were due to one cause only—his good luck. "Why, just think: Field-Marshal Saltykov advises against something, Field-Marshal Lassy also advises against it and this erratic old man sails in according to his fancy and carries it off! Just blind luck, that's what it was!"

An indirect result of the battle of Rymnik was the unhindered occupation of Bender by Russian troops and of Belgrade by the Austrians: the Turks had lost confidence in their own strength after their two fearful defeats. Thus the campaign of 1789, at the beginning of which the allies (especially the Austrians) had suffered considerable reverses, came to a most successful end.

Russia was afforded the possibility of concluding, on very favourable terms, the peace which the exhausted country so badly needed. Turkey needed peace even more and in order to facilitate the conduct of negotiations readily complied with the demand to release the still imprisoned Russian envoy, Bulgakov. In spite of this no progress whatever was made. The triumphant Russian Government increased its original demands and included in the terms the annexation of Bessarabia and Ochakov, which at the time were actually occupied by Russian troops.

The events of the following year strengthened the hand of Turkey. In February the Emperor of Austria, Joseph II, died and his heir, Leopold, found a war-weary army, exhausted finances, unrest in Galicia and Hungary, and on top of everything else the peril of war with Prussia. Pitt, Prime Minister of Britain, pursued the policy of protecting Turkey from Austria and Russia. This British policy was supported by Prussia, now again aspiring to play a leading part in Europe.

Although the Prussian aspirations were not realised, the Austrians were

faced with an ultimatum in the form of a demand that the alliance with Russia be ended. The demand was backed by 200,000 Prussians concentrated near the Austrian frontier. Laudon, the best of the Austrian generals, was recalled from Turkey to organise their defence. A further circumstance also influenced Austria in her defection. The Prince of Coburg, who had invested the Turkish fortress of Giurgiu, was completely routed in a sortie by the garrison despite his overwhelming superiority of forces. Austria decided not to tempt fate any further. She concluded a separate peace with Turkey, and undertook not to admit Russian troops into the Austrian-occupied territories (Valakhia), a measure which impaired the strategical position of the Russian army.

Russia now stood completely alone. Catherine understood well enough that the long-drawn-out war which was draining all the resources of the country was causing profound dissatisfaction among the people and threatening to evoke a crisis which might even shake her throne. As a first step, therefore, peace was immediately concluded with Sweden to the great satisfaction of all parties. "You write that you can sleep quietly again since you heard of the peace with Sweden," Catherine wrote to Potemkin. "I can tell you what has happened to me in this connection: ever since 1784 all my clothes were getting too big for me, but in these last three weeks they have all started to grow too tight, so that I shall soon have to have them let out and I am also in a very much more cheerful frame of mind."

But the main issue, of course, was not the Swedish war. "We have dragged one paw out of the mud," Catherine said in another letter, "but it will not be time to sing Hallelujah until we have got the other out as well."

That time, however, was still far distant. Having missed the military and political opportunities which offered after Fokshani and Rymnik, Russia, in the autumn of 1790, found herself in much the same position as before. In the final count, the brilliant victory of Rymnik had borne no fruits; they had been left to wither away amidst the grandiloquent projects of the diplomats and the sluggish movements of the generals. A new shattering blow, another Rymnik, was needed if a fresh foundation was to be created for an advantageous conclusion of the war so irresponsibly undertaken.

THE SECOND TURKISH WAR—THE STORMING OF ISMAIL

AFTER HIS RETURN FROM THE BANKS OF THE RYMNİK, SUVOROV SPENT A WHOLE year in inactivity at Byrlad. Potemkin showed little inclination to engage in active operations. He confined himself to exchanges of diplomatic and military correspondence in the intervals of incredibly luxurious festivities. One day, while he was staying in Bender, he gave a dinner in specially constructed subterranean halls gorgeously decorated in the Oriental style. All Russian generals vied with each other to be present at these saturnalian feasts. Suvorov alone refrained from putting in an appearance at headquarters; he still, as before, disliked to mingle with these swarms of idlers.

He spent his leisure in studying the Turkish language, reading books and newspapers and talking to the people who crowded the town of Byrlad. He lived very simply, too simply perhaps, his exaggerated austerity a mute protest against the splendours of Potemkin. He wore a jacket of coarse cloth, had no baggage of any kind and dined off a cloth spread directly on the ground. His

original tastes and ideas found expression in ever sharper and more impetuous forms. One day he had an argument with an engineer passing through Byrlad; the subject was the passive indifference so frequent in those times. Suvorov set about the man so furiously for refusing to express a definite opinion on some subject interesting the general, that he jumped out of the window in his fright. Suvorov, by the way, jumped after him, caught him and brought him back.

The existence Suvorov was compelled to lead in Byrlad could not of course satisfy the old general's unquenchable thirst for activity and he was overjoyed when he learned that in September Potemkin would be moving the army from the Dniester to the Danube. Catherine demanded energetic action as a basis for the renewal of peace negotiations. As it was impossible to transfer operations to the plains of Valakhia, the only possible theatre for such action was the narrow strip of territory between the Black Sea and the estuary of the river Seret. The position was further complicated by the fact that the Danube, in itself a strong line of defence, was protected by a ring of fortresses: Kilia, Tulcha, Isakcha and Ismail. But as the Russians had no choice in the matter, the offensive was duly begun in September. The first three fortresses were soon captured by Russian troops, but the formidable Ismail still held out and barred the way to a further advance. While this bulwark of Turkish power remained unconquered, the Sublime Porte was little inclined to make concessions.

Placed in an exceptionally important strategic position on the crossing of the roads from Galats, Bender, Khotin and Kilia, Ismail was, according to the standards of the time, a fortress of the first order. After the first war with Russia in 1774, the Turks, under the direction of French engineers, had added greatly to its strength. Ismail was surrounded by a moat thirty-six feet in width and twelve feet in depth, some sections of it being filled with water. Beyond the moat rose ramparts eighteen to twenty-four feet in height. The perimeter was four miles long and several hundred guns were placed on the ramparts. The garrison consisted of 35,000 men under the command of Aidos Mehmet Pasha, one of the best Turkish generals. The garrisons of the surrendered fortresses, Kilia, Khotin and Akerman were also in Ismail; they had been sent there to redeem themselves, a firman having been issued ordering that if any man of them attempted to surrender again, he was to be beheaded without trial. Thus a whole army was concentrated within the walls of Ismail. The extent of its fortified area available had been designed for such a contingency; the Turks called Ismail "Ordukalesi," Army Fortress.

It should also be borne in mind that the Turks were far more skilled in the defence of fortresses than in mobile warfare. The conquest of a fortress such as Ismail demanded human and technical resources exceptionally large by the standards of the day.

Potemkin, however, had no such resources. The army had suffered great losses in the first year of the war; several army corps were tied down on the Prussian and Polish frontiers; another part of the army had not yet returned from Sweden; finally, the troops of the southern army were dispersed over a wide area and Potemkin was unable or unwilling to concentrate them all around Ismail.

In October, after the occupation of Kilia, Russian forces numbering 25,000 men under the command of Gudovich and de Ribas invested Ismail. But neither of them ventured on active operations; all they did was to carry on a desultory bombardment in the hope that the Turks would lose heart and hoist the white flag. The army was suffering from the cold weather, from disease and from

undernourishment. One eye-witness wrote that even at the table of a corps commander, laid for eight persons, there was enough to eat for two persons only. What could the soldiers' rations be in such circumstances? General Paul Potemkin—a namesake of the Duke of Tauris—reported that "things have become so bad that it is very difficult for the men to stand it." At the end of November a council of war was called and the decision taken that the siege should be raised during the winter season, only observation posts being maintained around the fortress. This decision was sent to the commander-in-chief for approval.

But Potemkin, always so careful to avoid any hazardous enterprise, for once put his foot down. The capture of Ismail was absolutely imperative for political as well as military reasons. Prussia had started a whispering campaign to the effect that Catherine's realm was a colossus with feet of clay. The prestige of the Russian Empire was at stake. Potemkin decided that Ismail had to be taken at all costs. There was only one man capable of coping with such a task; true, His Highness the Duke would have preferred to keep in the background a man whose fame was already beginning to shine too brightly—but at the moment circumstances forced his hand.

On 30th November, Suvorov received from his commander-in-chief an order "to undertake, with the help of God, an attempt to storm Ismail. . . . May it please you to hasten there and take all troops under your command. . . ." Two days later, two horsemen riding ordinary Don ponies arrived in the Russian camp at Ismail. The two men were Suvorov and a Cossack who carried a little bundle containing the general's spare clothing.

Having acquainted himself with the position, Suvorov realised that the difficulties of his task surpassed all his expectations. Even with the reinforcements that he was bringing up from Galatz he had only 30,000 men, most of them Cossacks who were quite unsuitable for infantry work. Of field artillery he had little and of shells only one day's supply per gun. The troops were unpractised in siege operations, ill-trained, hungry and unshod. The place was vigilantly guarded and the works without any weak spots.

"Can't promise anything!" was Suvorov's summary of the situation in his report to Potemkin—but nevertheless he immediately began to prepare for the assault on the fortress.

Later, when Catherine learned the details of the storming of Ismail she said that she considered "the taking of the town and fortress of Ismail a deed almost unprecedented in history." Although much given to exaggeration in matters touching her own glory, this time Catherine came very near the truth. One thing is certain: there is no previous instance in military history where the preparations for so vast an enterprise took up so little time and yet were so meticulously and methodically carried out.

On Suvorov's orders, ramparts forming a perfect copy of those of Ismail were built up not far from the fortress. Every night the troops practised storming these ramparts according to a prescribed schedule: first the approach to the moat, then the filling up of the moat with the fascines, then the crossing of the moat and the setting up and lashing fast of scaling ladders, and finally the scaling of the ramparts, followed by the destruction of the palisades. The making of fascines and ladders did not cease for a moment. During the day the troops practised bayonet fighting. Suvorov spent hours on end among his soldiers, talking to them and encouraging them, driving them on with jokes and invective, instilling

into their minds the idea of the necessity of storming the fortress and inspiring them with confidence in their success.

In order to lull the vigilance of the Turks and to convince them that he intended to continue the siege Suvorov ordered the construction of two batteries. In this he failed, for deserters and prisoners of war told the Turks about the preparations for an assault and even about the task and position of each column as explained by Suvorov to his officers and men. But the general did not mind; his basic idea, the very essence of his scheme, remained a secret even to his own troops; an artfully elaborate disposition concealed it even from the column commanders.

From the first day of his arrival at Ismail, Suvorov was constantly engaged in reconnaissance, studying the map of the terrain and the condition of the fortifications. At first the Turks fired on the persistent old man but later considered his perambulations harmless and ceased to expend their ammunition on him. By comparing his personal observations with the reports of his scouts, Suvorov convinced himself that the weakest section of the fortifications was that abutting on the Danube. From this direction the Turks were not expecting an attack and the works on this side were not formidable. Suvorov therefore decided to strike his main blow from this direction. The task of the other columns was merely to induce the Turks to scatter their forces along the whole length of the four mile perimeter of the ramparts. This manœuvre promised success only on condition that the assault of the columns destined for the diversions should be driven home with full vigour. Hence, in his talks with officers and men, Suvorov made no distinction between the various columns and the whole army thought that there was to be a general assault all along the line. Even if the Turks had learnt of the plan of attack in such a form, this would only have played into Suvorov's hands.

On 9th December a council of war was called. Suvorov needed no advice from his generals; his decisions were taken and they were irrevocable. He had called the council merely in order to rouse the energies of his comrades-in-arms and raise their spirits.

"Twice have the Russians approached Ismail," he said, "and twice have they retreated; now, the third time, we must take the city or die. True, the difficulties are great, the fortress is strong, the garrison is an entire army—but nothing can prevail against Russian arms. We are strong and confident of ourselves. . . . I am resolved to conquer this fortress or perish under its walls."

This was no figure of speech: Suvorov was determined to conquer at all cost, even if he himself were to fall under the walls of Ismail.

The Cossack Ataman, Platov, the youngest member of the council of war, was the first to express his opinion: "Storm!" The other twelve members joined their voices to his. The decision of the council of war was this: "To approach Ismail according to plan and immediately proceed to an assault on the fortress. . . . Any retreat would be prejudicial to the fame of the victorious troops of Her Imperial Majesty." No one mentioned the fact that a contrary decision had been reached only two weeks before.

Two days before the meeting of the council of war, Suvorov sent to Ismail an official demand to surrender the fortress, adding a personal note of his own in these terms: "To the Seraskier, the Elders and the whole community. I have arrived here with my troops. Twenty-four hours for consideration at your pleasure; after my first shot—no more pleasure; my assault—your death. Kindly reflect on this."

Aidos Mehmet Pasha replied with an evasive request for an armistice of ten days' duration; one of his subordinates jauntily declared to the envoy that the Danube would stop flowing before Ismail would surrender.

Suvorov had not expected anything else. He gave no reply to the request for an armistice, and appointed 11th December as the date for the storming of the fortress.

Only eight days had passed since the arrival of Suvorov in the Russian camp, but even in these few days the army had been completely transformed. One of the eye-witnesses of the taking of Ismail afterwards related that a kind of rivalry had developed among the troops: they all thrust themselves forward in the most dangerous spots as if their lives mattered nothing to them. With such soldiers it was possible to storm any fortress. But there was another no less important task to be performed: the troops had to be used, the plan of assault worked out and carried out, with consummate skill.

According to the plan of assault the troops were to be organised in groups of three columns each, the group commanders being de Ribas, Samoilov and Paul Potemkin, the column commanders, Kutuzov, Lvov, Lassv, Meknob, Bezborodko, Platov, Chepega, Arsenyev and Markov. Each column consisted of five battalions; their march was to be headed by 150 sharpshooters who were to keep the defenders of the ramparts under fire; behind them were to move 50 sappers with trench tools, then three battalions with fascines and ladders, and finally, two battalions as reserves. About two-thirds of all available forces were allotted to the assault from the direction of the river. It was characteristic of Suvorov that he also designated 2,500 Cossacks to act as a general reserve—a period when the idea of a general reserve was quite novel. Nearly half the Russian army at Ismail consisted of Cossacks armed with short lances. Their lack of experience in siege operations and their poor weapons caused them to suffer enormous losses. Suvorov was later blamed for this. His defence was that it was impossible for him to leave half his troops unused.

During the whole of 10th December, the fortress was under a lively bombardment from nearly 600 Russian guns. The Turks vigorously returned the fire; one of their guns was a heavy howitzer, which hurled cannon-balls weighing 160 pounds. Towards evening the gunfire died down. As this was the season of short days, it had been decided to begin the assault two hours before sunrise in order to have time enough to mop up all centres of resistance before nightfall.

Attention was subsequently drawn more than once to a curious circumstance: had the date of the assault been fixed for only twenty-four hours later, it might never have taken place; on the evening of 11th December a dense fog came down, the ground grew very slippery and it would have been practically impossible to scale the ramparts. This fog continued for a long time.

No one slept during the night preceding the assault. The commanders had been ordered to remain with their units and the battalions were not to move until the signal rocket went up, "in order that the men may not be irked by delay in the winning of glory."

Suvorov himself visited every part of the front, recalled the battle honours of every regiment, and the battles they had fought together in Poland and Turkey, exchanged greetings with the veterans and encouraged the recruits. Then he returned to his tent and lay down. He was more pensive than usual and seemed quite lost to the world. A letter which had arrived from the Emperor of Austria remained unopened; Suvorov did not read it until the next day.

At 3 a.m. the first rocket went up and the troops took up their appointed positions. At the second rocket signal they advanced to within 300 paces of the walls. At half-past five in the morning, at the third signal, they rushed forward to the assault.

The Turks had learned the date of the attack from deserters and were fully prepared to meet it. "The fortress seemed like a volcano vomiting flame," Langeron wrote in his memoirs. "The columns advanced fearlessly and in good order, briskly approached the moat, threw in their fascines two by two, descended into the moat and dashed on against the ramparts; at the foot of the latter they set up their ladders, scaled the walls and climbed up, relying on their bayonets. Meanwhile the sharpshooters remained below and fired at the defenders whenever the flashes from their muskets gave away their positions."

The besieged Turks fought desperately. They expected and gave no quarter. On the ramparts many women fought side by side with their menfolk with scimitars and daggers. The Turks made numerous sallies, pushing back and routing some Russian battalions. In the darkness the combatants of both sides were mixed in complete confusion. The cries of "hurrah" and "Allah" shifted hither and thither, indicating the advance or retreat of either side. Meknob, Bezborodko, Lvov, Ribaupierre and Markov were wounded. The Cossacks suffered especially severely: the Turks with their scimitars easily cut through their lances and killed the disarmed men by the hundred.

For the first time in his life Suvorov was not in the thick of the battle. He stood on a hillock from which he could watch the changing fortunes of the fight and ceaselessly sent out messengers with orders. He had very few reserves, but the 2,500 Cossacks kept in hand for this purpose were used to the full, repeatedly coming to the rescue of hard-pressed units as occasion demanded.

At 8 a.m. the outer ramparts were taken. The battle shifted to the interior of the town. The streets had to be captured one by one, every house was a stoutly defended fortress. The Russian field artillery now opened fire along the streets. The Turkish commander had committed several serious mistakes; he had made no use of his cavalry in the sorties, had offered only passive resistance to the disembarking of Russian landing parties from the river, and had used his troops recklessly and with no well-thought-out plan. By 11 a.m. the fate of the battle was decided. The Russian troops, having broken in on the river side of the fortress and at other points, were converging on the centre of the town from every side, enclosing the Turks in an iron ring.

Kaplan-Girei, the Tartar Khan who had defeated the Austrians at Giurgiu, made a desperate attempt to drive the victorious Russians from the place. At the head of 3,000 men he fell on the Black Sea Cossacks, cut them up and broke through to the rear of the Russian main body. But chasseurs and grenadiers, arriving in haste, closed the gap and Girei's detachment was surrounded and wiped out.

The end was near. The Turks were being driven from the burning houses and "khans" (great stone buildings serving as inns). In one of these khans Aidos Mehmed, commander of the fortress, was killed. The general chaos was increased when several thousand horses escaped from their stables and galloped in panic about the streets.

At dusk all resistance was finally broken.

"Proud Ismail lies at the feet of Your Majesty," Suvorov said in his report to the Empress.

Undoubtedly the operation had been brilliantly conducted by a general of genius and relying on the unfailing gallantry of his Russian soldiers.

Inside the town a large hospital was installed, but to little effect. More than two-thirds of the wounded died in consequence of the insanitary conditions and the ignorance of the Russian surgeons; two of the most experienced of them, Masseau and Lossiman, were in Bender at the time to attend Potemkin, who had a pain in the leg; they did not reach Ismail until two days after the storming of the town. The bodies of the Russian dead were buried outside the walls; the Turkish dead were merely thrown into the Danube in order to prevent epidemics. But even with this rough-and-ready procedure it took the Russians six days to clear away the dead: the Turkish losses had been very great. An approximate estimate puts the number of Turks killed at 26,000 and those taken prisoner at 9,000; the Russians lost about 10,000 men in the storm itself and of their 650 officers, 400 were killed or wounded. Only one man of the whole garrison escaped with an insignificant wound; having been wounded, he fell into the Danube, managed to snatch at a floating log and thus succeeded in reaching the opposite bank. He it was who brought the Turks the news of the fate of Ismail.

According to the custom of the time, the captured city was given over to the soldiers for three days' free looting. Even generals took part in the pillage. Suvorov alone refrained. "He is with us in all, except the booty," the soldiers said of him and they respected him for it. Suvorov would without doubt have preferred to abolish this custom of looting, but it was in the tradition of the Russian army and an accepted procedure in every other country as well.

The officers suggested to Suvorov that he should at least select a charger for himself out of the herds of captured horses, but he replied: "A horse of the Don brought me here and a Don horse will carry me away." Then he added after a pause: "I shall anyway be rewarded by Her Majesty above my deserts."

He was convinced that this time a field-marshal's baton must now be given him.

The news of the fall of Ismail caused a profound sensation throughout Europe. A conference of the powers hostile to Russia, meeting at Sistova, suspended its sittings; confusion reigned in Constantinople and Petersburg was triumphant.

Suvorov, who spent another ten days in Ismail, was snowed under with the letters of congratulation which showered upon him from every side. He knew what they were worth, but he also knew the value of his achievement. He understood better than anyone else that Ismail was the finest gem of his military career and one of the greatest deeds in the military history of the world. Under the influence of his success he lost his sense of realities. It seemed to him that he could now approach the arrogant grandees of the court as an equal and with his head held high; he thought that the radiance of the glory of Ismail would ensure for him the respect due to a hero.

But the Russia of Catherine had only malicious laughter in store for him. Once more Suvorov was to experience, this time more painfully than ever before, that the displeasure of a favourite carried more weight than any deed of valour. Having once learned this bitter lesson from Rumyantsev, he was to learn it again ten times more bitterly from Potemkin.

Immediately after the storming of Ismail the correspondence between Suvorov and the commander-in-chief was of the most amicable character. Suvorov, conforming to his usual manner and the customary epistolary style

of the period, overflowed with expressions of loyalty and wrote that he wanted "only to touch His Highness's little finger and in his thoughts embraced His Highness's knees." Potemkin's reply was couched in similarly friendly terms. Then Suvorov set out for Bender to make a personal report—and a trifling incident spoiled everything.

Suvorov was convinced that Potemkin would now receive him as an equal. But Potemkin had not the slightest intention of doing so. He received Suvorov very pleasantly, even came out of his apartments to the head of the stairs and said in his usual gruffly good-humoured, slightly patronising tone:

"How can I reward your services, Count Alexander Vassilyevich?"

The Suvorov of old would have found it quite natural that the Prince, who spent his time carousing in Bender, should condescendingly reward him for all his labours, privations and achievements. But the new Suvorov, the Suvorov who had taken Ismail, could not brook this tone.

"In no way, Prince," he replied in an irritated tone, "I am no trader and I did not come here to bargain. No one can reward me except God and Her Majesty."

Potemkin was dumbfounded. He had not expected such a retort.

He turned on his heel and walked back to his apartment. Suvorov followed him and gave a formal report. They walked silently up and down the hall—neither of them could find words. Finally, Suvorov made his bow and left the room.

This was to be his last meeting with the Prince of Tauris.

These five minutes of pride at Bender cost Suvorov dear. All those who had taken part in the storming of Ismail and many who had not, were promoted and rewarded. But Suvorov himself, instead of the expected baton, merely got promotion to the rank of a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Preobrazhenski Regiment. True, this was regarded as a post of high honour, Catherine herself being Colonel of this regiment, but there were already about a dozen such Lieutenant-Colonels, and as a reward for the taking of Ismail such an appointment was nothing less than an insult. To the end of his life Suvorov recalled with bitterness the "shame of Ismail," the petty and slighting reward for a deed which he himself regarded as his greatest achievement and of which he once said in a moment of candour that a man could undertake such a venture only once in a lifetime.

It was thought in the army that Potemkin would exploit the demoralisation of the Turks and would undertake decisive operations to end the campaign. Instead of this the commander-in-chief ordered the troops to go into winter quarters, relinquished his command into the hands of Repnin and left for St. Petersburg.

All along his route he was received with great pomp and ceremony. The Empress presented him with a field-marshal's uniform studded with diamonds which cost two hundred thousand roubles and ordered an obelisk to be erected in his honour in Tsarskoye Selo.

The Prince made suitable return. He arranged one festival after the other. In those days it was difficult to surprise the court circles of St. Petersburg by any exhibition of wealth and luxury. At a dinner given by Sheremetiev all the table glassware for one hundred persons was decorated with precious stones. Zorich ordered a china service from Saxony which cost 60,000 roubles. Bezborodko appeared on ceremonial occasions in a suit the very buttons and buckles of which were of brilliants. And yet the banquets given by Potemkin outshone

everything seen before. The capital was full of stories about them. All praised the Prince of Tauris while the real hero of the campaign, Suvorov, remained in the background.

Potemkin ordered Suvorov up to St. Petersburg, where he was given a very chilly reception. Even his friendship with Platon Zubov could not put him in the good graces of the Empress. She hardly ever invited him to the palace and in conversation with him she was ungracious and aloof.

Suvorov took all this in very bad part. There was no longer as much room for hope as there had been before. He began to think of his approaching end. "The time is short," he wrote in his solitude, "my end is near, I am covered with wounds, another six years and the juice will be all dried up in this lemon."

At the end of April Potemkin gave a prodigious banquet to celebrate the heroic deeds of the past war. Three days before the banquet the Empress summoned Suvorov and in the course of conversation remarked casually: "I am sending you to Finland, Alexander Vassilyevich."

Suvorov understood. He was to be removed; there was no room for him in the triumph of Potemkin. He left St. Petersburg the same day and stopping at Vyborg, sent a note to Catherine: "I am awaiting your commands, little mother."

The commands were not long in coming: he was to inspect the Finnish frontier and work out a plan for fortifying it. This task was completed in a month and Suvorov returned to St. Petersburg bringing with him the plans for the reconstruction and reorganisation of the fortresses. Usually such plans were left without attention for years on end but in this case approval was given almost immediately and the author of the project commissioned to carry it out without delay. Thus, instead of a reward, fate had another term of exile in store for Suvorov. For this was the only interpretation he could put on the fact that he found himself saddled with the functions of an engineer-inspector of fortifications while the guns were still thundering in the south and the whole army, for which his name had already become a symbol of victory, was anxiously awaiting his return.

With a heavy heart he entered on his new function, but the nature of the man compelled him to perform conscientiously any task entrusted to him. He understood perfectly that it was Potemkin's prompting which had induced the Empress to give him this appointment in Finland. He knew that it would be impossible for him to serve any longer under the command of the Prince of Tauris. "In the eyes of Potemkin I am a mere pinch of dust," he wrote to Khvostov. "Shall I be the assistant of Repnin in the army he calls 'his'? What powers would I have there? Once they have forced me to play a secondary part, how long would it be before I was at the very bottom? I have been in favour, but have also been in exile and proscribed—not to mention being generally kept at arm's length. . . . The strong oak falls not of its own accord or through the wind—it is the axe that fells it."

But in the autumn came the news that the man who formerly had been his patron and later his enemy was dead. The "magnificent Prince of Tauris" had passed away.

Suvorov's reaction to the death of Potemkin was curious enough. He expressed it in his usual original manner:

"The man was great and he was a great man: great in understanding and great in stature. He resembled that tall French Ambassador in London of whom Lord Bacon said that the attics are usually ill furnished."

Such was Suvorov's epitaph on the Prince of Tauris.

Meanwhile his work in Finland was progressing apace. Especially strong fortifications were constructed at Rochensalm as a counter balance to the Swedish works at Sveaborg. Suvorov regarded Rochensalm with satisfaction and liked to walk along its ramparts.

"A fine fortress," he said with ingenuous and yet ironical complacency. "God save us, it's good: the moat is deep, the walls are high, not something a frog could leap over, not something one company could take by storm."

The conditions in which Suvorov was compelled to work were anything but favourable. No building materials were available; he had to organise his own limekilns and brickyards and even build his own cargo barges. There was no relying on anyone for anything; negligence and irresponsibility reigned everywhere. One day he noticed some fault in a job he had delegated to a subordinate and rebuked the colonel in charge; the colonel blamed his assistant. "Neither of you is to blame," Suvorov cried with anger and bitterness. He seized a whip and began to lash his own boots saying: "Lazybones! If you had gone to supervise the work, everything would have been properly done!"

But of course it was physically impossible for him to be everywhere in person. Moreover, difficulties of another nature arose. The sanitary conditions of the troops were extremely bad at the time of Suvorov's arrival. This, of course, was true of the whole army; one eye-witness wrote that a Russian military hospital could be regarded as almost equivalent to a grave: there were few surgeons, and even those were surgeons only in name, and received only a miserable pittance as wages. In Finland conditions were particularly bad and the soldiers died by the hundred. Instead of reorganising the health services, Suvorov dealt with the matter in his usual extravagant manner. He closed the hospital altogether and set up regimental dressing stations where treatment followed the rules of domestic hygiene. By this he succeeded to some extent in reducing the rate of mortality and sickness, but at the same time afforded his enemies in St. Petersburg a pretext for an avalanche of all sorts of accusations. It was again alleged that he drove his men too hard. There was a core of truth in this, but the accusations were, of course, gross exaggerations. In general he was blamed for all deficiencies in the Russian military system.

Suvorov's excessive sensitiveness precluded him from parrying these attacks calmly. He soon lost his sense of proportion, wrote many letters, some threatening, others full of attempts to justify himself. One of his detractors, a general, he even went so far as to threaten with a duel.

Repnin defeated the Turks at Machin and finally, in December, 1791, another peace was concluded between Russia and Turkey. Russia was to retain Ochakov but return all other conquests to Turkey; this solution came nowhere near the far-flung ambitions of the authors of the "Greek project," but the disappointment of the Sublime Porte was even greater. Suvorov watched Repnin's successes with bitterness in his heart; he now regarded that general as his chief enemy. "By the sophism of paper seniority," he wrote despondently, "under his yoke I could only be a catspaw to pull his chestnuts out of the fire, an owl or a monkey in a cage; is it not better to be nothing at all?"

It was quite true that Repnin disliked Suvorov. But he was not the only one to be suspected by Suvorov, who sometimes thought that he was being kept in Finland at the insistence of Saltykov, at other times that it was Elmtov who took revenge for having been refused the hand of Natasha Suvorov, at other

times again that it was Krechetnikov who stood in his light. "Who is it who cries me down?" the unfortunate general asked himself.

The angrier he grew the more enemies he aroused. He lost all self-control in his dealings with other people, and as is often the case with artless natures, he offered many a decent fellow an undeserved insult without succeeding in silencing those who intrigued against him. When the war against Poland began in 1792, he broke all rules of etiquette and appealed directly to Catherine with the "violent demand" that he should be sent to Poland; the Empress answered coldly that "the Polish affair does not require the presence of Count Suvorov." Thereupon Suvorov decided to take foreign service or retire altogether; his friends dissuaded him, but rumours of his intentions reached court circles and put another trump card into the hands of his enemies.

Suvorov felt that he was being stifled.

"A battle is more to my taste than a shovelful of lime and a heap of bricks. I would rather have two thousand men in the field than twenty thousand in garrison." And then a true cry of the heart: "I cannot abandon the habit of restless living that I have followed for 50 years, nor the military ability I have acquired. I am used to unceasing action and action is what my spirit feeds on. My rivals have got the better of me because, although I am their superior in age and service, I am not so in birth or in playing the lackey to my equals."

By now he was even prepared to regret Potemkin. Potemkin had been bad enough, but this was worse.

"Before this I had against me a devil, but a gracious one; now I have seven devils and their spawn without any graces at all. The Sovereign quite likes me but her flunkies don't. At the end of every war I suffered: after the Prussian war I lost my seniority; after Poland I had to run the gauntlet; after the first Turkish campaign I was exiled with honours; after the Crimea and Kuban I was proscribed. . . . This 23rd of October I have completed fifty years of service. Would it not be better for me than to close my immaculate record, fly from the world to some village and prepare my soul for its transmigration? . . . Foreign service, retirement or death. . . . I don't care which it is, but I will not be a lickspittle."

After this he seemed to calm down. The Polish war came to an end and hence his "idleness" appeared less burdensome to him.

Now he no longer sought to be appointed to a battle post but wanted a transfer "to Kamchatka, Mecca, Madagascar or Japan"; most of all he wanted to go to Kherson. At last circumstances came to his assistance; relations with Turkey grew tense again and as a result, in November, 1792, an imperial rescript appointed Suvorov commander of the Russian army in the Crimea, the province of Yekaterinoslav, and the newly annexed Ochakov "in order that, should the Porte, contrary to expectation and egged on by the French trouble-makers, undertake any action hostile to our interests, such action should everywhere be strongly opposed and crushed."

Suvorov journeyed southward full of high hopes. Any change was welcome to him and this change was particularly so because the warlike preparations of Turkey offered the prospect of active service. His name at this time was wreathed in such glory that his mere arrival in the South made a tremendous impression all over Europe. In January, 1793, the Russian resident in Constantinople wrote to Suvorov: "The mere rumour of your presence on the frontier greatly eased my position and made a great impression on the Porte:

your name alone is a strong argument against all the promptings of the mischief-makers who are trying to incite the Porte to hostility against us."

But hardly had Suvorov arrived in Kherson than the difficulties which dogged his footsteps followed him there.

When work was started on the construction of fortifications, Suvorov had signed various agreements with contractors and having at his disposal no cash for advance payments, he had given them bills of exchange. When these bills were presented in St. Petersburg, the Treasury raised objections: there was no money in the coffers and here was a flood of bills signed by an over-zealous commander pouring in from the south. It was pointed out to Suvorov that the political situation did not require such urgency in the execution of the works and that he would have to be more economical. Suvorov immediately lost his temper; his present duties were no less distasteful than in Finland, but he wanted to carry them out conscientiously. "Be good enough to discuss the political situation with the Vice-Chancellor; I look at things from the viewpoint of an officer on active service. A whole year would have been lost had I tarried with these contracts which are absolutely necessary in view of the position of the country." As usual, this acrimonious tone had unpleasant results. This time it was a rescript ordering him not to conclude any contracts except through the Treasury; all his previous contracts were cancelled.

Suvorov was aghast. "My God! What a position to be in! Not even Prince Grigori Alexandrovich ever humiliated me like this." To crown it all he found himself compelled to reimburse the contractors for the sums they had already expended, which amounted to approximately 100,000 roubles. He made arrangements to sell his estates, but at this moment Catherine thought matters had been carried too far and ordered the sum to be paid by the Treasury.

Small wonder that after all this Suvorov conceived an aversion to his work, expecting nothing from it except fresh trouble. His correspondence is full of expressions of discontent: "For God's sake, release me from responsibility for these fortifications, it would have been better for me had I never learned to read and write. What little gifts I possess are buried. . . . I know plenty of court tricks with which to lure the fish into the net—but even a fish is offered some bait, whereas I have been turned into a building contractor."

Even the military training of his soldiers seems to have lost its savour. Why bother? He was to train soldiers only in order that others might win battles with them.

According to those in close contact with him, Suvorov had never been more irritable and hard to please than at this time. His usual moodiness now degenerated into despotism and malice. Colonel Kuris wrote of him: "Our old man sorely tries our patience all the time—it is almost too much. May God help us to bear it." True, Suvorov was conscious of his weakness; he often blamed himself for it and apologised to those he had unjustly offended. But a minute later he did the same thing all over again. He was a mere bundle of nerves and even his iron will proved powerless to help. There were intervals of calm at times: occasionally he arranged sledge drives, picnics, dances—at which he himself danced sometimes three hours on end—but all this was short-lived and again gave way to a surly irascibility.

"I shall always say that he who is good in a leading part, is never any use in a minor role," he often repeated.

In the summer of 1793 he sent the Empress a petition requesting that he should be given leave to join as a volunteer the Allied armies fighting against

France; there he hoped to find the scope he desired in active service and antagonists worthy of his steel. The rumours of the successes of the French armies agitated him, "stretched all his military sinews" as he expressed himself. In addition Suvorov, as a gentleman and a landowner, regarded the French revolution as an outbreak requiring energetic suppression. His attitude towards the revolution can be seen from a letter he wrote to Charette, the leader of the counter-revolutionary rising in the Vendée: "Worthy hero of the Vendée! The finger of an avenging God has written the destruction of your enemies on your mountainsides; your foes shall perish and be scattered like leaves blown down by the north wind!"

His petition was of course rejected. But he still clung to the idea of volunteering "in order to cover his disgrace by an honourable death." In November of the same year (1793) he wrote to Khvostov: "My desire to go abroad is still the same—if anything holds me back it is the thought of my daughter Natasha."

A year later he repeated his request: "I most humbly beg to be graciously released to volunteer in the Allied forces as I have now been many years without an opportunity to exercise my calling." These petitions concealed a mute protest against his not being given employment in the incipient war against the Poles. Catherine again refused but held out some hope of an imminent appointment to active service. Suvorov did not believe her, but this time the promise was kept.

IN POLAND AGAIN

THE FIRST PARTITION OF POLAND IN 1772 SERVED AS A GRAVE WARNING TO THE Poles, and caused them to introduce a series of reforms, such as the establishment of schools, a reorganisation of the army and a slight improvement of the condition of the serfs. In 1788 when Poland's strongest neighbour, Russia, was fully involved in the Turkish war, the Polish sejm proceeded to draft a new constitution, work on which continued without interruption for four years, until in 1791 the sejm finally adopted the new constitution. The urban population was given representation in the sejm and the succession to the throne was made hereditary. The reforms widened to some extent the social basis of the supreme legislative organ of the country and did away with the internecine struggles which had until then arisen at the end of each reign in connection with the election of a new king. But the fundamental weakness of the social order in Poland was not remedied; there was no liberation of the serfs and there was no radical change in the inter-relations of the classes and nationalities. Many of the Polish noblemen were violently opposed even to the petty reforms which were adopted, although what Poland required, if she was to retain her integrity, were not a few timid palliatives but a comprehensive system of social and economic change which would have permitted the government to find at least some support and sympathy among the masses of the people.

The new constitution and all the other measures intended to strengthen the Polish state were openly devised to weaken the Russian influence, which was making itself increasingly felt. In addition the influence of the French revolution was becoming ever stronger and beginning to stimulate certain activities in Poland. All this displeased and even alarmed Catherine.

The burdensome war with Turkey was not popular in Russia. The peasants, despite the setback suffered after the suppression of the Pugachev rising, were

malcontent and restless. The landed gentry were still haunted by the memory of the rising and doubted the stability of the subsequent pacification. Catherine needed a diversion and the best means to achieve this was an aggressive foreign policy which promised brilliant military successes and made possible the acquisition of new territory.

The general tendency of the feudal Empire was to extend the boundaries of the state and seize more territory so as to provide new estates for the gentry and new sources of income for the treasury. In relation to Poland this tendency could in addition claim a serious historical justification: the Polish and Lithuanian kings had in their time robbed ancient Russia of her most precious territories; these territories were inhabited by Ukrainians and Byelorussians, who were closely related to the Great Russians, professed the same faith, wished to unite with Russia and hated their Polish masters and oppressors. The demand of imperial Russia that these territories be returned to her thus fell on fertile soil.

As soon as the second Turkish war was ended, Catherine moved Russian troops into Poland. The Poles attempted to resist but were routed and forced to capitulate at Zelentsy and Dubenka. Russian troops again occupied Warsaw and ensured priority for Russian interests in all Polish affairs.

This was more than Prussia could endure and she proposed a fresh division of Poland. The matter was quickly arranged. At the "mute session" of the Polish sejm, in 1793, silent deputies "confirmed" a fresh annexation of Polish territory. Prussia got Thorn, Danzig and more than 1,000 square miles of territory with 1,500,000 inhabitants; Russia all Ukrainian and Byelorussian lands still in Polish hands, i.e., the provinces of Kiev, Minsk and Volhynia, 4,000 square miles of territory in all with 3,000,000 inhabitants. It was also decided that the Polish army should be reduced from 55,000 to 15,000 men and that 18,000 Russian soldiers should be stationed in Poland and Lithuania "to maintain law and order."

The second partition of Poland did not proceed as smoothly as the first, coming as it did during the years of the bourgeois revolution in France which had roused the peoples of Europe to fight against the old feudal monarchies. Revolutionary France was carrying on a fierce struggle against a coalition of reactionary states, headed by Austria. In Poland itself the last decades of the eighteenth century saw the development of capitalist relations within the framework of the existing feudal order. And however small the reforms of the preceding twenty years had been, they had not failed of all effect. Nationalist feeling was running high among the Polish landed gentry.

Preparations for an insurrection began at once under the leadership of Malakhovskii (a nephew of King Joseph Poniatowski and a former president of the sejm), Ignatius Potocki and Dombrowski. The military leadership was put into the hands of Tadeusz Kosciuszko, an obscure gentleman who had fought in Washington's army and had later distinguished himself in the fighting against the Russians in 1792—a man of great courage and outstanding military ability. He compared favourably with his precursors, the Pulavskis, in that he had a better understanding of the part played by social factors. Appreciating the necessity of mobilising all elements of the people as a whole, he issued a proclamation to the peasants asking for their aid and declaring that "the person of every peasant is free and he has the right to move away and settle where he likes provided only that he informs the authorities in the province of his choice and pays his debts and taxes."

Many Polish peasants languishing under the yoke of their overlords crowded to join Kosciusko, who organised them skillfully and created a strong cavalry force and a powerful artillery. The forces which took the field against the Russians and Prussians were no longer the ill-organised bands of the days of the Confederation, but a strong army which had appeared as if by magic overnight. The rising broke out at the beginning of 1794; the Russian detachment stationed in Warsaw was taken unawares, overwhelmed and massacred. Four thousand Russians perished here. Immediately a force of 60,000 Russians under the command of Rumyantsov, who had been recalled from retirement, and of Repnin, moved against Poland, soon to be joined by 35,000 Prussians.

Kosciusko for his part could oppose to this force a fully organised army of about 90,000 men as well as fifty thousand peasant levies. The first period of the campaign saw no decision for either side. In spite of the superior quality of their regular troops, neither Russia nor Prussia could make head against the Poles. "It is a meaningless, cunning and audacious war," wrote Saltykov, one of the generals of the Russian army. "We beat and chase the Poles everywhere, but nothing seems to come of it." Meanwhile autumn was approaching and it appeared that there would be a winter lull in hostilities during which the Poles would have time to fortify themselves and increase their numbers.

This alarmed Catherine's government, not so much because of its military implications but because of its effect on home policy. The Russian government was afraid that the Russian serfs might also become restless. "The main point seems to have been achieved," wrote the imperial chancellor Bezborodko a few months after the beginning of the Polish war, "there has been no revolt in our own provinces." A lengthy war with Poland was a prospect which greatly alarmed the Russian gentry because it might provoke such revolts. In the circumstances Rumyantsev called upon Suvorov.

The old general had received the news of the appointment of Rumyantsev as commander-in-chief with great satisfaction. The pain of fresh wounds made him forget old quarrels. He immediately approached the new commander-in-chief, offering his services and recommending himself to his good graces.

Rumyantsev did not, however, at first call upon Suvorov, except for the unimportant task of disarming the Polish units enrolled in the Russian army in 1793. He knew very well that Suvorov was out of favour with the court and that Catherine was still under the influence of Potemkin's disparagement of him. But at the same time Rumyantsev knew better than anyone else the extraordinary powers of the cantankerous old general. Having made up his mind to be successful in Poland at all costs, Rumyantsev, on his own initiative, without reference to the cabinet, sent an order to Suvorov in August, instructing him to repair to the theatre of operations.

For Suvorov the Polish campaign held no particular attractions from the military point of view. He knew that the Polish forces were not very formidable in spite of the initial success of Kosciusko, and that the Poles were not Frenchmen, not even Turks. But in the end he came to the conclusion that half a loaf was better than no bread, the half loaf in this case being the Polish war and the whole loaf the Turkish.

At first Rumyantsev assigned to Suvorov a purely secondary task: he was to attack the Poles in the direction of Brest in order to divert part of their forces from the main theatre of operations. "A vigorous demonstration should be made in the direction of Brest," Rumyantsev wrote in his instructions to

Suvorov, secretly hoping, by the way, that the latter would succeed in taking Lublin. In any case scarcely anyone believed that Suvorov would remain within the narrow limits of his instructions.

"He never follows the usual routine in anything," Saltykov declared to Repnin, "and he has accustomed everyone to think of him thus; hence he is suffered to please himself."

Bezborodko, the chancellor, who appreciated Suvorov's talents more than many others, wrote to Vorontsov in September: "I do not consider our retreat from Warsaw a very great disadvantage; the co-operation of the forces detached from the army of the field-marshal and commanded by Count Suvorov of Rymnik can bring to completion the subjection of Poland and they will, of course, take Warsaw this winter if not earlier."

Suvorov himself had not the slightest intention of restricting himself to the minor role assigned to him. He set out with the firm determination of extending the scope of his operations. In short, he would reopen the campaign now almost concluded and direct on Warsaw all the Russian units anywhere in his vicinity.

On 14th August Suvorov left for Poland at the head of a detachment of 5,000 men. He moved with the usual expedition, the average day's march being 15-18 miles, which was three times the rate accepted as normal in the eighteenth century. Somebody described his movements as forced marches. Suvorov was indignant:

"There are no slow and quick marches in my army! I say forward, and my eagles take wing!"

While he was still observing from afar the struggle developing in Poland, he once said casually that he would "finish the business in forty days." Now it looked as if he were out to make good this claim. The troops were ordered to leave their winter clothing behind and carry only cloaks; he himself wore a white linen tunic.

Not all the men could keep up with the speed of the movement. Many left the ranks and collapsed by the roadside; they were picked up by the wagons following as a rearguard. Suvorov did his best to keep up the spirits of his troops; he was with them all the time, chatted with the soldiers, called them by flattering names, such as eagles, falcons, firebrands, and made them learn by heart his famous "catechism of victory." Sometimes he passed some unit without stopping; this signified that the general was displeased and made both officers and men abjectly unhappy.

On 3rd September, near the village of Divin, Suvorov met the Poles for the first time; the Russian force wiped out a Polish mounted detachment of 300 men. Three days later, near the monastery of Krupchitsa, the vanguard of Serakovski's corps of 16,000 men was routed and on the 8th the main body of this corps was annihilated and Brest occupied.

The task which Suvorov had been assigned was thus brilliantly accomplished. All further action on his part had to be undertaken on his personal initiative and this gave rise to many complications.

By this time Suvorov's forces had increased to 10-12,000 men. In the Turkish war, when he had commanded much larger forces, Suvorov had never set up to be commander-in-chief; but now he described himself as such, appointed an orderly general, put General P. Potemkin in command of the detachment, and Buxheven, Islenyev and Shevich in command of various units; in a word he made every effort to stress his independence. But the generals

commanding in neighbouring sectors did not acknowledge him as their superior. When he wanted to reinforce his command in order to undertake operations against Warsaw, none would obey his orders until they were confirmed by Repnin. The campaign had to be postponed. "Brest and Cannæ have this similarity," he wrote, "the right moment has been missed."

But now an unexpected ally appeared on the scene: St. Petersburg had heard of the successful operations of Suvorov and had, however reluctantly, instructed Repnin, Derfelden and Fersen "to afford him all reinforcements and assistance." The underlying calculation was simple enough: should he succeed in destroying the Poles—well and good; should he fail he would be made responsible for everything. "I can understand perfectly," Saltykov, the Minister for War, wrote to Repnin, "how unpleasant your co-operation with Suvorov must be, but in spite of this I have hardened my heart and ordered reinforcements to be sent to him."

Meanwhile the Poles suffered another painful defeat: in a battle near Matseinovitsy on 29th September, Fersen's forces routed them and wounded and captured Kosciusko himself.

This victory safeguarded Suvorov's left flank, which until then he had been unable to cover owing to a lack of forces. Now there was nothing to hold him back. On 7th October he set out for Warsaw, commanding Fersen and Derfelden in the name of the Empress to join him there. Fearing the slowness of action of Derfelden, Suvorov himself took a roundabout route in order to facilitate his arrival in time.

Suvorov instilled into his forces the conviction that they were much better men than their opponents. It happened that in one encounter, when the Russian vanguard had no artillery, an officer reported to Suvorov: "The enemy has guns." "Oh, he has guns, has he?" the general asked. "Well, take them away from him and turn them on him."

At the approaches to Kobylka, an important strategic point, the Russians met with stubborn Polish resistance. The scene of the battle was a dense forest. Without waiting for the infantry to come up, Suvorov himself led the cavalry in a charge; when the horses could go no further he ordered his troopers to dismount and charge with their sabres. This unusual cavalry attack—"I never saw the like of it before," Suvorov himself wrote about it—was completely successful.

A few days after Kobylka, Derfelden's corps joined Suvorov's forces and the united strength of this "unconstitutionally" constituted army was now up to 30,000 men, among them 12,000 cavalry. With these forces Suvorov proposed to overcome the last obstacle on the way to Warsaw, the fortified suburb of Praha.

Praha was surrounded by fourteen-feet high ramparts and two deep moats. These again were protected by palisades and a triple row of pitfalls. Given a competent defence this was virtually an impregnable stronghold. But there was no competent defence. In Warsaw there was confusion, party strife and struggles between rival parties. Kosciusko's successor Vavrzhevski proved an incompetent and irresolute commander. The twenty thousand men concentrated in Praha were misled by the demonstrative preparations for a siege undertaken at the orders of Suvorov, remained passive spectators of his manœuvres and made no attempt to interfere with them. The defenders of Praha were full of enthusiasm and determined to die at their posts, but they had no clear plan of action nor any experience in the defence of fortresses.

On the morning of 24th October, five days after their arrival under the walls of Praha, the Russian troops moved to the assault.

The plan for this operation rivals that of Ismail in depth and clarity of thought; the two are similar in many respects. The assault was made in seven columns, four of which were directed against the northern section of Praha and were the first to attack, the intention being to divert the hostile forces from the other points of assault. Half an hour later the assault on the eastern and southern side was to take place. The organisation of the storming columns was the same as at Ismail: sharpshooters, sappers and details with trenching tools in front, followed by the assault troops, and with a special reserve in the rear of each column.

At five in the morning a rocket gave the signal for the first wave to advance. The Poles had not expected an attack and immediately lost their heads. The whole garrison rushed to the northern ramparts but the confusion among the defenders made it impossible for them to repulse the attackers, who were coming on with undaunted courage and energy. Making their way over three and in some places six rows of pits with the aid of ladders placed over them, the Russians scaled the parapet and advanced irresistibly into the centre of Praha. The Fanagory Regiment fought its way to the bridge over the Vistula and thus cut off the retreat of the garrison towards Warsaw. Fearing that the attackers would cross the river into the capital of Poland, Vavrzhetski began to organise the defence of the bridge, but in vain. The guns stood silent without fuses, the gunners ran to cover from the hail of bullets coming from Praha. At nine in the morning the Russian troops broke into Praha from every direction and came to close quarters with the Poles in the streets. A great crowd of fugitives surged towards the bridge. The small band of Poles gathered on the Warsaw bank and keeping the bridge under fire could not hope to hold up this deluge. Defenceless, Warsaw was open to be captured by assault. But at that moment the Praha end of the bridge went up in flames, the way was barred and Warsaw saved from destruction.

The order to fire the bridge was given by Suvorov himself. On the day of the assault he was ill and "could hardly drag himself along." For this reason he took no part in the fighting but watched it from a knoll a little less than a mile from the first line, of the Polish fortifications. From the reports of his subordinate commanders he could gather that the Poles were not holding out at any point and that the Russian troops were fighting with particular energy but with particular fury as well.

Fires broke out in Praha and quickly got a hold on half the city. The crash of collapsing buildings, the beating of drums, the rattle of musketry, the cries and groans of the fighting men all mingled in a furious chaos of sound. The whole picture was vividly conjured up in Suvorov's mind by the reports of his officers; he knew that should the infuriated soldiers break into Warsaw the same fearful scenes would be enacted there. He therefore had recourse to the most radical measure—which the Poles in their confusion had been unable to carry out—he gave orders that part of the bridge should be destroyed.

Warsaw was in a panic. Great crowds stood on the banks of the river in dead silence and watched their brothers, whom they were powerless to aid, go down before the Russians in Praha. The city authorities hurriedly dispatched a delegation to the Russian camp to negotiate the surrender of the city. No one thought of further resistance.

King Stanislas August wrote in a letter addressed to Suvorov: "Sir! General

and Commander-in-Chief of the troops of the Empress of all Russia! The Council of the City of Warsaw asked me to act as an intermediary to inquire your intentions regarding the fate of this capital city. I must inform you that all the inhabitants are fully prepared to defend themselves to the last drop of their blood unless you give them some hope regarding their lives and property. I await your reply and pray to God that he may hold you in his holy safekeeping."

The fears of the Poles were quite unfounded. Suvorov had achieved his object—he had brought the campaign to an end in less than six weeks. In contradistinction to the storming of Ismail, the capture of Praha meant the immediate termination of the war. The moral and material forces of Poland were exhausted. According to his custom Suvorov now considered it best to pursue a policy of pacification and moderation. He desired neither fresh sacrifices, nor contributions, nor the humiliation of his opponents.

The terms of surrender dictated by him were limited to the immediate disarming of the Poles and the repairing of the bridge over which the Russian troops would enter the city. On the other hand the general, in the name of the Empress Catherine, promised a full amnesty to all those who surrendered, and guaranteed the inviolability of the lives and property of the inhabitants and of the prerogatives of the king. The delegates were so overwhelmed by the leniency of these terms that many of them shed tears of joy. Their surprise and agitation increased even more when Suvorov himself appeared before them and noting their irresolution, threw his sword on the ground, cried in Polish "Peace! Peace!" and advanced to meet them.

The people of Warsaw expressed their gratitude to Suvorov by presenting him a month later with a gold and enamel snuff-box with the inscription "Warsaw—to her liberator." Although this may have sounded ironical in view of the fact that Warsaw was ceded to Prussia shortly afterwards, the gift was certainly given to Suvorov in recognition of his personal humane attitude.

The bodies of the fallen were taken out and buried beyond the city boundaries. Of the 11,000 prisoners of war more than half were released to their homes. The Russian losses amounted to 2,000 men.

Snow fell during the night after the battle and by morning all traces of blood had disappeared. Streets and bastions were covered with an immaculate white blanket of snow sparkling in the sun.

The storming of Praha was universally recognised as a model operation from the military point of view. Nevertheless there was much talk about the large number of victims it had demanded. Suvorov had long been denounced in Europe as a "tormentor of the vanquished," and these attacks were now renewed.

The point about this alleged cruelty of Suvorov is worth special discussion.

Suvorov himself was always greatly agitated by these accusations of cruelty. It was quite true that in all clashes with his forces, even the smallest, the losses suffered by his opponents were extremely heavy. This was especially noticeable during the campaign of 1794. After the battle of Krupchitsy Suvorov wrote to de Ribas: "The field is covered with dead bodies to a depth of over nine miles; even I myself can hardly credit this." He also reported that only 130 Poles had escaped after the battle of Brest, and none at all after the battle of Kobylka. But these reports were greatly exaggerated; thus the Poles themselves put their casualties at Kobylka at 1,500 men of a total of 3,500. There can be no doubt, however, that the losses of Suvorov's opponents were always very heavy.

So far as the campaign of 1794 is concerned, there were certain circumstances

which had a bearing on the heavy Polish losses in all battles of this campaign and on the occasion of the capture of Praha: this was the memory of the Warsaw massacre at the beginning of the war, when several thousand Russians were killed in their sleep.

But the fundamental reason for the terrible losses suffered by all Suvorov's opponents was a different one. It was that his soldiers were trained in a spirit of exceptional fierceness and determination in attack. Fighting usually against odds of three to one, they made up for their inferiority in numbers by the vigour which made their attacks irresistible. Their mastery of the technique of bayonet fighting and the superiority of the Russian cavalry contributed to the magnitude of the enemy losses.

Suvorov himself always emphasised in his orders of the day that it was "sinful to kill without need," "do the inhabitants no harm," etc. He did the same at Praha. In his order of the day issued for the storming he included special instructions on this point. It read: "Do not enter houses; spare any enemy asking for quarter; do not kill unarmed men; do not make war on women; do not touch youngsters." The whole order consisted of eight paragraphs and yet Suvorov found room in it to impress upon his troops the need for humane conduct. Nevertheless the most important consideration of all for him was to ensure crushing weight in the attack. This overwhelming force in attack he regarded as truly humane however paradoxical it might seem at the first glance. Suvorov regarded war as an evil, but as an inevitable evil which should be ended as soon as possible. The best means to this end, the shortest way to the end of any war was, in his opinion, the shattering force of the first attack.

This opinion of Suvorov fully coincides with the views put forward in the Field Regulations for the Red Army issued in 1936, the second paragraph of which reads: "The aim of the military operations of the Red Army is the destruction of the enemy. The achievement of complete victory and the utter defeat of the foe are our basic purpose in any war forced upon the Soviet Union.

"The sole means by which this end can be attained is by battle. The object of every battle is (a) the destruction of the personnel and material of the enemy; (b) the undermining of his morale and powers of resistance.

"Every battle, whether defensive or offensive, has the object of inflicting defeat on the enemy. But only a resolute offensive in the main theatre of operations followed by an unrelenting pursuit can lead to the complete destruction of the forces and resources of the enemy."

"Whoever fights me will die," Suvorov declared one day. "That decreases the numbers of my enemies: battle to the death nips in the bud many other battles which might cost even more blood."

He often expressed his regrets that when Praha was stormed there were many victims among the civilian population, but even this unfortunate circumstance he regarded from the same point of view: "At the beginning of the Polish campaign the peace-loving field-m Marshals spent all their time piling up supplies. Their plan was to make war for three years on the insurgents. What bloodshed! I came and conquered! With a single blow I achieved peace and put an end to the shedding of blood." It should be noted that, according to the statement of Denis Davydov, Suvorov in entering Warsaw left behind all the regiments which had suffered in the Warsaw massacre of 1794. "Victory is the enemy of war," he often said. Nothing roused Suvorov's indignation more than being accused of cruelty. "Only cowards are cruel," he used to say.

When the Poles expressed their gratitude for his mild and just administration, comparing so favourably with the atrocities committed by the Austrians and Prussians in the territories occupied by them, he replied with a verse from Lomonossov:

"The generous lion fells the wrongdoer with his paw,
The preying wolf tears him as he lies on the ground."

Suvorov often claimed with pride that in all his life he had never signed a single death sentence. His attitude to prisoners of war was also quite unusual in those times—he was always concerned about their welfare and often released them on parole.

All this proves that the accusations of intentional cruelty levelled against Suvorov were entirely without foundation. But, of course, war is in itself a cruel thing. And in his actions Suvorov always put military considerations first.

The brilliant Polish campaign reduced all the general's enemies to silence and he was again regarded with favour in St. Petersburg. Catherine sent him the much-desired baton of a field-marshal, a diamond-studded ribbon for his hat and out of the conquered Polish lands conferred on him an immense estate, Kobrinski Klyuch, carrying with it seven thousand male souls. The King of Prussia sent two decorations: the Order of the Red Eagle and the Grand Cross of the Black Eagle; the Austrian Emperor sent his own portrait framed in diamonds. Suvorov was as pleased as a child. When the field-marshal's baton arrived he set up a few chairs and began to jump over them, saying: "This one for Repnin . . . this one for Saltykov . . . this one for Prozorovski . . ." referring thus to all the generals-in-chief who had been his superiors in rank and who were now his subordinates, there being only two other field-m Marshals in the Russian army at the time: K. G. Rasumovski and Rumyantsev.

However, he was soon to taste the usual touch of tar in his barrel of honey: others, whose participation in the war had been insignificant, were rewarded even more generously. Platon Zubov was given an estate of 13,000 souls out of the Polish booty.

"I have been generously rewarded in the person of Platon Zubov," Suvorov joked bitterly.

And yet even the reward which he did receive provoked a burst of envy among the courtiers in St. Petersburg. While public opinion acclaimed the promotion of Suvorov to field-marshal, many generals openly expressed their disapproval and Prince Dolgorukov and Count I. P. Saltykov went so far as to ask for their discharge from the service.

In the memoirs of A. A. Bezborodko we find on this subject: "The promotion of Count Suvorov, which in all truth was a right and proper thing, has put all his former superiors in rank, their wives, brothers, sisters, children and friends out of humour. Knowing that I was in the secret and that I pressed for it as much as I could, they blame me greatly. What is most surprising is that even Markov thinks such a reward out of place and says that every man should regard the very fact of being employed as a sufficient reward. He excludes himself, however, from this rule."

There was one circumstance, however, which put a check on the backbiting of Suvorov's enemies. Losing patience, the old general began to use towards his detractors the language they liked least. Ivashev writes that, in 1795, Suvorov, having heard of a particularly mischievous slur cast upon him by the Zubovs, sent Ivashev to tell the Zubov clan that for him "a Russian bullet held no greater

terrors than that of an enemy." The prospect of a duel frightened the Zubovs, and they sent profound apologies.

But the envy of the courtiers was merely a harbinger of other misfortunes in store for Suvorov.

The capture of Warsaw took St. Petersburg unawares to such an extent that there had been no time to issue instructions to the conqueror regarding his future conduct. Not being initiated into the intricacies of Catherine's policy, Suvorov "failed to adopt measures proper to the circumstances." He never dreamt that the European powers had already decided on the final partition of Poland. Such a result of his victory never entered his head. He did his best, on the contrary, to strengthen the authority of the King of Poland and establish friendly relations with the Polish population.

When entering Warsaw Suvorov ordered his troops to carry their muskets unloaded and not to return fire even if they were shot at from the houses. Everything went off smoothly, however, and there were no incidents at all. Accepting the keys of the city from the Council, Suvorov expressed his pleasure at the fact that he acquired them at no such high price as those of Praha.

The day after, he met Stanislas August. Against his custom, Suvorov dressed himself in full uniform, put on all his decorations and drove to the palace with a cavalry escort. The meeting was very friendly. Suvorov continued to pursue his policy of concessions and tolerance. When the King asked him to release a captured officer who had formerly served in the royal escort, Suvorov readily replied:

"I will release 100 for you if you like," and added, "or 200, 300, 400, or better let it be 500."

A messenger was immediately sent to select 300 officers and 200 non-commissioned officers from among the prisoners of war. This gesture made a great impression on the Poles, and rendered many of them well-disposed towards Suvorov.

The further conduct of the field-marshal was based on the same principle. He did his best not to offend the national susceptibilities of the Poles, and generally behaved as if he were anything but an omnipotent conqueror. He went to the balls given by the Polish nobility and gentry, who quickly found consolation in the thought that they had been able to keep their estates. They received Suvorov with great ceremony while he, according to his custom on such occasions, expressed his contempt for their pomposity by all sorts of tomfoolery and crazy pranks. On catching sight of a pregnant lady he rushed up to her and made the sign of the cross over her future baby; on another occasion he noticed a pretty young Polish lady, pretended to be petrified with admiration and then ran across the room and started kissing her; he blew his nose with his fingers on to the floor of the drawing-room; held his nose when he passed men scented with perfume, etc. But all these eccentricities did not impair his friendly relations with the Poles. He introduced a number of measures very advantageous for Poland. In order to raise the exchange rate of the Polish currency he gave orders that captured Polish credit notes to the value of 768,000 zlotys should be destroyed; he prohibited the requisitioning of supplies for the army against mere paper receipts and prescribed that payments should all be made in cash; he maintained discipline among the troops with great severity, permitted no looting and protected all cultural monuments.

All this was quite at variance with the methods of warfare customary at the time. In this respect Suvorov was far ahead of his day.

"Wise generosity," he said, "often brings greater advantages than the indiscriminate use of the sword."

These words express his whole programme of action in conquered countries. But St. Petersburg, Vienna and Berlin had totally different ideas regarding the course to be pursued, having already irrevocably decided to put an end to the political existence of Poland. Suvorov's policy was flatly contrary to this decision. But in November two ordinances arrived from St. Petersburg and at last enlightened Suvorov as to the real intentions of the Russian Government: the ordinances prescribed the levying of contributions, confiscations of property, arrests of persons, the use of arms in the event of the slightest protest, the removal from office of the Warsaw City authorities and a great deal more.

An Imperial rescript addressed to Suvorov under date of 26th July, 1795, contained this passage: "In order to improve the supply position of the troops under your command we empower you to requisition as much grain as possible after the harvest from the population of the territories occupied by these troops and to pay moderate prices to be fixed by yourself for it. The payment is to be met by receipts, the same to be reckoned as part of the contributions due."

Difficult days now began for Suvorov. He was never very good at the passive execution of orders given by others, especially if he considered them wrong. But open disobedience was both impossible and useless. Making a compromise with his conscience, he took the intermediate line of partial concessions to the demands of St. Petersburg, while still preserving the general principles of his own policy. He did not depose the city authorities; in respect of contributions he reported that they were impossible owing to the impoverishment of the country, he made all sorts of trifling concessions to the population, often pleading their cause with Catherine herself. The rigours which he was unable to avoid he openly declared to be due to the interference of St. Petersburg.

One day he had to inform a deputation that he could not comply with their request. Instead of giving a verbal explanation, he stood up in the middle of the room, leapt into the air as high as he could and said:

"The Empress is so high!"

Then he crouched down on the floor and said:

"And Suvorov is so small!"

The deputation understood his meaning and withdrew.

St. Petersburg watched the activities of the all too independent field-marshal with considerable annoyance. Rummyantsev counted on his fingers the number of officers released by Suvorov from captivity: eighteen generals, 829 field and staff officers and in addition all those taken in the storming of Praha. One of the St. Petersburg politicians, Troshchinski, wrote: "Everyone here is aware of the great mistake made by Suvorov in not demanding a large sum as a contribution from Warsaw; but there is reluctance to repair this mistake out of a ridiculous respect for the promises, which he gave the most dangerous Poles, that the past would be forgotten."

The same Troshchinski wrote elsewhere: "To tell the truth, Count Suvorov has rendered a great service by the capture of Warsaw and the extermination of the whole rebel army, but on the other hand he causes intolerable annoyance by the unsuitable measures he takes there. In general, he allowed all the Poles, including the chief mutineers, to go free and sent them home with safe conducts. Orders have been sent to him to put an end to all this, but until they reach him he may cause much mischief."

Not everyone, however, took this view of Suvorov's activities. There were

others who saw more clearly. Thus Zavadovski remarked: "Suvorov has been blamed for forgiving and forgetting everything and everybody, but he says that the Poles now have nothing left; their stores, all their artillery without exception and all their arms are gone, and in return for all this they have been given 24,000 passports. It is a witty and wise answer."

In a word, Suvorov proved himself a much more far-sighted and skillful statesman than all Catherine's diplomats.

Of course Suvorov would have been recalled long before had the court been quite convinced of the complete pacification of the country. But the Russian Government had heard rumours of unrest in Poland, had heard that the example of a France defending her frontiers was setting the hearts of the Polish patriots aflame and, on the other hand, differences of opinion had arisen with Prussia regarding the new partition; matters had reached a point where Austria and Russia were even ready to declare war on Prussia. In these circumstances it was absolutely essential that Suvorov should be with the army. "Count Suvorov would sooner exterminate all Warsaw than allow himself to be taken unawares," wrote Chancellor Bezborodko. Nevertheless, the position of Suvorov became more precarious from day to day: he was gradually being relegated to the background and excluded from participation in deciding serious issues, while orders given by him were being countermanded.

Suvorov did not and could not see any way out of this vicious circle. He took his humiliations, "the pitiful aridity of his apotheosis," very much to heart.

Meanwhile, events pursued their course. An arrangement was at last reached with Prussia, and in 1795 Poland was partitioned for the third time: Austria got 1,000 square miles of territory with 1,300,000 inhabitants; Prussia, 680 square miles with Warsaw and 1,000,000 inhabitants; Russia, 2,730 square miles and 1,900,000 inhabitants. The Prince of Kurland, a vassal of Poland, ceded his province to Russia. Poland as an independent state disappeared from the map of Europe.

Russia thus took possession of part of the territory of the Polish State, but acquired less than Austria and Prussia and did not achieve the basic aim of the Russian Government, the union of the entire "Russian" population. Catherine said on this subject: "In time we shall have to make a deal with the Austrians for Galicia—which is no good to them." With all this, Russia was landed with a strategically disadvantageous frontier, having acquired only the east bank of the Western Bug and of the Niemen, without any secure crossings over these rivers. Prussia and Austria for their part had taken the area including the largest cities (Warsaw) and the most valuable natural resources (the salt mines of Velichka).

In October, 1795, Suvorov received a rescript couched in flattering terms and summoning him to St. Petersburg, where he was given an unprecedented reception. A court coach was sent to meet him at Strelnya, he was lodged at the Taurida Palace with a large household. The Empress, knowing his aversion to mirrors, ordered all mirrors to be covered up.

But all these attentions could not conceal the profound rift which had appeared in the course of the past year. Catherine had now reigned 33 years. For the first time after all these years circumstances were ripe for a full reconciliation with the crotchety field-marshal: she could no longer fail to appreciate his services and merit, could no longer fail to take into account his popularity in the army and in Western Europe. She had given him the high rank of field-marshal despite the opposition of her courtiers (it is

characteristic of Catherine that she kept her decision on this point a close secret to the last minute, "in order to avoid intrigues, protests, slanders and all other unpleasantness"). The most influential enemy of the general, Potemkin, was in his grave. It would seem that nothing could now prevent an improvement in the relations between the Empress and her best general. But soon the organic impossibility of such an improvement became manifest: Suvorov's way of thinking was utterly different from Catherine's. He could not adapt himself to the tone of the imperial Court, and above all he did not wish to do so. He was no Potemkin, no Repnin. When the need for his prodigious military genius, for his terrible sword was past, it was best to hide him away somewhere, the further away the better. Thus it had always been, thus it was to be again this time.

Suvorov was perfectly aware of the instability of the Empress's favour and the covert hostility of the courtiers and generals. But he had returned from Poland fully conscious of his own worth and expressed his protest against the ways of the court more resolutely than ever before. According to his old custom he gave this protest the form of "eccentricity." The old man fell on his knees in front of Catherine, kissed the hem of her dress and then, with an air of ingenuousness criticised the state of affairs in St. Petersburg, putting his finger right on the sorest spots. The Empress made him a present of a sable cloak as fine as that of the richest of her courtiers; Suvorov declared that it was much too good for him, and continued to wear an old cloak while his body-servant, Proshka, carefully carried the sable cloak after him wherever he went. It was not for nothing that Rastopchin wrote: "We don't know how to get rid of Suvorov, whose boorish jokes make Her Majesty blush every minute."

Suvorov was even more candid in expressing his contempt for the grandees of the Court; if they called he received them in his underclothing; sometimes he did not receive them at all but ran out into the street when they drove up to his door and seated himself in their coaches; he made fun of their respect for rank, their pomposity and their ignorance. One day it was reported to Suvorov that a certain officer had lost his reason. He began to argue passionately that this was impossible, until it came to light that he was thinking of an entirely different officer.

"A good thing, too," Suvorov said with relief, "else I should have argued until next morning, for the officer I was speaking of never even possessed that which this officer has lost."

Catherine wanted to pack the sharp-tongued field-marshal off to the Persian frontier, where a war was expected, but Suvorov did not fancy the Persian expedition, especially as there were rumours going round of an imminent war with France. He thought it inexpedient to be so far away at so critical a time, though he was careful to stress that it was not the distance that worried him. "I was in Finland, shooting snipe," he wrote to Zubov in November, 1795, "then in Kherson as a scarecrow for the Turks. In this interval Russia suffered. May this thing not come to pass between Persia and Turkey. It's not as if I fought shy of Tamerlan's road—I'd go all the way to Peking if need be."

So he was sent to Finland to inspect the fortifications built in 1792. He completed his tour in a fortnight. He was then appointed commander of one of the three southern armies, the two others being commanded by Rumyantsev and Repnin. His army consisted of troops levied in the Kharkov, Yekaterinoslav, Tauris and Voznesensk regions.

In the spring of 1796 Suvorov set out for the town of Tulchin, on the

Dniester, where he intended to establish his headquarters. He took his leave of the Empress with an exchange of mutual compliments, but when the function was over, they both heaved sighs of relief.

PART THREE

IN EXILE

THE FIRST MONTHS IN TULCHIN PASSED WITHOUT DISTURBANCE. SUVOROV WAS proud of his field-marshal's baton; he was proud to command the largest of the Russian armies; he saw the prospect of a war with a France which had defeated the most famous European generals. In reporting to the Empress on a troop review he wrote: "The Carmagnole-dancers have had such successes that they might easily direct their steps towards the Vistula. . . . Most Gracious Majesty, I am ready to forestall them with your victorious troops."

Russia was, in fact, making preparations for a war against France. The units which were to take part in the campaign had already been selected and measures taken to bring them up to war strength. No commander had as yet been appointed, but Suvorov's name was on every tongue and he was snowed under with requests from officers wishing to take part in the campaign. Suvorov himself also regarded the matter as settled and was making active preparations for another war. Summoning his quartermaster, Colonel Dyakov, he told him to put all his stores in good order, and threatened to hang him if he failed to do so.

"You know that I am fond of you, my friend, but also that I keep my promises," he said.

In Suvorov's view a war against republican France, a country he considered as being the instigator of all machinations against Russia, was inevitable. What was more, he was of opinion that the war should begin as soon as possible, the French were consolidating their position with every year that went by. In a letter to Khvostov, dated 29th August, 1796, Suvorov wrote: "A Turkish war? . . . No! It is the root we must get at, it is the French we must beat. They are at the bottom of it all. By the time they reach Poland they will have 200,000-300,000 men. In giving Warsaw to the Prussian King, who has 100,000, we gave him a stick to beat us with. Add to that the Turks, God bless them, and the Swedes. What it amounts to is that Russia would have to raise half a million or thereabouts. But now that the French are still in German lands only half that force would be needed for all these wars."

Two days later he returned to the same argument: "An end to French successes cannot reasonably be expected and if our present inertia continues, our 50,000 would have almost to be doubled by the New Year and so forth."

In expectation of another campaign, Suvorov occupied himself with the training of his troops, devoting himself to this work with great enthusiasm. Within a few months the army was changed beyond recognition. Mortality dropped from twenty-five per cent to one per cent and the "half-naked, exhausted and maltreated" soldiers were transformed into healthy, alert, dare-devil "Suvorov men."

As before in Novaya Ladoga, Suvorov, although now no longer a mere colonel but a field-marshal, gave personal attention to nearly every one of his men.

"Every soldier should be so highly trained that one can say to him: 'You have nothing more to learn now; all that is wanted is that you should not forget what you have learnt'"—such was Suvorov's comment on the training of his soldiers.

Again, as before, his chief aim was to develop resource, initiative and courage in his troops. In order to stress the part played by these qualities it was his habit to exaggerate it greatly. He refused to admit that retreat was permissible at all under any circumstances whatsoever. If one man happened to move faster than the rest on parade, the whole company was expected to overtake him—stepping back into the ranks was under an absolute ban. It happened one day that the field-marshal rode up close to the ranks and the officer in command ordered the men in front to step back one pace.

"Arrest him!" roared Suvorov. "This blockhead corrupts my whole army."

"Blockheadedness" was persecuted with the same severity. Here again, apparent eccentricity, even absurdity, concealed a profound meaning: the soldiers were taught to think independently and to shake off the trammels of custom and blind obedience.

Any answer was good enough except the answer: "I don't know." Here is an example:

"How far is it to the moon?"

"Two days' march for a proper soldier."

The field-marshal smiled and patted the bright grenadier on the shoulder.

"How many stars are there in the heavens?"

"I'll count them this minute, Excellency," said the soldier and went on counting until the field-marshal was chilled and had had enough.

In persecuting "blockheadedness" Suvorov made war on muddle, lack of resource and fear of the unexpected. In the Russian army, which consisted of serfs accustomed to do everything by word of command, this was a very difficult, but very necessary, training.

Suvorov devoted much attention to the eradication of bribery, which was widespread throughout the army. In a letter to A. P. Vorontsov, containing the latest news of the capital, the correspondent writes: "Count A. V. Suvorov has sent in a report saying that in his army he found nearly all his generals to be either buyers for or contractors to the army." Here, as everywhere, Suvorov made determined war on the bribery and corruption which resulted in the soldiers being ill-fed and ill-clad.

But the focal point of all his training was the battle exercise.

The troops were usually divided into two teams. Both took up positions in deployed line, moved forward simultaneously, and on coming to within a distance of 100 paces of each other, charged at the word of command, the infantry at the double, the cavalry at the gallop. The infantry carried their muskets at the trail and raised them for bayonet fighting only when they reached the "enemy" ranks. The main condition of success in this exercise was constant rapid movement; if there was any stoppage before the clash of the two parties, the exercise was broken off and begun afresh. Immediately before the clash the soldiers made a half-turn to the right, a manœuvre which permitted both sides to push through the ranks of their opponents. Quite frequently, especially if cavalry units took part in the exercise, a genuine *mêlée* ensued in which more than one man was injured. In such cases Suvorov always showed great concern but did not change his method of training, which, in his view, offered the greatest advantages. The exercises were carried out to an accompani-

ment of musketry and artillery fire (with blank ammunition) so that the combatants were covered by clouds of powder smoke.

Suvorov himself rushed about like a tornado during these exercises, shouting orders, switching units from point to point, meting out praise or blame but never punishment. Noticing one day that an officer was galloping in the rear of his attacking unit, the field-marshal lost his temper and ordered him to be "killed" immediately: the officer lost no time in spurring forward at a breakneck pace.

The presence of Suvorov at these exercises inspired the soldiers with feverish energy and dash. The gunners strained every nerve in order not to lag behind the infantry; the infantry hurried to keep up with the cavalry. And above it all rose the dominating figure of a little old man in a coarse linen shirt, scouring the plain and shouting: "Shoot straight, thrust home with the bayonet!"

After the exercise Suvorov often gathered the troops round him and briefly reviewed the action. He spoke quietly, but was quite sure that the soldiers who heard him would convey his words to the whole army the same day. His bearing and manner remained as unassuming as it had been when he was a simple musketeer—and his soldiers loved him for it. Appearing in front of the ranks in his uniform of a field-marshal, he calmly blew his nose with his fingers, liked to use words not usually seen in print and sometimes even relieved himself unconcernedly.

Suvorov was liked by his soldiers for yet another reason: he never interfered in small matters and never allowed his officers to badger the men about trifles. But if there was any negligence in the fundamental requirements of the service or any insubordination, he called those responsible for it severely to account, and the more severely the higher the rank of the offender.

It was in Tulchin that the famous Suvorovian field regulations, *The Science of Victory*, finally took shape and were written down. Some time before, in Kherson and during the Polish campaign, Suvorov had ordered that his troops should be trained according to a military catechism of which he was the author and which most of his soldiers knew by heart; but not until now did he give it its final form.

The Science of Victory is practically identified with the *Susdal Regulations* and is based on the same principles. It develops the same conception of the connection between the technical methods of training and the moral education of the troops. The same ideas of drive and energy are instilled into the soldiers. Even the style conforms to this: "Dash, rush, crush, gallop"—the heavy knapsacks are called "breezes," etc., etc. The staccato laconicism of the work was well understood by the soldiers who were used to the language of their general. The first part of the *Science of Victory* bears the title "Parade" and contains regulations regarding training. The second and main part is called "Verbal Instruction" and is a system of Suvorovian aphorisms regarding the life of the soldier and his conduct in battle.

This remarkable document deserves to be fully reproduced here:—

"THE SCIENCE OF VICTORY (OR THE ART OF ACTIVE WARFARE).

"Section 2.—Verbal Instruction for Soldiers.

"... The military pace is one arshin (twenty-eight inches), an arshin and a half when marching downhill. Intervals to be carefully kept. . . .

"Keep enough ammunition for three days and sometimes for a whole

campaign when there is no more in reserve. Shoot, not often but straight; thrust home with the bayonet; bullets go astray, bayonets never; the bullet is a fool, the bayonet a stout fellow.

"Thrust once—shake the infidel off your bayonet; a dead man on the bayonet may scratch your neck with his sword. If you feel the sword on your neck, jump back one pace, thrust again, stab another one and a third; a strong man can stab half a dozen, I have seen even more. Keep a bullet in your barrel; if three go for you, stab the first, shoot the second, dispatch the third with the bayonet.

"Don't hesitate in the charge.

"Don't hurt civilians; they give us our food and drink. A soldier is no robber. The right to loot is sacred: if you take a camp, all is yours; if you take a fortress, all is yours. But never loot without orders.

"A battle in the field may involve three types of attack.—(1) On whichever flank is the weaker. (2) On the stronger flank (if it is protected by forest, never mind, a soldier can get through). (3) Attack in the centre, which is rarely advisable; cavalry may perhaps succeed there, but otherwise the chances are against us. An attack in the rear is of advantage, but usually only for a small force—it is difficult to carry it out with a whole army.

"Charge. Break through barricades, throw hurdles over pitfalls, run fast, jump over palisades, throw in fascines, throw down into moats, put up ladders. Sharpshooters, precede the columns, aim at enemy leaders. Columns, spring over walls, on to the ramparts, scale them, form a line on them, post sentries over the powder magazines, open the gates for the cavalry. If the enemy flees into the city, turn his own guns against him, sweep the streets with fire, shoot fast, there's no time to run after him. If the enemy yields, give quarter; when the ramparts are taken, go and loot.

"There are three secrets in warfare.—(1) A true eye, to see where and how to make camp, how to march, where to attack, pursue and destroy; also for taking up positions, estimating the forces of the enemy, guessing his intentions.

"(2) Speed. Marching orders: field artillery, 500 yards to half a mile in advance, so that it won't be in the way in broken or hilly country. Don't stop, march on, play, sing songs, beat drums, make music. After six miles, first company downs knapsacks, lies down; second company does the same and so company after company; those in front not to wait for those behind. After the first six miles, rest one hour. First company jumps up, puts on knapsacks, runs forward ten to fifteen paces; and so on, company after company, letting the rear ones rest meanwhile. After the second six miles, halt: rest an hour or more.

"Supply wagons in front with tent boxes; hot food to be ready when the men arrive, mess orderlies to fetch the food. After breakfast, rest four hours; the same order at night, but rest six hours or eight, according to the road.

"This speed does not tire out the men. The enemy is not expecting us, thinks we're seventy miles off—suddenly we're on him, like a bolt from the blue; that sets his head awirl.

"(3) Energy. One foot strengthens the other, one hand strengthens the other; many men are killed by bullets, the enemy has weapons as we have—but he does not know the Russian bayonet. Form a line and immediately attack with the cold steel; if there is no time to form a line—it's a feather in your cap to be able to charge in massed formation. Usually the cavalry must attack first and the infantry follow at the double, but formation must be kept. The

cavalry should act as vigorously as the infantry, except on swampy ground where men should be dismounted and horses should be led by the bridle. In two ranks there is strength; in three, strength and a half; the first rank breaks in, the second overthrows the enemy, the third finishes him off.

"Beware of the hospital. The German medicines smell bad, are useless and harmful; you Russian soldiers are not used to them, in your rations you have enough good roots and herbs and grasses for health. Soldiers are precious; look after your health, clear your stomach if it's in a mess; hunger is the best medicine. Whoever doesn't look after his men—if it's an officer, arrest him, if it's a sergeant or corporal, lashes for him, and lashes for any man, too, who doesn't look after himself.

"Warriors! The enemy trembles before you, but there is an enemy greater than the hospital even: that accursed 'blockheadedness': catchwords, riddles, lies, fine phrases or close-mouthedness, double-facedness, airs and graces, muddle-headedness. Blockheadedness causes many misfortunes. For block-headedness: officers to be arrested, field officers to be placed under house arrest by their superiors.

"The soldier should be healthy, courageous, steadfast, resolute, upright and respectful.

"Learning is light, ignorance is darkness: work shows the hand of the master. One trained man is worth three untrained; three is not enough for us, give us six, give us ten to one, we'll beat them all, overthrow them, take them prisoner. There's military training for you; it's a fine thing, gentlemen!"

At the end of the exercise the order was given: "For the password, from both flanks, sentries forward march; present arms!" After giving out the password, countersign and signals, praise or blame was meted out to the men on parade. Then in a voice of thunder: "Subordination, exercise, discipline, cleanliness, good health, neatness, alertness, daring, courage, victory, glory, glory, glory."

The basic principles of *The Science of Victory* can be summarised as follows:

"(1) The morale of the troops plays a pre-eminent part in warfare. The main weapon is man. All soldiers must ever strive for victory and understand the best methods of achieving this victory. ('Every soldier should understand his *morceuvre*.')

"(2) Victory can only be achieved by attacking and destroying the main forces of the enemy.

"(3) One of the main factors in victory is the speed and suddenness of the attack. ('Victory depends on the feet, the hands are only the tools of victory.')

"(4) The decisive act in the defeat of the enemy is the bayonet charge.

"(5) Soldiers should be taught only what is of use to them in war. Everything else only puts an unnecessary burden on them and should be abolished; but on the other hand all useful things should be taught the soldier to the pitch of perfection. ('Hard on the training ground, easy on the battlefield.')

"(6) Commanders should devote great care to the soldiers and their needs.

"(7) The troops must be taught to behave with consideration towards prisoners of war and the civilian population. ('Do not hurt civilians.' 'Prisoners are to be treated in a friendly and humane way.')

The Science of Victory did not burden the soldier with anything not essential in battle, but at the same time gave him guidance in all circumstances that might arise in the course of an action or on the march.

Such were the preoccupations of Suvorov in Tulchin. For the last time fate had again granted the old general a short period of repose. "Our respected old man is in good health," wrote one of the members of his entourage. "He is very pleased with his way of life; as you know, the season of his favourite pursuits has arrived—the parade-ground, training, camps, perpetual motion, that is all he needs to be happy."

This happiness was to be short-lived enough.

The Empress Catherine had a strong constitution. Neither disease, nor her duties as a ruler, not the kaleidoscopic sequence of lovers could undermine her robust health. But still, very gradually, the years took their toll. After she had passed the first half of her seventh decade, her court physician Dr. Rogerson was called upon more and more frequently to listen to the complaints of his august patient. At the beginning of November, 1796, the Empress had a stroke. It was said that it had been brought on by the refusal of the King of Sweden—who was on a visit to St. Petersburg at the time—to accept the conditions of the marriage planned between him and the Grand Duchess Alexandra Pavlovna. Three days later, on 7th November, Catherine left her apartment and was found half an hour later lying on the floor in the lavatory. She was carried to her bedroom and put in the care of Rogerson. A messenger was immediately sent to Gatchina to give Paul the news.

According to Rastopchin's story, both Paul and his wife had had a dream that night in which they saw themselves wafted to heaven by an invisible force, and this dream recurred several times. When Nikolai Zubov brought the news the heir to the throne drove to the capital in the greatest haste. On his way he met twenty more couriers sent by courtiers eager to curry favour with the Emperor of to-morrow. One courier had even been sent by the court chef. All these couriers formed themselves into an escort for Paul and thus it was that the procession arrived at the palace.

In the palace all was confusion. Chancellor Bezborodko, with pale face and trembling lips begged Paul to dismiss him without disgracing him, but Paul replied that by-gones were by-gones. Rastopchin immediately sealed the doors of her majesty's study. Platon Zubov was sobbing in one corner of the anteroom; he was shunned by all, no one dared so much as to give him a glass of water.

Catherine died at dawn. Immediately the court swore allegiance to the new Emperor. Alexei Orlov was absent from the ceremony, which was held at the church; Paul sent Arkharov to his house and Orlov took the oath at home.

"All were glad of a change and hoped to profit by it; all closed their eyes and ears and soullessly prepared to play for a fresh stake in the mad lottery of blind Fortune," wrote Rastopchin of the first day of the new reign.

When Catherine dethroned her half-insane husband, she could count on the step being popular in the country. Following her plan of "easing the pinch of the shoe" she paid the army out of her civil list, restricted torture and confiscations, took measures against bribery and corruption, issued ukases about the freedom of trade and the reduction of the price of salt, and permitted a certain freedom of expression in literature.

But after a short time people found that Catherine's reign was, as one historian put it, like a picture meant to be viewed from a distance; majestic from afar, but a confused daub at close inspection.

Progressive projects were filed away in the archives and their place taken by a savage régime of reaction. Never had the lot of the peasants and the working

people been so hard and bitter as in this brilliant reign. The urban population was groaning under the burden of taxes resulting from the incessant wars. The helm of state was entrusted to the hands of unprincipled and dishonest men whose only thought was of their own gain, and of whom the future Tsar Alexander I said in 1796 that he would not have had any of them for a footman. He wrote at the same time: "Our affairs are in a state of incredible confusion, there is speculation all round, all departments are ill-run, there is no order anywhere. . . . My blood boils when I see the base acts committed right and left for the sake of some paltry honour or decoration."

Catherine attempted to cover all this up by a vigorous foreign policy: she conquered territory in Turkey and Poland with a population of 7 millions; the population of Russia increased from 19 millions in 1762 to 36 millions in 1796; the army grew from 162,000 to 312,000, the navy from 27 frigates and ships of the line to 107. But in this connection Osterman, the Vice-Chancellor, explained to Vorontsov, Russian Ambassador in London immediately after the accession of Paul: "Russia having incessantly waged war since 1756, is therefore the only power in the world which for forty whole years has been in the unhappy position of having to exhaust its population." In a further passage he says that the people "desire a rest after such a long period of strain."

True, Catherine's reign had not been without some advantage for Russia: the number of factories had increased and the treasury receipts had grown from 16 millions to 69 millions. But in spite of this the coffers were empty and in 1796 the national debt amounted to 200 million roubles, a sum three times greater than the annual revenues of the treasury. In addition, revenue from the tax on intoxicating liquors increased sixfold during Catherine's reign and constituted one third of the total national income.

Klyuchevski, one of the best bourgeois historians, wrote: "It must be said that the whole heroic epoch of Catherine II was nothing but a theatrical pantomime directed from behind the scenes by ambition, vanity and despotism; splendid institutions were established merely in order that Catherine might be praised as their founder and were then left to go to wrack and ruin; Catherine's whole policy was a resplendent façade in front of a squalid backyard and its result was the demoralisation of the upper classes, oppression and impoverishment of the lower orders and a wholesale spoliation of all Russia."

As for the new Emperor, he was little known to wider sections of the public. It was known that he had always been on bad terms with his mother and that in order to win his favour it was enough to be in disgrace with Catherine; that as a child he had already been busy chasing the skirts of the ladies-in-waiting; that he was irritable and bad-tempered and despised all those who surrounded him. On all these grounds his tutor Poroshin predicted that "despite the best intentions, he would always arouse hatred towards himself," and Rastopchin, his favourite, declared: "The Grand Duke does incredible things; he is himself preparing his own ruin and is coming to be hated more and more." It was known that, like his father, he had a strong bias in favour of all things Prussian. Finally, it was said of him that he was passionately addicted to spit-and-polish and liked to maintain discipline by means of inhuman punishments.

All this was not very encouraging, but at first Paul, having waited all too long for power, proceeded to adopt measures destined to gain popularity for him in the country and to demonstrate the progressiveness of the new reign as compared with that of Catherine. Certain political prisoners were released, among them Novikov, then languishing in Schlüsselsburg; Radishchev was

brought back from Siberia; many captive Poles, among them Kosciusko, were given their freedom; the war against Persia was concluded; recruitment for the army was stopped and the European courts informed of the peaceful intentions of Russia.

But hardly had a few months gone by when the new Tsar began to introduce measures unknown even in the dark days of Peter III. Fearing the penetration of the "Jacobin plague" from France into Russia, Paul had recourse to the most extraordinary precautions. Every detail of life was subjected to severe regulations; a ban was put on the wearing of round hats, frock-coats and waistcoats; German coats with standing collars of prescribed height were made compulsory; the women were forbidden to wear blue cloaks; types of harness, of carriages, of hairdressing and methods of saluting the Emperor were all made the subject of stringent rules. Even certain words were taboo: "guard" was substituted for "watch"; "inhabitants" for "citizens"; "state" for "fatherland"; while the word "society" was banned altogether. The importation of books and music from abroad was also prohibited, and all correspondence was subjected to strict censorship. Careless talk about the Tsar was punished by torture. On the flimsiest pretexts men were arrested, imprisoned, exiled to Siberia or beaten with the knout. Imperial messengers galloped along all the roads of Russia carrying surprising and incomprehensible orders from the Emperor about banishments, punishments, transfers, or rewards. One Lopukhin was decorated by mistake because Paul had erroneously thought him to be a relative of his mistress. According to the expression of a contemporary "generals rose as quickly as asparagus grows in the garden" but were cut down no less quickly. During the reign of Paul 333 generals and 2261 officers lost their commissions. "Rewards lost all their attraction," wrote Karamzin, "and penalties all the disgrace attached to them."

The burden of the new régime fell most heavily on the army. The old Prussian uniform was resurrected; the soldiers had to sprinkle their hair with kvas and then strew flour on it; the resulting starchy paste was allowed to dry on the head, forming a crust; an iron rod half an arshin (fourteen inches) in length was tied to the back of the head to serve as a base for a pigtail and curls made of felt were attached to the temples. A punctilious, paralysing fussiness was introduced into the service. A button missing from the coat of a single soldier would outweigh in importance an impeccably executed manœuvre. Obedience and observance of regulations were regarded as most important of all.

"A soldier is a simple mechanism provided for by regulations"—such was Paul's conception of his soldiers. For the slightest offence the soldiers were given several hundred lashes. Deserving front-line officers were coarsely rebuked for trifles. One of Suvorov's colonels, having listened to such a rebuke from Arakcheyev, shot himself. At parades Paul would sentence men to floggings and reduce officers and non-commissioned officers to the ranks on the spot; one day a whole regiment, having failed to please the Emperor, was given this order at the end of the parade:

"Direction: straight ahead! To Siberia—march!" and the regiment had to march to Siberia straight from the parade-ground.

It would have been difficult to find a sharper contrast, a greater difference in systems than between that promoted by Suvorov in Tulchin and that by Paul in St. Petersburg. It was impossible for them to exist side by side. A clash was inevitable.

During Catherine's lifetime the relations between Suvorov and the heir to

the throne were neither very cordial nor very bad, although there had been some incidents. One day, when the general was with the Grand Duke, he expressed his disapproval of the things he had seen there in his usual facetious way. Paul, who was hardly distinguished for his courtesy, shouted furiously:

"Be good enough to stop playing the fool. I understand quite well what is concealed behind your tricks."

Suvorov immediately sobered down but having left the room he played a last trick: in front of the courtiers he sang an impromptu air, expressing his anger and resentment in the refrain of "Prince adorable! Despot implacable!"

Such incidents were in keeping with the characters of both men. Paul knew that the field-marshal "played the fool" with everybody and Suvorov knew the nature of the Grand Duke.

But there was one factor which was pregnant with serious consequences. Paul disapproved of Suvorov's methods, of his "naturalism." His military ideal was realised in Frederic II; he judged Suvorov by the same standards and obviously failed to understand him.

In spite of this no clash occurred between Paul and his field-marshal during the first months of the new reign. The Emperor was busy settling old scores with Catherine's courtiers. Alexei Orlov was forced to go abroad; Dashkova retired to her estates; but Suvorov, who had been coldly received at Catherine's court, did not rouse any suspicions in Paul's mind. "My best wishes for the New Year," he wrote to the field-marshal, "this is to invite you to come to Moscow for the coronation if you can. Good-bye, don't forget old friends." Suvorov for his part expressed his complete loyalty to the new sovereign.

When the news of Catherine's death and the accession of the new Emperor reached Suvorov, he wrote to Khvostov: "What a sorrowful day! After the morning service, when the congregation had gone, I remained behind at the altar alone, on my knees, in tears. He who should be ungrateful to the departed sovereign would also be disloyal to the reigning one. On the occasion of the accession to the throne of this great Emperor give each of my Russian peasants a present of one rouble." The preliminary change of ministers pleased him: he owed little enough thanks to the former ministers. "Hurrah! My friend, Count Bezborodko, is Prime Minister!" he exclaimed in one letter.

But soon the cloudless horizon was darkened by the first harbingers of storm. A leapfrog game of transfers, discharges and appointments began in the army. Nearly a dozen generals were suddenly promoted field-marshals; a large number were discharged; the new Quartermaster-General, Count Arakcheyev, bullied even the highest-ranking officers to such an extent that the service was turned into a matter "full of despair" for them; the guardroom at St. Petersburg always had several generals among its prisoners. Finally—and this was the most important of all—Paul, on the advice of Repnin and Arakcheyev, who were of opinion that "the more our regulations resemble those of the Prussian army, and the more regular the step . . . the greater our chances of victory," began inexorably to introduce the new methods into the regiments.

Suvorov immediately took up an attitude of implacable opposition to these "Prussian intrigues." The reforms of Rumyantsev and Potemkin, his own forty years of work, were all being thrown into the dustbin. The Russian army was being flung back half a century, to the days of Peter's inept heirs; its living spirit was stifled and deadened, and a mechanical obedience put in its place; spit-and-polish took the place of battle training, and a pale reflection of the Prussian model was substituted for the national traditions.

Suvorov was up in arms against all this, both as a soldier and as a patriot. If formerly he had stooped to compromise, had had recourse to "court dodges," now such a course was closed to him by the interests of his country. He had once declared that his watchword was: "Never against my fatherland," and now as ever he was true to that.

Time-serving lickspittles carried many tales to the Emperor of the acid remarks of the old field-marshal, such as: "However you try to cheer them up, the soldiers are glum and the parades dull. My pace has been reduced by a quarter and now we can do only 20 miles instead of 30 a day in an advance. . . . The Russians always beat the Prussians, so why ape them? . . . The Prussians are the lousiest of all soldiers: they even call their cloak '*Lauser*,' or the lousy one; one cannot pass their sentry-boxes without catching something and their heads stink fit to make you faint away. . . . Hair powder isn't gunpowder, curls aren't guns, pigtails aren't sabres, I am not a German but a native-born Russian," etc., etc.

To this was added the open failure to carry out the Emperor's orders. Suvorov did not put the new regulations into practice, trained the troops according to his own former methods, did not reduce his staff, and continued to send his men on leave at his pleasure.

Certain historians have put forward a story according to which Suvorov, together with other persons of standing, signed as witnesses a proclamation drawn up by Catherine in which she designated not Paul but his son Alexander as the heir to the throne, and find in this circumstance the explanation of the obstinate prejudice shown by Paul towards the great general. Be this as it may, there is no need for such an explanation of the Emperor's disfavour.

By this time the fundamental divergence of views between Paul and Suvorov regarding the reforms in the army had become manifest. The Emperor was convinced that victory was the more assured the more regular the step of the troops on parade; the field marshal did not care a button about parade and was interested only in the battle training of the troops, and in seeing to it that they were warmly and comfortably dressed and properly fed. Paul was of opinion that soldiers should not think and argue—Suvorov detested nothing more than blind obedience. Paul wanted to introduce Prussian methods—Suvorov stood up for the practical superiority of the national Russian military traditions. Paul simply did not regard soldiers as human beings—Suvorov respected the human dignity of every individual soldier.

It was quite impossible for them to find any common ground in all this.

In the midst of the blind obedience which Paul saw all round him, Suvorov's conduct appeared quite extraordinary. "We are surprised," wrote the angry Emperor "that you, whom we regarded as the foremost in the execution of our wishes, are the last to obey." These words concealed a threat and Paul was not slow to implement it.

Not a single infringement of the new regulations by Suvorov passed unnoticed. According to the proverb, any rope was good enough to hang him. In the middle of January Suvorov received an imperial rescript couched in these terms:

"I see with surprise that you are granting officers leave without my permission and I hope that this has now occurred for the last time. I am no less surprised that you should proceed to make appointments to posts of command and I must ask you to leave such appointments to me. As to your recommendations (made to General Isayev) these can be no concern of yours in peace

time and even in war time only in the case of those under your immediate command. In general I suggest that you should at all times proceed according to regulations."

At the same time a public reprimand to Suvorov was included in the order of the day. Shortly afterwards he was again reprimanded.

"The Graces demand my fall," wrote Suvorov, "my decline is beginning."

Again he played with the thought of taking service in a foreign army, but the international situation had become so confused that he feared the possibility of finding himself in the ranks of opponents of the Russian army. "... As a soldier I cannot draw my sword against the Russia I have served so long."

On 10th January he wrote: "God forbid that I should ever fight against my country."

Suvorov himself and all those round him saw clearly that the Emperor would insist on his unconditional obedience or break him completely. He was in a fever of stormy thoughts.

"I am a general of generals. I am not as the other generals," he wrote in a note dated "10th January at sunset."

The following disjointed notes are dated "11th January in the morning." In them the field-marshal poured out his secret thoughts:

"How severely have you punished me, my sovereign, for my fifty-five years of service! I am slain by you: gone is my staff, my power of promotion and of discharge, my power to grant leave, my power to make transfers. . . . All you have left me, my sovereign, is the power laid down in the imperial ukase of 1762 (the freedom of a gentleman)."

With a heavy heart Suvorov began to think of retiring. Wishing to avoid so decisive a step he applied for twelve months' leave "in order to recuperate his daily declining strength." The emperor harshly refused this request. Even the form of Suvorov's reports and his peculiar lapidary style was made a pretext for persecution. "I have received your report and immediately ordered it to be returned to you after marking two incomprehensible passages in it," wrote Paul on the margin of one of Suvorov's reports.

The situation had become impossible. On 3rd February Suvorov sent in his application for a discharge to resign his commission. But Paul had forestalled him: on 6th February, 1797, he issued this order of the day: "Field Marshal Count Suvorov, having declared that there being no war there is nothing for him to do, is hereby retired from the service for making such a statement."

SUVOROV IN KONCHANSKOYE

THE IMPERIAL UKASE CAME LIKE A BOLT FROM THE BLUE. NO ONE HAD EXPECTED the famous field-marshal to be dismissed like a callow subaltern. Suvorov's enemies exulted; his friends imperceptibly melted away. The eighteen officers who had sent in their resignations with Suvorov and had been invited by him to come and help him manage his estates, took good care first to make inquiries whether the Emperor was much incensed against the field-marshal, for should this be the case, they had decided not to proceed in the matter.

Suvorov himself bore this new blow of fate with manly courage. He had to spend a further six weeks in Tulchin and left the army only when permission was granted him to set out for his estate of Kobrino.

Occasionally one comes upon a legend of a moving scene supposed to have taken place when Suvorov said farewell to his troops. This story is quite untrue; the circumstances precluded the mere idea of any such leave-taking. There can be no doubt, however, that the news of Suvorov's departure made a deep impression on the troops, especially on the rank and file. But the more they resented and regretted the loss of their general, the greater was the fear the general inspired in the heart of the tyrant in St. Petersburg. No longer was he content with merely dismissing Suvorov. Nikolev, a subordinate official, was sent post-haste to Kobrino with a fresh imperial ukase: Suvorov was to withdraw immediately to his distant Borovichi estates in the heart of the Novgorod province and there be "placed under the supervision of Chief Constable Vyndomski; in the event of necessity any local or other authority could be called upon for assistance." None of the officers who had followed Suvorov to Kobrino were permitted to accompany their chief to his new place of residence. The transfer was made in such haste that he was not even given time to take his money and valuables with him. He was not permitted to make any arrangements or give any instructions. A carriage was waiting at the door and almost before he had time to realise what had happened he was in the carriage, the coachman flicked his whip and the horses galloped northwards.

Konchanskoye, the decaying and neglected original family seat of the Suvorovs, was situated near the town of Borovichi. The name of the village was derived from the word "konets" meaning the end: for here dwelt the last of the Karelians settled here from the north—there were no more of them south of this area. All round lay swamps, lakes and forests. The inhabitants numbered a few hundred, living on the verge of starvation, knowing no crafts or trades, scratching a scanty living from the stony unfruitful soil. This was the spot to which Suvorov was brought in the beginning of May, 1797.

The mansion, too, had fallen into decay and Suvorov mostly lived in a peasant cottage containing two rooms, one above the other. The entire furniture consisted of a divan, a few chairs, a bookcase with books, portraits of Peter I, Catherine II and some members of Suvorov's family.

In a letter dated 1776 Suvorov wrote: "The duties involved in the imperial service are so extensive that all private duties must yield. The oath, honour and the precepts of virtue demand it." His vocation as a soldier had indeed completely absorbed him and he had neither time nor interest left for any personal life. Vain, irritable, impatient, difficult to get on with, he was not popular with the majority of people, who were blind to the inner nobility of his nature. He had no close friends; there was always a void around him. The attempt is frequently made to fill this void by family relationships, but if Suvorov ever had any rosy illusions on this subject, they had merely been the source of one more disappointment; his family life had proved an utter failure.

All the tenderness concealed in the heart of the stern general was for many years devoted to his daughter Natalia, born in 1775. When she was two years old, her father wrote with tenderness: "My little daughter is my very image and runs about barefoot in the mud in the coldest weather." In later years, too, he always showed a touching fondness for her. "My death is for the fatherland, my life for my Natasha," he wrote from Finland.

Dissensions with his wife induced Suvorov to send the child away from home and she was educated in the newly-established Institute for Young Gentlewomen (the Smolny) in St. Petersburg, under the care of the head of that in-

stitution, Sofia Ivanovna De Lafond. At the insistent demand of Suvorov, his wife Varvara Ivanovna was separated from their daughter for ever.

Wherever Suvorov might be, however difficult his position was, he always thought of his daughter, wrote her letters and took pleasure in her successes.

"Dear Natasha," he wrote to her in 1787, "you have given me great pleasure with your letter of 9th November and will give me greater pleasure when you put on your white dress and even greater than that when we shall be able to live together again. Be virtuous and godfearing and respect your little mother Sofia Ivanovna—or else she will tear off your ears and keep you on dry bread and water. We have been fighting harder than you do when you get hold of each others' hair; it was a merry dance, I got a bit of grapeshot in the ribs and a little hole in my hand from a bullet, and my horse had its snout shot away under me. . . . It's great fun on the Black Sea, on the Liman! The swans, the ducks and the snipe are singing all around; in the fields there are larks, titmice, little foxes; in the water there are sterlets and sturgeons, no end of them!"

The whole man is in this letter—that sharp-tongued, stern warrior who yet remained a child at heart to the end of his life.

In another letter, dated 1788, he wrote:

"My dear little Suvorochka! I got your letter of 31st January; you delighted me so much that I cried with delight, as is my wont. Somebody is teaching you to write so well, my dear, that I am getting to envy you. . . . How I would like to see you now, little mother, in your white dress! How you are growing! When we meet again, you must not forget to tell me some pleasant stories about your great men of ancient times. Good girl, Suvorochka. Good-bye, my darling, in the white dress: wear it in good health, grow to be a big girl!"

Describing the battle of Ochakov, Suvorov again uses a picturesque style suited to the child's level of understanding:

"Oh, oh, oh! What a time we've had! We played games, threw big leaden peas about and balls of iron the size of your head: we had such long pins and scissors both curved and straight: you had to keep your hands well away from them or they cut them off and even your head. Well, enough of this, we've said plenty. The whole thing finished up with an illumination and fireworks. The Turks retired far, oh very far, from the feast."

We quote one more short passage which is of interest because it outlines Suvorov's ideas about education, even though in a very brief form. In 1790 he wrote to Natasha:

"My soul! According to your letter you can already reason, consider, calculate, express your thoughts with virtue, good humour and enlightened knowledge. So I can see that Sofia Ivanova has not been sparing with the rod."

In 1791 Natalia Suvorova finished her education and left the Institute. According to contemporary witnesses she was a perfectly commonplace young lady without any claim to distinction either for beauty or for wit. However, out of consideration for her father's services, Catherine appointed her lady-in-waiting with residence at the palace. This favour of the Empress greatly perturbed Suvorov. Knowing what temptations surrounded a young girl in the frivolous and corrupt world of the court, he decided to take his daughter away even at the risk of offending Catherine. Natasha was sent to stay with her aunt. But even this failed to reassure Suvorov. He continued to send her letters of warning and admonishment.

"Avoid people who like to shine by their quick wits," he wrote anxiously, observing from afar the worldly way of life pursued by his daughter. "Most of such people are corrupt in their morals. Be stern with men and speak little with them. If it happens that old men surround you, pretend to want to kiss their hands but do not let them kiss yours."

Natasha usually sent laconic and brief replies to her father—her letters showed that she was fulfilling an unpleasant duty more than anything else. "Gracious Sir Father! I am in good health, thank God. I kiss your hands and remain your ever obedient daughter, Countess N. Suvorov-Rymnikskaya."

The years went by and the question of a suitable match for Natasha arose. Suvorov prepared for his daughter's marriage with a heavy heart; he felt that once married his daughter would be lost to him (although it must be said that even unmarried Natasha was not particularly affectionate). But there was nothing for it! A review of eligible candidates began.

Once again Suvorov, usually so appreciative of the good graces of the court and the great dignitaries, drew down their anger upon his head. He rejected proposals which would have connected him with the most illustrious families, because he did not think the prospective bridegrooms good enough for his Natasha. He refused young Count Saltykov, the son of N. I. Saltykov, because he was "purblind"; Prince Trubetskoy was refused because "he drank and his father drank and was burdened with debts and the family was troublesome"; Prince Shcherbatov because "he could not see further than his nose, was a windbag and a fickle fellow." The choice of Suvorov fell on young Count Elmpt, "a youth of quiet bearing, who concealed his merits, was well-bred, with a pleasant face and manners." But this candidate in his turn was rejected by Natasha, who, in contrast to the generally accepted custom of the time, was given complete freedom of choice in this matter by her father.

The protracted search for a husband for Natasha caused Suvorov much anxiety.

"The rose is withering meanwhile," he cried.

Finally a husband was found. This was the brother of the reigning favourite Platon Zubov, Count Nikolai Alexandrovich Zubov, whose suit was encouraged by the Empress herself. The prospect of kinship with the imperial favourite was a tempting one.

In April, 1794, Natasha was married. Suvorov was not there—he was in Warsaw at the time. Usually rather close-fisted in money matters, this time he was generous enough: Natasha was given 1,500 peasants for her dowry, together with a number of the diamonds Suvorov had received as gifts on various occasions. This was quite a considerable portion of his entire fortune.

As Suvorov had foreseen, the marriage of his daughter rendered their relations with each other more distant. He himself wrote to her less frequently and less warmly: "Dear Natasha, I send you kisses in return for your letter, best wishes to you and the children, God bless you," is a sample of his letters to his daughter in later days. He knew well enough that Natasha, fully occupied with her husband, her children and her society life, would have less and less time to spare for her eccentric father.

In one of his letters to Khvostov, dated October, 1796, Suvorov wrote with concealed bitterness: "Natasha is married and her business is with her husband; he does not write to me, I do not write to them, may God's blessing be on them. . . . My duty to my God, my Tsar and my country is all the family and kin I have."

This estrangement from his daughter had the result that the general now devoted more attention to his second child—his son Arkadi.

Arkadi was born in 1784. There can be no doubt that Suvorov was much fonder of his daughter, but it is clear that his son inherited much more from his father than the commonplace Natasha. Arkadi had brilliant natural gifts, including military ability. What stood between him and his father was his handsome appearance and his unquenchable thirst for pleasure and amusements, both qualities obviously inherited from his mother.

Up to the age of eleven Arkadi lived with his mother and this naturally created a certain barrier between him and his father. Later he was appointed page to the Grand Duke Constantine Pavlovich. During the Italian campaign Paul thought it advisable for the son to be with the father and sent Arkadi to the army in the field with the rank of adjutant-general. In the course of the campaign Arkadi, now fifteen years old, more than once showed such dash and daring that his father's attitude towards him underwent a change. The bold lad began to fill the place in Suvorov's heart which had been left empty by the estrangement from Natasha. In the general's letters, which formerly seldom mentioned Arkadi, his name begins to occur with increasing frequency.

"I should wish to leave Arkadi everything in absolute right," Suvorov wrote when already seized by the illness which was to end his life.

He had heard rumours that Arkadi, lacking all regular education and rubbing shoulders from his childhood with the *jeunesse dorée* surrounding the Grand Duke, had assimilated their ways only too well. In order to wean his son from the dissipation and profligacy so hateful to him, the old general decided to find a wife for Arkadi despite his extreme youth. The bride was found, but Suvorov had no time to carry out his intentions—death overtook him before he could direct his so lately discovered son into the "path of virtue."

Suvorov was thus not destined to find happiness in his family life.

A month after his arrival in Konchanskoye, Suvorov was visited there by his daughter Natasha and her son. This gave the disgraced field-marshal much pleasure, he grew more cheerful and took a brighter view of his position. But after a stay of two months the guests departed and the old man was left alone again. In other ways, too, his life now became more irksome than ever.

Vyndomski had refused to exercise the duties of supervision over Suvorov on pretext of ill-health. Orders then came from St. Petersburg to entrust these duties to Dolgovo Saburov, a landowner whose estates bordered on those of Suvorov. He, too, begged to be excused for all sorts of urgent reasons. Then St. Petersburg remembered Nikolev, the illiterate petty official who had in the past so zealously carried out the task of escorting Suvorov away from his Kobrin home.

On special instructions Nikolev was commissioned: ". . . to make every effort to ascertain what persons come to visit him (i.e., Suvorov) and for what purpose; how he occupies his time alone or with his visitors; what they converse about; what messages if any are sent or received and from whom, to whom, through whom, when and why.

"Everything written by him or by the persons surrounding him must be carefully examined.

"Should the said Count Suvorov manifest the intention of going to pay a visit somewhere or to someone, it is to be pointed out to him in a courteous form that in his present position it was not possible for him to do so."

Nikolev came to Konchanskoye at the end of September. The insolence

of the new overseer was well known to Suvorov. His self-control failed him and he wrote Paul a desperate letter: "To-day College Councillor Nikolev arrived here. Great monarch, have mercy, pity a poor old man. Pardon me if I have sinned."

On this letter the Emperor wrote the remark: "Leave unanswered."

Nikolev dogged Suvorov's every step, censored his correspondence, watched for any meeting of the field-marshal with anyone and "courteously" prevented him from moving even the shortest distance from Konchanskoye. This petty tyranny was a torment to the old man.

The news from St. Petersburg was gloomy enough. Paul was furious. When it was reported to him that one of the regiments which had participated in the taking of Praha had not yet received the promised medals, he replied: "There will be no medals distributed to the participants in the storming of Praha, for I do not consider this to have been a military operation but merely a massacre of Jews."

Suvorov's very name was removed from the army, now delivered up to Arakcheyev and bleeding under the blows of cane and lash.

On the top of everything else the field-marshal was now overwhelmed with financial difficulties.

The Emperor gave free course to all suits against him and they poured out over Suvorov as if out of a cornucopia. Paul gave orders that money should be recovered from the field-marshal on the flimsiest of pretexts: for instance, that three years previously 8,000 roubles had been spent for food supplies for the army on the verbal instructions of the field-marshal without confirmation by the commissariat; a merchant was awarded damages because Suvorov's bailiff had made inquiries regarding the purchase of his house, although he had not bought it, and the merchant had on the strength of the mere inquiry closed a factory operating in the house in question. The allowance of Suvorov's former wife Varvara Ivanovna was increased from 3,000 roubles per annum to 8,000 roubles. Matters came to such a point that a Pole even sued Suvorov for the damage done to his estate by the Russian artillery in 1794; the amount claimed was more than 100,000 roubles, Suvorov's annual income being 50,000 roubles. The Kobrino estate was sequestered. All this irked Suvorov all the more as in contrast to the traditions of the gentry he hated debts of any kind. "It is not a disgrace to live humbly, but it is a disgrace to be in debt," he often told his son Arkadi.

These humiliations, slanders and injustices completely prostrated Suvorov. Almost every day he struck one or the other of his house servants, a thing he rarely did in ordinary circumstances and even his favourite Proshka—an uncouth drunkard but utterly devoted to his master—did not escape blows. His anger soon cooled, however, and he again treated Proshka with his usual simplicity and kindness. One day he was out walking, with Proshka following at his heels. Proshka saw fit to play the fool and he began to ape Suvorov, to the great amusement of the peasants. Suvorov unexpectedly turned round and caught him in the middle of this performance.

"Humph, Proshka!" the field-marshal said softly and continued his walk as if nothing had happened.

For whole days on end he paced up and down in his room without a soul for company. A profound melancholy took possession of him. He could not sleep and sometimes went out at night into the woods and wandered about until morning.

His chief amusement was to ring the church bells; of this he was very fond and he spent long hours in the old belfry. He also liked to chat with the old parish priest and read the lessons in church. In the church he bowed so low before the altar that his forehead touched the ground, but without bending his knees. In doing so he often looked behind him between his legs and if he saw anyone laughing at him he would scold them afterwards. He built an aviary in his cottage and sat for hours among its twittering feathered inhabitants. In general he was very fond of all living things. At his cottage he kept four old horses "pensioned for faithful service" although they were all lame with age. Sometimes he suddenly joined the village children in their games and spent hours on end in their company.

Paul was still waiting for the old field-marshal to make his submission. For all his prejudice he understood perfectly well that Suvorov's exile was producing a most unfavourable impression not only in Russia but throughout Europe. Meeting only obedience and submission from those surrounding him, Paul entertained no doubts that the old field-marshal would soon submit and even if he did not directly add his voice to the chorus of praise, he would at least offer Paul an opportunity to appoint him to some subordinate command in the army and thus disarm European criticism.

But time went on and Suvorov did not give way. What was more, he showed no signs of repentance at all. One day, for instance, an imperial messenger arrived in Konchanskoye. Suvorov received him sitting in his bath:

"For whom is the dispatch?"

"For Field-Marshal Count Suvorov."

"Then it isn't for me; a field-marshal must be with the army, not in the country."

The battle between St. Petersburg and Konchanskoye went on.

Finally it was the emperor who gave way. In February, 1798, he ordered young Prince Andrey Gorchakov, a nephew of Suvorov, "to repair to Count Suvorov and tell him from me, if in the past I have had to complain of him, I no longer remember it; that he may come here, where I hope he will not give the slightest occasion for misunderstandings by his behaviour." At the same time arrangements were made to recall Nikolev from Konchanskoye.

There was hardly any other Russian to whom the vain and conceited Paul had ever made a similar concession. And hardly would any other of his subjects have rejected this offer of a reconciliation. But Suvorov did so; he decided without hesitation that he would accept no compromise; he preferred to be exiled to this forlorn village rather than give even the semblance of approval to the Emperor's "Prussian tricks." His whole further conduct was a consequence of this decision.

At first he simply refused to go to St. Petersburg. Afterwards he gave way to the representations of his nephew and set out from Konchanskoye, but drove very slowly, by roundabout routes, "so as not to be too badly shaken up." Gorchakov preceded him. Paul was waiting anxiously and impatiently for Suvorov's arrival. He insisted that he should be immediately informed the minute the field-marshal reached the capital.

Suvorov arrived in the evening. Paul was already in bed when this was reported to him. He came out of his room, said he would willingly have received Suvorov at once, but that it was too late, and fixed an audience for the next morning. At 9 a.m. Suvorov entered the antechamber together with Gorchakov. On the way to the capital the old general had observed the new

methods in the army and all that he had seen only strengthened him in his resolution.

Passing his eye over the foppish, affected generals he immediately began to play his usual tricks: he told one of the generals that his nose was too long, another he asked with feigned surprise what he had got his promotion for and whether it was difficult to fight battles on parquet floors; meeting the imperial barber, a renegade Turk of the name of Kutaisov, he began to converse with him in Turkish.

The interview with the Emperor lasted over an hour. Paul showed unprecedented patience and threw out one hint after the other that it was time for the field-marshal to return to the army. To all this Suvorov turned a deaf ear and for the first time in his life Paul was late for parade, still attempting to persuade the stubborn old man. Suvorov, too, was invited to be present at the parade. Here again the Emperor courted the field-marshal; instead of the usual parade the soldiers carried out bayonet exercises. Suvorov hardly glanced in their direction, cracked jokes at the expense of those near him and finally drove home, despite the desperate protests of Gorchakov that no one was permitted to leave the parade before the Emperor.

"I've got the belly-ache," Suvorov said, with a shrug of his shoulders.

The three weeks he spent in St. Petersburg were all like the first day. He mocked at the new, inconvenient uniform of the troops; stumbled over his own sword, wedged himself in the door of his coach, and lost the new-fangled flat hat off his head. At one parade he suddenly began to pray "thy will be done. . . ."

During his stay in the capital he had a characteristic conversation with Count Rastopchin which has come down to us.

"Whom do you consider to be the bravest man?" Rastopchin asked.

"I know three brave men in this world: Curtius, Dolgoruky and Starosta Anton. Curtius jumped into an abyss, Anton tackled a bear and Dolgoruky was not afraid to tell the Tsar the truth."

A further stay in St. Petersburg was obviously to no purpose. Poor Gorchakov did his best to find excuses for Suvorov's constant rudeness. Finally the field-marshal simply applied for permission to return to Konchansk; Paul gave it with evident reluctance.

The trip to the capital, however, had certain advantages for Suvorov; one was that the overseer had been removed and another that it had helped the field-marshal to dispel the gloom which had settled on him. After his return to Konchansk his mood was at first equable and serene. He paid visits to his neighbours, who gathered in crowds to see the fierce old man. This, of course, stimulated Suvorov and he played even more tricks than usual.

From an inhabitant of Konchansk we have a record of an incident which gives a good notion of Suvorov's ways. One day a landowner came to call on the retired field-marshal in a carriage drawn by eight horses. Having obtained the promise that the field-marshal would return the visit, he invited the whole district to his house on the appointed day, that they, too, might see the great man in disgrace. Great was their astonishment when Suvorov appeared with a turnout of eighty horses harnessed tandem: his postillions took half an hour to wind up the string of horses into a bunch before the carriage with the single passenger could drive up to the steps. On the return journey the field-marshal used only one horse.

During this period of his life at Konchanskoye Suvorov devoted much atten-

tion to the business of his estate and spent much time with his peasants. His conduct as a landowner was as original and unusual as all his other actions.

After the death of his father he inherited 1,900 peasants on estates in the Penza, Moscow, Kostroma, Vladimir and Novgorod provinces. In the following ten years he acquired approximately another thousand peasants, and later he was granted the wide acres of Kobrino. Of course, all this was nothing compared with the vast possessions of the ancient nobility or of the favourites of Catherine, but nevertheless it was quite a considerable fortune. Suvorov devoted very little time to the management of his estates and left everything to his bailiffs, who, well aware of the field-marshal's lack of experience, deceived him unscrupulously. The general treatment of the peasants was, however, determined by Suvorov himself.

By the standards of his time Suvorov was a very enlightened and humane master. He did not squeeze his peasants unduly: they paid a poll tax of 3-4 roubles a year and in return had the use of wood, grass and water. In order to keep his peasants at home, Suvorov often bought volunteers for the army instead of sending away his own peasants when recruits were levied for the troops. The price of such volunteers was shared equally between him and the village community.

Suvorov was always anxious that there should be no bachelors in his villages. If there was a scarcity of girls, he sent out to buy some, with these instructions: "Don't look at their faces, if only they are healthy. Bring along the girls in peasant carts, without any fuss, one after the other, as you would carry hens, but very carefully." He was especially considerate towards children. He did not allow children under thirteen to be sent to work, in an age when in neighbouring villages and factories children of seven were forced to do work far exceeding their strength.

He also concerned himself with the development of animal breeding and the correct methods of soil cultivation. "It has become the custom," he wrote, "to plough certain lands without manure; as a result the land deteriorates and its crops grow worse from year to year. . . . I shall insist very strictly on increasing the numbers of horned cattle and in the event of neglect I will punish first the starosta and then everyone very severely."

Punishments on the Suvorov estates were very much milder than elsewhere. He rarely had recourse to corporal punishment—if he did so, it was mainly for theft. Only the birch was used; whips and the knout were completely banned and so were whipping-posts and chains. Birching itself was carried out without cruelty and bore no resemblance to the merciless floggings customary on other estates.

Very interesting are the attempts of Suvorov to implant the idea of mutual assistance into the minds of his peasants.

"In the event of a bad harvest, the whole village should mutually assist each other," he admonished, "without eye to profit, dividing up the burden among all the families."

But his preoccupations at this time were not limited to the management of his estates. He read a great deal, ordered books, including at one time the odes of Derzhavin and at another Ossian, subscribed to newspapers and eagerly observed the tempest of war then raging in France. Suvorov quickly appreciated the first successes of Bonaparte and it was at this time that he made the famous remark:

"That lad will go far! High time to take him down a peg. . . ."

With the passing of time his respect for the military genius of the French general grew more and more profound. This found expression even in his manner of speaking of him: at first Suvorov called Bonaparte "milksoy," then a "boy," and finally "young man."

When Rastopchin asked him one day whom he considered the best generals, Suvorov after some reflection named Caesar, Hannibal and Bonaparte. And yet at this time Bonaparte was only at the beginning of his career. But while putting such a high value on the achievements of the French general, Suvorov was eager to meet him on the field of battle and was firmly convinced that he could beat him.

Perhaps without being fully conscious of the reasons for the successes of the French army, he saw the helplessness of the anti-French coalition well enough and came very near to solving the riddle of the French victories.

"The Jacobins are winning because of their firm and steadfast will-power," he said to a French émigré, "but you and your sort are unable to exert your wills."

This did not mean, of course, that Suvorov was ready to change his political convictions. He remained firmly attached to the monarchical principle and spoke of the revolution as an overthrow of the laws of God and man.

Living in the backwoods of Konchanskoye, with one foot in the grave, he eagerly awaited every scrap of news about the struggle then in progress on the banks of the Rhine and in the valleys of Italy. Hearing that the French were planning an invasion of England, he began to laugh loudly:

"A tragi-comic show which will never go on the stage!" was his comment, expressing his deep-rooted distrust of landing operations and his belief in the superiority of the English navy.

The opinions of the hermit of Konchanskoye greatly interested Paul; he sent General Prévost de Lumian to see Suvorov and raise the question of a possible war with France. Suvorov dictated the brief outline of a plan of campaign: two corps of observation were to be posted at Strassburg and Luxemburg, the main body pushing straight on towards Paris without detaching any troops for sieges. Only two men were capable of evolving such a plan—Suvorov and Napoleon. Needless to say, Paul's military experts rejected it.

The leaves fell, the short summer had flown and with it Suvorov's cheerful mood. Paul in his underhand way was settling scores for the field-marshal's visit: he disgraced Gorchakov and banned an innocent patriotic book about the victories of the Russian general; another shower of urgent financial claims rained down on Suvorov's head. In view of the extreme stringency of his circumstances, Suvorov restricted himself to an income of 1,600 roubles for six months, but this measure could not, of course, restore the lost balance of his budget.

In December, 1798, he wrote to his kinsman and friend Khvostov: "You know all about my poverty . . . You have not written to me for a fortnight. I am in an abyss of despair."

Relations with his son-in-law N. Zubov were very bad and this impaired his relations with his daughter Natasha as well. Nothing could now please the old man any more. He again fell a prey to a profound melancholy.

"This idleness is preying on me. The soul is like a flame which must be nourished and which dies if it does not burn with ever greater intensity."

Physical weakness contributed to his dejection. In December, 1798, he complained that "my left side, the one which is most crippled, has now been numb for five days and a month ago I was paralysed in my whole body."

Some way out had to be found. The old man, at the end of his tether, decided to seek it where his restless temper could find it least of all—in a monastery. In the same month of December he sent the emperor an application for permission to enter a monastic order. "Forgive my unintentional offences, great sovereign," he added. This was not the voice of the former indomitable Suvorov, but of a man who had almost done with life.

For a whole month Suvorov waited in his snow-covered cottage for permission to don a friar's gown. Either Paul did not take the application seriously or else the question of a new appointment for Suvorov was already being discussed, but no answer came to the petition. Then suddenly, in February, 1799, the troika of an imperial messenger galloped into Konchanskoye with General Tolbukhin, bringing an order from Paul. Suvorov was ordered to Italy to command the united Russian and Austrian armies which had taken the field against the French.

DEPARTURE FOR VIENNA

AFTER HIS ACCESSION PAUL CHANGED THE PRINCIPLES ON WHICH THE FOREIGN policy of his mother was based. That policy had had for its object the acquisition of new territories. Paul declared that his object was to assist in the establishment of peace in Europe. He sent word to the King of Prussia that he intended to discuss with him the means of putting an end to all these upheavals and that he wished to include other powers in the discussions. Despite his fanatical adherence to the monarchical principle he showed a certain tolerance towards the French republic. "The recognition of the French republic should not in the present state of affairs meet with the slightest difficulty on the part of any power," he told Field-Marshal Repnin, whom he had sent to Europe. "Although we have at the present time refrained from direct relations with the now existing government of France . . . should that government manifest the desire to re-establish a good understanding with us . . . do your best to bring up the subject of peace."

These first adventures of Paul into the field of foreign policy experienced the usual fate of those good intentions which pave the road to hell. In a very short while indeed his views underwent a complete transformation.

At the end of Catherine's reign, Russia, in her foreign policy, was already assuming her role as the gendarme of Europe. Catherine, who had fancied herself as an "enlightened empress" and had flirted with "Voltaireanism," had in fact strengthened the feudal system inside the country, persecuted the enlightened and progressive men of her time (such as Radishchev, Novikov, etc.), and regarded the suppression of the French revolution as an essential task. Catherine gave help to all feudal reactionary countries which made war on the French republic. She was prepared to send Russian troops to the assistance of the coalition of reactionary states and only her sudden death in 1796 prevented her from carrying out this intention.

Her son Paul continued her counter-revolutionary foreign policy with the same vigour and did in fact what Catherine had only intended to do. A contributory cause of the deterioration of Russia's relations with France was the support France gave to the Poles, helping Dombrovski to form Polish legions in French territory and openly encouraging hopes of the restoration of an independent Poland. This greatly disturbed Paul. In an imperial rescript sent

to Reppin in the spring of 1798 he wrote: "The French make peace with the states which at the moment they are unable to overthrow or exterminate completely, but break the bonds of friendship again as soon as they see a chance of succeeding in their plans, which are to achieve universal mastery by spreading their plague and setting up their godless rule which is contrary to law and order."

But even this was not all.

On his way to Egypt Bonaparte, needing a naval base, seized the island of Malta which was then held by the so-called Order of the Knights of Malta. This order, formed in the times of the crusades, recruited its members exclusively among the old Catholic nobility and was a citadel of reaction. Paul was one of the patrons of this order and assigned large sums of money each year for the funds of the Knights. When Malta surrendered to the French without resistance certain members of the order then living in St. Petersburg deposed the Grand Master and solemnly offered the title to Paul, who gladly accepted it, and promised that he would champion the order.

Further, when the French occupied the Ionian Islands in 1797 they arrested the Russian consul, an action which immediately evoked a ukase from Paul breaking off relations with France until the release of the consul.

Such were the immediate causes for the hostility of Paul towards France. On the other hand, France, too, had plenty of reason to be dissatisfied with the conduct of Russia. Louis XVIII, the pretender to the French throne, unable to find a refuge anywhere, was invited to come to Russia. He and his family were given the use of the castle at Mitava and granted an annual income of 200,000 roubles. Paul also gave refuge to seven thousand men of the French émigré corps which had fought under the leadership of the Prince of Condé in the ranks of the Austrian army. When Austria concluded the peace of Campoformio with France, this corps crossed the Russian frontier and was quartered in Volhynia and Podolia at the expense of the Russian government. In April, 1798, Russia closed her frontiers to French nationals and soon afterwards confiscated all French goods and ships in Russia.

This last was a triumph of Austrian diplomacy which had long dreamt of securing Russian support in her struggle against France.

As long ago as 1795, the Austrian Chancellor Thugut had made persistent attempts to achieve this end. In November of the same year Chancellor Bezborodko wrote to Vorontsov: "In a dispatch to the ambassador, Thugut has sent new instructions about French affairs. He wants us to send 40,000 men to the Rhine after the Polish business is settled. They would add as many of their own, and thus form an army under the command of Count Suvorov to operate on the Rhine. They promise to provide food for our army at their own expense."

After four years of unflagging effort, Thugut had at last achieved his object.

The Russian fleet sailed out into the Mediterranean and occupied the Ionian islands. At the same time orders were given to form a corps of 20,000 men commanded by the sixty-year-old General Rosenberg, which should march to Vienna and there unite with the Austrian army.

But an unexpected hitch occurred immediately, in which an experienced eye might have detected a presage of the future conflicts between the Allies. The Austrians had undertaken to supply the Russian troops with food according to their own ration scale. Rosenberg found that this scale was inferior to the Russian—allowing for only two pounds of bread per man per day instead of the Russian ration of three. The Austrians refused to increase it; in reply

Paul ordered the corps to be disbanded. The court at Vienna then hurriedly offered to add a pound of flour to the two-pound bread ration and an agreement was reached on this point.

But now a further question arose—who was to be appointed commander-in-chief? One of the candidates was the Prince of Orange—but he died suddenly; the other candidates were known only for the defeats inflicted on them by the French. It was at this moment that Pitt, Prime Minister of England, who was the best brain of the coalition, suggested Suvorov as a candidate for the post. After long hesitation the Austrians agreed to support this suggestion and requested Paul to appoint this general “whose courage and valiant deeds would serve as a guarantee of the success of this great enterprise.”

At first Paul was flattered.

“Look at our Russians—they are in demand everywhere!” he cried and immediately sent General Tolbukhin to Konchanskoye with an imperial rescript. Fearing that the stubborn old man might refuse the appointment, Paul joined a personal letter to the official rescript. “Count Alexander Vasilyevich! This is no time for recriminations. God will pardon him who is to blame. The Emperor of Rome is asking for you to command his army and is putting the fate of Austria and Italy into your hands. My part is to give my consent to this and yours is to save them. Come here in all haste and do not refuse glory to yourself nor me the pleasure of seeing you.”

Paul need not have worried. What did Suvorov care now for the humiliations he had suffered when he saw opening before him the alluring prospect of again marching at the head of his “legendary heroes” and meeting in battle the mightiest army in the world. He had said a long time ago: “I regard it as a punishment meted out to me by God that I have never yet met Bonaparte.”

And now here was the chance of meeting the closest comrades-in-arms of Bonaparte and possibly Bonaparte himself.

Dejection, sickness, injustice were all forgotten. Suvorov left for Petersburg the very next day. A curious detail: the commander-in-chief of the Allied forces lacked money for the journey and had to borrow 250 roubles from Fomka, the village headman. Now no lumbago prevented him from travelling fast; within a few days he was in the capital.

The news of his arrival caused great joy among the troops and not only among the troops: crowds of people ran after Suvorov’s coach. His former glory shone even brighter with the nimbus which surrounded him after the episode of Konchanskoya. Paul treated the general with every consideration; immediately restored his rank of field-marshal, gave him another decoration and stressed his good will in every way. The courtiers hurried to curry favour with the old man. In the course of a few days he rose from the depths of disgrace to the height of favour. Such changes serve as a touchstone for a man, and it must be said that Suvorov passed this test with honours. He did not alter at all; the servility of the court toadies made no impression on him; his head remained cool and his heart did not harden.

In all the turmoil of military preparations, amidst the clouds of flattery surrounding him, the field-marshal one day received a semi-illiterate letter from some old woman named Sinitsyna, whose son, an officer, had been exiled to Siberia “for ever” by Paul. Defenceless, the widow Sinitsyna turned to Suvorov. He replied immediately: “Dear Madam! I shall pray to God, do you pray too, so we shall both pray. I remain with respect, your obedient servant, Suvorov.” In Suvorov’s language this meant that he would do his best to save the officer

in question. At the first opportunity that offered he appealed to Paul on behalf of a man he had never seen in his life and obtained a full pardon for him.

For those who failed to grasp the profound meaning of Suvorov's "eccentricities" his behaviour during this sojourn in the capital appeared inexplicable: he no longer lost his hats, no longer got his sword wedged in the doors of his coach, no longer had the bellyache on parade. Yet the explanation is simple enough: now he no longer needed to express his protest and he had not the slightest intention of irritating the emperor without good cause. But he yielded not an inch of his former position. It was Paul who had to capitulate and say to Suvorov:

"Well, make war in your own fashion and according to your own lights."

In the mouth of the despotic emperor this was an unusual concession; it is to be assumed that it cost him some effort and its memory may have been one of the causes of the fresh and last disgrace of the general a year later.

Although he accorded Suvorov full freedom of action in words, Paul was nevertheless digging pitfalls for his feet. General Herman was confidentially told by the emperor: "The court of Vienna has asked me to put the command over the allied armies into the hands of Count Suvorov. I warn you that during the whole time he holds this command, you are to keep watch over his operations, which might cause damage to the troops and to the common cause if he were to be carried away too far by his imagination, which sometimes causes him to forget everything else in the world."

Thus General Herman was to play the Mentor to Suvorov's "fiery Tele-machus." Fortunately the "Mentor" was soon transferred to Holland where he commanded crack troops (among them Suvorov's Fanagory Regiment) and suffered a series of crushing defeats at the hands of the French.

Suvorov left St. Petersburg at the end of February. On the way to Vienna he broke his journey at Mitava, where the pretender to the French throne, Louis XVIII, was living after his flight from France. Many of the courtiers of the refugee king came to pay their respects to Suvorov at his quarters. While waiting for the general to appear they conversed among themselves, some of them expressing their apprehension that Suvorov might be too old for his command. The field-marshal heard them and apparently made up his mind to show both his agility and his contempt for the musical-comedy courtiers. He suddenly opened the door wide, showed himself in underclothes, and announced:

"Suvorov will come out immediately."

Then he slammed the door to, dressed very rapidly and after very few minutes appeared again in front of the dumbfounded gathering in the full dress uniform of his rank.

After this incident he went out for a walk in the course of which there was another "strange" incident. The field-marshal first went to the barracks, and, to the utter horror of his suite, had his dinner with the soldiers out of the common pot and only afterwards drove to the palace to pay a visit to the King-Pretender.

Louis later said of Suvorov that he was a great military genius, but at the same time related his "eccentricities, which resembled the antics of insanity, unless they originated in the calculations of a subtle and far-sighted mind," a judgment which does credit to Louis's acumen.

After leaving Mitava, Suvorov made a short halt at Vilna, where his beloved Fanagory Regiment was then stationed. The old General hurried along the ranks, called soldiers he knew by name, embraced and kissed them and chatted

with them. Grenadier Kabanov stepped forward and in the name of all the men of the regiment begged Suvorov to take them with him to Italy. Suvorov was greatly moved but replied that he could not do this without permission from the emperor.

On 14th March he arrived in Vienna. The Italian campaign was about to open.

THE ITALIAN CAMPAIGN

ADDA AND TREBBIA

SUVOROV'S ARRIVAL EXCITED ALL VIENNA. ENORMOUS CROWDS GATHERED IN front of the Russian Embassy, where the famous general had his quarters. It was whispered from mouth to mouth that all mirrors and all objects of luxury had been removed from the rooms which were to be occupied by Suvorov, that a truss of hay had been brought in for the Russian field-marshal instead of a bed, and that the general himself got up at dawn and dined at eight in the morning. All these rumours were perfectly true. Suvorov changed none of his habits in the Austrian capital. In part this was deliberate: "the calculation of a subtle and far-sighted mind," as Louis XVIII had said. Suvorov thus wished to give those who had called upon him to understand that he intended to remain true to himself in all things. He knew that Vienna would certainly attempt to deprive him of his freedom of action, nor was he mistaken in this.¹

Ever since the days of the Emperor Maximilian all military problems of the Austrian army were decided by the Aulic Council. Even in the days when this body had been directed by famous generals, such as Montecuccoli and Prince Eugène of Savoy, it had done more harm than good. But when its moving spirits were mediocrities like Baron Thugut, the Austrian Chancellor, the harmful effects of its attempts to control every detail of warfare from a distance of many hundred miles attained extraordinary proportions.

Suvorov had no intention of allowing himself to be led on a leash, and least of all on an Austrian leash. When the members of the Aulic Council called on him, he refused to disclose his plan of campaign with them, saying that he would decide everything in the theatre of operations. When the Austrians brought him their own plan, which proposed to throw back the French to the line of the Adda, Suvorov crossed out the plan and declared: "The Adda? That is where I shall start. I shall end up where God pleases."

Needless to say, he already had his plan of campaign ready. But Suvorov always made his plans only in outline, and changed them rapidly in accordance with circumstances. There was also another consideration which he expressed to his intimates in these terms:

"If the Aulic Council found out what my intentions are, it would not be long before the French knew them too."

¹Suvorov's desire to stress the unchangeableness of his habits and the scant respect that he felt for the Austrian emperor explains the following curious incident related in the memoirs of Count Ribapierre: when Suvorov drove through the streets of Vienna, great crowds acclaimed him with shouts of "Vivat Suvorov!" The field-marshal replied by shouting "Vivat Joseph!" again and again. The Russian ambassador, sitting next to him in the coach, stopped him in alarm, saying that the Emperor Joseph had been dead for years and that the present emperor's name was Franz. But Suvorov shrugged his shoulders: "God bless me, how should I remember that?" and again shouted "Vivat Joseph!"

These were no empty words. Fuchs, who was secretary to Suvorov in 1799, wrote: "I myself found among the papers of captured French generals the most detailed information received by them from Vienna regarding Austrian intentions." French spies in Vienna stole the plan of operation of Rosenberg's corps and it was only because Suvorov had moved much faster than expected that the French were not much better prepared.

This fear of the activities of French spies show that Suvorov took his new opponents very seriously indeed.

The years 1793-99 were years of overwhelming victories for the French armies. The reasons for these victories were manifold. In the period of the revolutionary Convention, the ragged French soldiers carried new ideas, the world-embracing watchwords "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" on the points of their bayonets. Inspired by these ideas, which had burst open the petrified framework of the feudal state, the French soldiers fought with unprecedented enthusiasm. It is true that towards the end of the century, in the period of the Directory and of Bonaparte, the revolutionary wars of France developed into wars of conquest. But the French armies were still led by gifted generals who had risen to high command through their ability and not by reason of noble birth. Further, the revolution had introduced new methods of warfare. The armies were light and mobile; they dragged no ponderous baggage-trains with them, but lived on the country according to the principle that war must support war. Perpetual battles left no time for training soldiers in intricate manœuvres, and so the old reliance on the effect of vigorous attack with cold steel was revived; skirmishes and the massive shock of deep columns took the place of the former formations. The old strategy of cautious dilatoriness was discarded in favour of the vigorous offensive; the French cared little about securing their flanks, economising the lives of their men, or preserving their lines of communication—they attacked with undaunted valour even though tired and hungry, and strove to break through the front of the enemy or to outflank him. "Nothing has been achieved while anything remains to be achieved," was one of the mottos of the French commanders and: "Make every effort as if it were the last," was another. The old armies were also capable of such strenuous efforts, but only rarely and for a short time, while the French turned the exception into the rule. As a result, the old armies suffered one defeat after the other.

Only one other system possessed the same vigour and elasticity: the system of Suvorov. Moellendorf, the veteran Prussian field-marshal, declared bluntly that Suvorov was the first and only general who had understood the nature and qualities of the French army and had found the correct tactics for opposing them. Suvorov combined long columns with line formations in his tactics; and, what was even more important, he countered the French with a vigour, courage, mobility and toughness as great as their own.

"He who is frightened is half beaten" . . . "Death flees the sabre and bayonet of the brave" . . . "The least dangerous road to victory is through the midst of the enemy battalions" . . . "Where a stag can go, a soldier can" . . . "One minute decides the fate of a battle," are all Suvorovian aphorisms which reflect his consistent military philosophy and are closely akin to the principles of French revolutionary warfare.

A wedge is best driven out by another wedge. Pitt knew what he was doing when he insisted on the appointment of Suvorov. The old tactics were bankrupt, but in the tactics of Suvorov all the principal factors of French superiority had been anticipated and forestalled.

Those who carried out these tactics, the Russian soldiers, had been trained by their general in such a manner that they made every effort with maximum energy and according to the expression used by Suvorov, "always fought like desperate men . . . and there are none more terrible than desperate men." Foreigners who said that the Russian battalions "were as steady and unyielding as bastions" had good reason for saying so.

The struggle awaiting Suvorov was a battle of giants and the old general by no means underrated his opponents.

His task, in itself hard enough, was made even more difficult by the fact that the majority of the troops entrusted to him were units of the Austrian army whose military methods were fundamentally different from his own. Typical representatives of the school of "methodics," the Austrians strove to compress all the vicissitudes of battle within the narrow compass of staff plans. "*Die erste Kolonne marschirt*" . . . it was in these words that many years later Leo Tolstoy ridiculed this system. The Austrians preferred to be beaten by acting according to the rules of military science, while Suvorov preferred to win a "famous victory" even at the expense of theory. The Austrians dreaded heavy losses and so shunned battle; the Russian general never envisaged the possibility of retreat and was of opinion that a bloody battle was often the shortest way to peace. Finally—and this was of prime importance—the Austrians waged war not only in order to combat "the plague of revolution" but in order to extend their frontiers. At first Suvorov was unaware of this and, judging events from a totally different standpoint, failed to grasp the true objectives pursued by the Austrians in the campaign.

Attempting to provide some sort of ideological basis for a war which was little understood by the troops and unpopular with them, Suvorov in his addresses to his soldiers explained that "a great crime" had been perpetrated, that "the foolish windbag Frenchies" had "insolently done to death" their king and that in consequence of this "having decided together with our allies to overthrow this lawless government which has established itself in France, we have now taken up arms against it."

Suvorov himself doubtless believed, to a certain extent, in this interpretation of the causes of the war. But the Austrian government took a far less idealistic view of the situation. Of course it, too, wished to overthrow the lawless government of France, not so much as an objective in itself, but because by so doing they hoped to safeguard its own feudal-conservative régime. At the same time it also pursued the immediate aggressive purpose of conquering and annexing Italian territory. Suvorov was not a very suitable partner in such a game and this fact determined the attitude of the Austrians towards him.

The Russian general, despite all his somewhat naïve attempts to avoid conflicts with the Austrians, was unable to carry through consistently the line he had taken: however carefully he avoided all contacts with the Aulic Council (he even stayed away from all court functions, on pretext of ill-health, until finally the Emperor Francis ceased to invite him in order to avoid further refusals), he did not make his attitude unmistakably clear so that the Austrians on the eve of his departure considered it necessary to hand him instructions as to the way in which the campaign was to be conducted. These instructions were a classic of "methodistics" and consisted of a long and dreary set of prescriptions for a sluggish, timid war. They contained among other things such passages as these: "Reporting to me (i.e., the Emperor Franz) all that is happening, you will at the same time inform me of your intentions regarding all further

military operations." Suvorov accepted the instructions without, for a single instant, harbouring the slightest intention of carrying them out. He regarded the task facing him in Italy just in the same way as five years before he had regarded the task of taking Brest, as a first step which was to precede the decisive blow; after conquering Italy, he expected to be able to launch a decisive offensive against the heart of France herself.

All formalities being at last completed after a stay of ten days in Vienna, the old field-marshal set out to join the army in the field.

The troops of the coalition were aligned against the French in Italy, Switzerland, the Netherlands and Alsace.

In the course of recent operations it had become clear that the fighting capacity of the Austrians was far inferior to that of the French. Apart from Bonaparte himself, even the less brilliant French commanders were more than a match for the Austrians. Masséna, with 30,000 men, had defeated an Austrian army of 70,000 in Switzerland, and inflicted losses of 20,000 men on them. Even General Scherer, a mediocre general, with a force of 73,000 men could beat an army of 86,000 men commanded by Melas, one of the most experienced Austrian commanders.

The army of Italy which Suvorov was to command consisted of about 20,000 Russians (to which another 10,000 were subsequently added) and 86,000 Austrians. The Austrians were commanded by General Melas (who was later beaten by the French at Marengo); Suvorov good-humouredly spoke of him as "that dear old Papa Melas." The French had about 90,000 men; of these, the army of Rome and Naples was commanded by the capable Macdonald and the army of Italy by the unpopular, inept and aged Scherer, a "methodist" rather than a leader of fiery Republicans. Hearing that Scherer was in the habit of pushing the soldiers' heads back on parade, Suvorov exclaimed:

"Now I know this Scherer! Such a drill-sergeant would not even notice that the enemy was surrounding him until he was beaten."

Suvorov quickly went forward, overtaking columns of troops on the march. He frequently heaved deep sighs and made disgusted faces: these men were not his impetuous battalions; endless baggage-trains straggled along in the wake of the Russian regiments. Many officers had their wives with them and kept a whole household of servants instead of one batman, others even brought packs of hounds with them for hunting.

With Suvorov's arrival all this was changed as if at the touch of a magic wand. Slow progress gave place to rapid marches; in 18 days the troops advanced 312 miles, sometimes doing as much as 36 miles per day. The boots worn out in previous marches went to pieces and many officers and men were left to march barefoot. Men who could no longer keep up with the columns were picked up by the baggage wagons. Suvorov gave orders to do away with the famous pigtails re-introduced by Paul I and the soldiers were delighted to feel the southern sun beat down on their natural hair.

The Austrians were supposed to keep up the same rate of march, but proved unable to do so. Day after day they failed to attain the mileage demanded by Suvorov, but he obstinately prescribed another day's march for them, based not on the actual position of the troops but on the position they would have reached if they had stood the pace.

All this led to considerable confusion. The Austrians expressed their discontent in no uncertain terms, but the field-marshal, with enviable coolness, eluded all complaints by means of two German words he had acquired: "*Unter-*

kunft" and "*Bestimmtsager*." The first word was supposed to mean something like an inclination to put comfort before duty and the second was thus interpreted by Suvorov himself:

"A '*Bestimmtsager*' is a cross between a scamp and a coward."

If the Austrians were dissatisfied with Suvorov, Suvorov for his part was equally dissatisfied with the Austrians, who were obviously quite unable to live up to his rigorous military standards. Prospects for mutual understanding between the allies were none too bright.

At the beginning of April the army was approaching Verona without having met any opposition. As everywhere in Italy, the inhabitants of Verona were divided into two camps; the have-nots sympathised with the republicans, the well-to-do urban populations, the clergy and the gentry sided with the allies. At first the majority of the Italians openly favoured the French cause, but the "excessive looting and the violence of the French" toned down their enthusiasm: the French system of requisitions bore hardly upon them.

When the news of Suvorov's approach reached Verona, the excitable intelligentsia came out to meet him, unharnessed the horses from his carriage and drew it into the town themselves. All Verona was decorated with flowers and illuminated for the evening.

It was here that Suvorov formally assumed command of the allied army. General Rosenberg solemnly presented all the Russian and several Austrian commanders to the commander-in-chief. Suvorov stood at attention, with his eyes closed, and every time he heard a name unknown to him, muttered:

"Never heard of him. God bless me, never heard of him. . . . We'll have to get acquainted."

Such comments greatly annoyed the nominees of Paul, who fancied themselves the great heroes of the campaign.

But when the officer named was a leader tried in battle, Suvorov addressed him in flattering terms, inquired after his health and recalled campaigns fought together. He spoke kindly to young Miloradovich, whom he had known as a child, and embraced and kissed Prince Bagration.

Having run through all the names, Rosenberg fell silent. The brilliant crowd of Russian and Austrian generals waited with curiosity to hear what the new commander-in-chief had to say. Suvorov paced up and down with long strides and then began to pronounce disjointed words, as if he were quite unaware of the presence of others:

"Subordination! Exercise! The military pace is one arshin! Down hill an arshin and a half! The head does not wait for the tail! Suddenly, like a bolt from the blue! A bullet hits a man. Shoot rarely, but shoot straight! With the bayonet, thrust right home! We have come to beat the godless wind-bag Frenchies. They fight in columns and we will beat them in columns! Don't hurt the inhabitants. Give quarter where quarter is asked!"

Having thus recited his "catechism," he suddenly stopped and demanded that Rosenberg should give him "two regiments of infantry and two regiments of Cossacks." Rosenberg was taken aback and replied that the whole army was under the orders of the commander-in-chief. Suvorov screwed up his face as if in pain, but at this moment Bagration stepped forward and said that his detachment was ready to go into action.

"Go then, Prince Peter," Suvorov replied.

Half an hour later the vanguard, under command of Bagration, was already marching out of Verona.

Pitt described the French revolutionary wars as a "struggle between armed opinions." The French proclamations which announced a new social order were often more effective than guns. The Austrians had nothing they could pit against the revolutionary slogans. But Suvorov issued a proclamation to the population which began with the words "Arise, peoples of Italy!" In the proclamation he referred to the forced contributions, heavy taxes and requisitions of the French. This was appropriate to the occasion, the French were in retreat at the time and so the people sped them on their way by means of guerrilla attacks.

The day after the departure of Bagration, Suvorov himself left Verona and arrived at Valeggio on 4th April.

The military situation at this time was that ten days previously the Austrian general Kray had compelled Scherer to abandon his strong position behind the river Mincio, but had not exploited this success and had permitted him to withdraw in good order. Scherer, with 25,000 men, was retreating under difficulties in order to unite with Macdonald's army and leaving strong garrisons behind in the Mincio fortresses, among them Mantua, a fortress of the first order.

Suvorov had at his disposal 55,000 Austrians; the Russian contingent had not yet reached Valeggio. There was, properly speaking, no pursuit of the French; the question at issue was whether a new offensive should now be initiated without delay. Suvorov decided to await the arrival of at least part of the Russian corps before he did so and meanwhile to train the Austrians in his own methods of combat, which were new to them. Russian instructors were assigned to the Austrian units to teach them how to make a bayonet charge; special instructions written in German at the dictation of Suvorov himself were distributed to the Austrians.

This instruction is so remarkable that it deserves to be quoted at least in part: "In any correspondence between unit commanders, the matters dealt with should be explained briefly and clearly in the form of a note without formal address. Future operations cannot be fixed for more than a day or two in advance. It is not enough that only the senior commanders should be informed of the plan of action. Junior commanders must also always bear it in mind if they are to lead their troops according to these plans. Battalion, squadron and company commanders and even non-commissioned officers and the rank-and-file should be acquainted with them for the same reason. Each soldier should understand the part he is to play. Secrecy is merely a pretext, doing more harm than good."

This instruction was like a breath of fresh air blowing through the routine military methods of the time. But Melas and his companions could not and would not understand this.

All Suvorov's actions met with sharp criticism on the part of the Austrians. They accused the Russian general of wasting five days when immediate action on the part of the Austrians, so they said, would have led to the destruction of Scherer's army. They called the training given to the Austrians "tomfoolery," and were indignant at the instructions issued to them; they could understand neither Suvorov's laconic style, nor the underlying meaning of his precepts. "Attack the enemy everywhere indeed! What sort of strategy is that?" one of the generals exclaimed ironically. The Austrian generals were offended that this foreign ignoramus should presume to teach them their business and ridiculed the instructions among themselves, calling them the "ravings of a

lunatic," a "mixture of sense and nonsense," etc., etc. These criticisms expressed the constantly increasing dissatisfaction and jealousy of the Austrian generals. Even Thugut understood this. He wrote in a confidential letter: "I am assured that in your council of war there is such jealousy of the Russian general that it has had an effect on many individuals in the army."

Suvorov's position became more difficult with every day that passed. The Austrian troops constituted eighty per cent of his forces. He did not possess the skill and patience required to smooth their ruffled feelings and his excessive sensitivity made him feel every manifestation of Austrian ill-will most painfully.

For the time being, however, the Austrians preserved at least the semblance of subordination to Suvorov. When he explained his plan of action to Melas—a plan which consisted in exercising energetic pressure on the French army while leaving only masking forces at the fortresses—Melas submitted, though not without the sceptical remark:

"I know that you are General Forward."

"Enough, Papa Melas," the field-marshal replied, "forward is my favourite word, but I keep an eye rearwards as well."

Meanwhile, 11,000 thousand Russians had arrived in Valeggio and the general offensive was started on 19th April.

Leaving corps of observation before the fortresses of Mantua and Peschiera and detailing smaller forces for feint attacks to threaten the French flanks, Suvorov with his main army (29,000 Austrians and 11,000 Russians) advanced in the direction of Milan.

The French retreated rapidly, abandoning part of the artillery and blocking the roads; they left only small garrisons in the fortresses in the Allied rear. The first such fortress was Brescia, held by 1,260 Frenchmen. Well aware of the moral importance of a first success, Suvorov assigned 15,000 men to storm Brescia, but the commandant seeing the hopelessness of the position, surrendered the fortress. The full moral effect was lost, but nevertheless both the Russian and the Austrian reports of the fall of Brescia struck a note of high triumph.

The offensive continued without slackening speed. The Austrians, not used to such a pace, collapsed by the hundreds on the road, cursing fate and the Russian general. After the fording of a river under torrential rain the murmuring spread to all ranks of the Austrian army and Melas joined his voice to the general protests. But Suvorov remained constant in his iron resolution. He sent Melas a letter which began: "I have been informed that there have been complaints about the infantry getting their feet wet"; and ended: "those whose health is bad should remain behind. . . . No army can tolerate in its ranks men who argue." The Austrians gave way, but after this incident it was even more obvious that Suvorov would have to fight the war on two fronts: against the French and against his own allies.

On 25th April, the troops reached the river Adda, a strong natural barrier on the road to Milan, and Suvorov saw that the French were preparing to defend it. The battle he had long desired was imminent.

Despite the comparative numerical weakness of his forces, Scherer decided to exploit the steepness of the river banks and the width of the river in order to check the enemy until the arrival of reinforcements. He failed, however, to organise the defence properly—he scattered his forces over a distance of 62 miles in a thin cordon so that he could nowhere offer serious resistance.

In contradistinction to the French who usually attempted outflanking and pincer movements, Suvorov rarely had recourse to such tactics. This was to a

considerable extent due to the fact that he always had fewer men than his adversaries and in these circumstances the correct method was not a pincer movement but a powerful break-through attack. At the Adda, Suvorov's forces were more numerous than those of the enemy, but having ascertained by reconnaissance that the French defence lines were thinly drawn out, Suvorov adhered to his usual tactics and decided to break through Scherer's position. He chose San Gervasio as the point for his main attack and ordered bridges to be thrown over the river. In order to prevent the French from shortening their line, he had bridges built at two other points, at Lido and at Lecco, about thirty miles apart.

The building of the bridge at San Gervasio progressed slowly because of the torrential rains. Then Suvorov himself rolled up his sleeves, discarded his hat and set to work with the sappers. The bridge was soon ready, but still the crossing had to be postponed: Bagration's corps, which had begun active operations at Lecco, unexpectedly encountered strong French forces and found themselves in a difficult position. After some hard fighting the French were beaten back and Scherer having sent reinforcements to Lecco his position in the centre at San Gervasio was now weaker than ever.

At five in the morning of the following day the allied forces began to cross the Adda. At this moment it came to be known that Scherer had been recalled, and thirty-five-year-old General Moreau, one of the best-known and ablest of the French generals, appointed in his place. Suvorov smiled when he was told of this.

"There was little glory in beating a charlatan," he said loudly. "The laurels which we snatch from Moreau will be greener."

Moreau immediately proceeded to concentrate his scattered troops, but it was too late. The French needed only twenty-four hours to regroup their forces, but Suvorov did not give them these twenty-four hours. Denisov, Ataman of the Don, quickly crossed the river with his Cossack squadrons and Hungarian hussars and thus protected the passage of the infantry. The French fought well, but at this moment the allied guns began to thunder in their rear and Melas took the French bridgehead on the Adda and the town of Cassano under the eyes of Suvorov who rode at a gallop to meet him.

It is to be noted that hardly any Russian forces took part in the battle of the Adda: confident of success in view of his numerical superiority, Suvorov wished to preserve the flower of his army and also to test the battle value of the Austrian troops.

Yet he, however, did not spare himself. He was at every important point and his presence electrified the Austrians. "The sources do not tell us whether Suvorov himself was on the spot," wrote Clausewitz about one of the episodes of this battle, "but it is very probable and it would explain the unusual energy of the attack."

Finding themselves between two fires, the French began a hasty retreat, but too late. One French division, commanded by General Serurier, was surrounded and forced to surrender. The losses of the French were about 2,500 men killed and wounded and 5,000 captured: the allied losses about 2,000 men in all. The road to Milan was open.

"The Adda is a Rubicon," wrote Suvorov to the Russian ambassador in Vienna, "and we crossed it over the bodies of our enemies."

Suvorov treated the prisoners of war with his usual mildness; he released 200 officers to France on their parole that they would not take any further part

in the war. He gave Serurier back his sword with the rather ambiguous compliment, that he could not deprive of his sword one who had wielded it with such mastery.

Serurier was offended and began to protest that the attack made by Suvorov had involved great risks.

"Yes, but what can we do?" sighed the field-marshal. "It's just our Russian way of fighting, with the bayonet if we can, with our fists if we must, and I am not the worst of them at that."

On 29th April Suvorov made his ceremonial entry into Milan. Again there were ovations, flowers and applause on the part of the enthusiastic Italian inhabitants, who three years before had acclaimed Bonaparte and were to acclaim him again a year later with the same enthusiasm.

Both armies received generous rewards. The Austrians were beginning to think that their eccentric commander-in-chief was not such a bad sort after all. Melas tried to kiss the victorious general in the main square of Milan, but lost his balance and fell off his horse to the great embarrassment of all present.

Apparently only one man was dissatisfied with the turn of events: Suvorov himself. The forcing of the river Adda with an army twice as strong as the enemy was no great victory in his eyes. The heavy losses suffered in the operation bore witness to the skill of the enemy and perhaps to his own mistakes: he should not have scattered his forces so much and thus decreased his advantage.

But the main thing was that the victory had not been exploited. For almost the first time in his life he had not pursued a beaten adversary, but had permitted him to withdraw to lick his wounds. He did this because he had hardly any Russian troops and the Austrians were completely exhausted by the battle on the Adda. They were not sufficiently hardened as yet. "I had no time to get them trained," as he wrote regretfully to Rasumovsky in Vienna. He understood very well that the battle of the Adda was a moral rather than a tactical success.

Meanwhile, the Austrians quietly began to establish their own administration in Milan and the old field-marshal saw with bitterness that his name was used to cover proceedings which were not at all to his liking. General Melas, acting in the name of the Austrian Government, disarmed the National Guard of Milan, banned the uniform of the abolished Cisalpine Republic, and brought back into circulation the notes of the Austrian National Bank—in a word, manifested the firm determination to restore the old feudal order and reincorporate into Austria the province of Lombardy, lost by the peace of Campoformio. But Suvorov's popularity did not abate. He was very interested in the city, admired its monuments of art and treated the clergy with respect. In general he seems to have demonstrated his religious fervour in this period with some insistence. (This, by the way, did not prevent him, in the case of a certain Catholic priest, from first kissing the priest's hand with humility and then ordering him to be given fifty lashes in view of complaints made by the local population.)

Such were the first results of Suvorov's campaign: in the course of ten days he had advanced sixty-five miles, had won a battle and conquered Lombardy. The plan of the Aulic Council to reach the river Adda at the end of the campaign was already accomplished. Baron Thugut had good reason to write: "We can always be justly reproached with the fact that until the arrival of Suvorov we experienced nothing but defeats and after it nothing but victories." For Suvorov himself, however, all this appeared merely as a sort of prologue; he was dreaming of an offensive against Paris; the prerequisite of such a campaign

was the destruction of the French armies in Italy and this was yet to be accomplished.

In front of him, hurriedly retreating, was Moreau. Macdonald was approaching from Central Italy with a fresh army numbering 40,000 men; at his rear were strong French fortresses. In which direction should he turn with his main army? The Aulic Council insisted that these fortresses should be taken at all cost. Nevertheless Suvorov chose to attack the main forces of the enemy. As a sop to the Aulic Council, however, he detached more than half of his army for siege operations.

After two days spent in Milan he set out with an army numbering only 36,000 men in all. But half of these were the Russian divisions which the field-marshal had been awaiting with such impatience and which had been delayed partly because of a belated start from Russia and partly because of the incompetence of the Austrian commissariat. "The rearguard of the Russian troops has not reached us yet," wrote Suvorov, "even here we are being hampered by supply questions because of the dilatory methods of the people here."

Suvorov decided to prevent Macdonald from joining Moreau and to attack the former as being the less dangerous opponent. In fulfilment of this plan the allied troops advanced to the river Po in the area of Piacenza.

Military critics have blamed Suvorov for splitting his forces and using only one-third of the allied troops available in Italy for this important operation. This objection is essentially justified but the answer to it is given in the bitter words of the Russian general himself:

"I am standing between two fires: military and diplomatic. I am not afraid of the first, but I don't know whether I can stand up to the second."

During the march to the Po a factor which often made itself felt in the course of this campaign became manifest, the weakness of the allied intelligence service. Although possessing cavalry superiority, the allies were unable to put their intelligence on a satisfactory footing. This was due partly to the fact that the Cossacks were strange to the country and partly to the unreliability of the civilian population. The most contradictory rumours of French movements came in day after day. It was reported that they had abandoned the fortress of Tortona; the field-marshal sent troops there only to find that they were still in occupation of it. It was then rumoured that Macdonald had not left Central Italy at all and that meanwhile Moreau by a skillful movement had occupied strong positions on the Valenza-Alessandria line, thus threatening the rear of the allies should they move against Macdonald. Suvorov changed his plan and turned against Moreau. It was reported to him that Valenza had been evacuated—he sent Rosenberg there, but the news proved false.

Suvorov's conduct in this period—his too easy acceptance of rumours as facts, and his nervousness in reacting to them—shows that he was to some extent out of his depth. He was faced by a skillful enemy and an absolute precision of manoeuvre was required in conditions which were anything but propitious. The Austrian generals hindered rather than assisted him and overwhelmed Vienna with reports of his mistakes. In a letter addressed to Baron Thugut the Austrian general Schateler, who was attached to Suvorov as quarter-master-general, wrote: "I was the only man in the army who helped Suvorov in his enterprises. . . . The field-marshal carries out his extensive plans, which I of course share, in conformity with the terrain and circumstances. These plans may seem crazy and appear like fairy-tales to those dull-witted 'geniuses' to whom we owe the loss of Savoy and Italy."

The difficulties besetting Suvorov were increased by the fact that some of the Russian generals began to disobey orders. But with the French as opponents he could not indulge in rash enterprises with impunity. Having learnt that Valenza was occupied by the French, Suvorov ordered Rosenberg to withdraw without delay: "The fate of Valenza we must leave to the future . . . make what haste you can by day and by night." But the young Grand Duke Konstantin Pavlovich had just arrived from Russia and was with Rosenberg and his forces. He reproached Rosenberg with cowardice; Rosenberg flared up, turned back towards Valenza, occupied the village of Bassignano, was met there by superior French forces and retreated in disorder, having lost 1,250 men and two guns.

Rosenberg's action was a gross blunder. Suvorov was beside himself. He moved with nearly all his forces to the rescue of Rosenberg, at the same time again ordering him to retreat as quickly as possible and marked the dispatch in his own hand with the words: "Carry this out immediately, without losing a minute, or be court-martialled."

Paul had sent his son Konstantin and soon afterwards Arkadi Suvorov to Italy in order that they "may learn how to defeat the enemy." With the Grand Duke came Derfelden, who was commissioned to take the place of Suvorov in the event of the latter's death, and who later became the generalissimo's right hand. In the memoirs of Komarovski, who was Adjutant-General, and lived in Vienna at the time, one may read the following curious remark: "As soon as Count Suvorov arrived at army headquarters, our victories began; each day the bulletin announced the news of some battle won and Count Derfelden said to me that the Grand Duke must be asked to leave for the army as soon as possible, else there will be nothing left for us to do—I know Count Suvorov, he will not be stopped by anything now." When the Grand Duke arrived, the field-marshal met him with deep obeisances, but afterwards withdrew with him to his study; the Grand Duke came out again with his face crimson and his eyes swollen with weeping and left immediately; he did not try to interfere again with the orders given by the commander-in-chief. Suvorov saw him off with the same profound obeisances, but as he walked past the officers of the ducal suite he angrily called them "whippersnappers."

A week after Bassignano there was another clash with the French, this time on the initiative of Moreau who now lacked precise information in his turn and wanted to test the strength of his opponent. A division of Austrian troops was attacked near Marengo; Bagration, who happened to be near, hurried to their assistance, came up into line with them and aided them to repulse the enemy. This success was not exploited, however, and if Bassignano might have had a worse ending for the Russians, at Marengo it was the French who got off lightly. Suvorov was not present at this action and on arriving in all haste after it was over and learning what had happened, he exclaimed with exasperation:

"You have let the enemy get away!"

Having convinced himself that he was facing the main body of the allies, Moreau decided to withdraw to the Genoese Riviera. Suvorov did not follow him directly but turned towards Turin, the capital of Piedmont. By this manœuvre he hoped to prevent Moreau's possible reinforcement from Switzerland and Savoy, stimulate an insurrection throughout Piedmont and secure for himself a base for an offensive towards the Riviera. At the same time the occupation of Turin gave him large quantities of war material.

The march to Turin was beset with difficulties. The sun beat down mercilessly on the men as they trudged through the dust, sweating profusely and

suffering from lack of water. Suvorov rode alongside the columns, now overtaking them, now stopping and letting them go past him with a word of encouragement to each company. He ordered the officers at the head of their companies to repeat twelve French words in a loud voice and make their men learn them; in order to hear better the men had to keep close to the officer in front.

On 26th May the allied forces entered Turin. The French garrison, commanded by the resolute Fiorelli, shut itself up in the citadel and began to bombard the city. Suvorov sent word to Fiorelli that he ought to be ashamed to do such a thing; it was no disgrace for 100 men to yield to an entire army and finally threatened that should the futile bombardment of the peaceful population be continued, all French prisoners would be taken to the city promenade and exposed to the fire from the citadel. After brief negotiations the French ceased the bombardment.

The occupation of Turin was entirely in accordance with Austrian wishes and the field-marshal hoped by this step to improve his position with his allies. The result was the exact reverse. Suvorov announced that the kingdom of Sardinia was now restored, handed over the treasury to the king who had been driven out by the French, re-established the army of Piedmont and reinstated the Piedmontese officials. This did not at all suit the Austrians, whose appetite was growing with every military success. A dispatch from Vienna put the administration of Piedmont into the hands of Austrian authorities; the field-marshal was tactfully told that his competence was limited to military operations and that the administration of conquered territories was the business of the Austrians.

Suvorov found himself in the same position as in Poland in 1794, but this time his disappointment was even more bitter. Had all he had achieved served no purpose, then, but to satisfy the greed of Austria? His first impulse was to return to Russia and he wrote to Rasumovski in Vienna: "There is no need of me here and I wish to go home straight away." But after reflection he changed his mind. It would have been futile to complain to Paul; all he could do was to give vent to his feelings in letters to Rasumovski, explain that the Piedmontese army which had been disbanded by the Austrians would have given him 40,000 men, that Vienna was again dictating "methodistic" plans of campaign to him, and so forth. One of his letters ends with this cry from the heart: "For the love of Christ, don't interfere with me!" From this period onwards relations between Suvorov and the Austrians deteriorated rapidly.

But his iron will, which could surmount all obstacles, was not weakened. "There can be no conflicts in our united army as long as my spirit does not weaken," he wrote to Rasumovski.

Nevertheless, he was bitterly conscious of the fact that the Austrians were an obstacle on the road to victory. "If often happened to me," he wrote after the end of the Italian campaign, "that my troops were taken from me to be used at, some point when I had already destined them for another and thus my plans were brought to nought."

At the insistence of the Aulic Council Suvorov postponed his next offensive until the arrival of reinforcements. He spent some weeks in Turin, supervising the siege of the citadel (which was not stormed in order to avoid casualties among the civilian population) and strengthening the discipline of the troops. Suvorov permitted looting only in cities taken by the sword. In all other cases he severely banned all marauding. An order of the day prescribed that in the event of any complaint from the inhabitants, "the senior officer in the regiment

or battalion must see to it that everything is returned to the complainant and should anything be missing, he must pay for it out of his own pocket; those guilty of looting to be flogged according to the gravity of their offence, especially if the looting occurred in the absence of the owner of the property." Suvorov knew perfectly well how difficult it was for soldiers fed on scanty rations to refrain from looting in a country flowing with milk and honey but he remained true to his principles. In this the desire to keep the honour of his country unsullied played a considerable part. Suvorov often said: "I am proud to be a Russian," and he wished the reputation of the Russian soldier to be above reproach.

While Suvorov was operating in Northern Italy, other Russian troops were in action against the French at Naples in the southern part of the Apennine peninsula.

The French had taken Naples, driven out King Ferdinand and established the Parthenopean Republic there; the constitution of this republic was an exact copy of the French. But a considerable section of the population—quite apart from the feudal and clerical elements—had little sympathy with the French: taxes were still levied as before, but according to an unjust system; in addition, a war contribution had to be paid and on top of it all the French troops robbed the inhabitants right and left. To complete their tale of misfortune, the harvest had been bad and the imports of grain were rendered difficult by the blockade of the coast of Naples by an English naval squadron under Nelson.

An anti-French insurrection now broke out in Naples. The population was split into two camps and a bloody civil war began. The party of the feudal-clerical reactionaries got the upper hand. An army of 30,000 fanatical insurgents led by Cardinal Ruffo and Michele Pezza—a bandit released from prison and known as Fra Diavolo for his cruelty—overwhelmed the small French garrison and drove it out of the country.

During the struggle the King of Naples appealed to Paul I for assistance and Paul ordered Russian troops to be landed from the Russian ships then in the Adriatic and to intervene in the fighting.

After the expulsion of the French, Admiral Nelson, and after him the returned King, introduced an era of savage terrorism. Thousands of men were condemned to the dungeons and the gallows. The Russian detachment vainly attempted to mitigate these cruelties.

Admiral Ushakov, commander of the Russian Fleet, maintained contact with Suvorov and in this connection a curious anecdote has come down to us. One day a German officer bearing a dispatch from Ushakov came to the headquarters of the field-marshal and in conversation with the latter referred to the admiral as "Herr Admiral von Ushakov."

"Keep your *von* to yourself!" Suvorov cried angrily, "or give it to whom you please. But the conqueror of the Turkish Fleet, the man who shook the Dardanelles, you will kindly refer to as Fedor Fedorovich Ushakov."

About this time he one day found that one of the officers could not write Russian.

"Shocking!" he said and shook his head, "but let him write in French if only he thinks like a Russian."

Suvorov's national feeling was, in general, very strong. He often quoted these words of Peter I:

"Nature has produced only one Russia. She has no rival."

At last the reinforcements arrived: 8,000 Austrians under General Belle-

garde. Suvorov handed him instructions which began with the words: "Activity is the first of all military virtues." Bagration was commissioned to train the newly arrived troops, "in the art of beating the enemy with cold steel." The time for further operations had come.

Intelligence reports and captured dispatches all indicated that Macdonald was moving his army by sea to Genoa in order to advance from there against Turin. For this reason Suvorov postponed his attack on the Genoese Riviera. As in the light of later information it appeared probable that the French would strike not at Turin but at Tortona and Alessandria, Suvorov decided to concentrate his main forces in that area. From every direction the allied troops moved to assemble there. But two days later new "reliable" information was received: Macdonald was not going either to Turin or to Tortona; the French themselves had been spreading these false rumours, and the field-marshal had taken the bait. Actually Macdonald's army was moving towards Modena, threatening the Austrian forces which were besieging Mantua.

Suvorov understood that he had been tricked. "The news changes every minute," he wrote. "One must act according to the dictates of one's own common sense, if one does not want to lapse into sleep-walking."

It was imperative to correct the mistake made. Moving up 15,000 men to observe Moreau, Suvorov himself turned against Macdonald and ordered General Kray, who was besieging Mantua, to leave only a small force there and hurry with all the rest of his corps to join the field-marshal. In response Kray sent a copy of an Aulic Council dispatch forbidding him to take as much as a single soldier away from Mantua. This was a bolt from the blue: in the most critical hour Suvorov found himself weaker than Macdonald, despite the general numerical superiority of the allies over the French.

Clausewitz wrote about this incident: "Suvorov's admirable scheme, which cannot be too highly praised, was wrecked on an underwater rock entirely outside all reason."

The field-marshal read Kray's reply and clenched his teeth. It was too late to argue now: Macdonald, after an admirable march of 144 miles in one week, during which he crossed a mountain range and fought a battle, threw himself on the Austrians, drove them back and advanced to join Moreau at Tortona. All that had been achieved by Suvorov in the past was now again in jeopardy.

Suvorov did not lose his presence of mind for an instant. At 10 p.m. on 15th June he marched out from Alessandria. The troops were tired; they had just come from Turin by forced marches, advancing thirty miles in twenty-four hours over flooded roads (a performance which had evoked a special order of the day from the field marshal in which he thanked the men) but now a similar effort was needed once more. On the morning of the 17th Suvorov reached Stradella with his main force. The regiments were settling down to rest when suddenly a messenger came galloping up on a horse covered with lather: Macdonald, having had news of the approach of Suvorov, had decided to destroy the vanguard of the allies before Suvorov could arrive on the scene and had attacked the Austrian corps commanded by General Ott. The battle was in full swing, and Ott reported that he was in difficulties. A defeat of the advance guard would carry confusion into the whole army. There was no time to be lost. The field-marshal sent General Melas with 3,000 men to the assistance of Ott and a few hours later set the rest of his forces in motion.

Exhausted by the exceptionally long marches of the past week, the soldiers could hardly drag along on their sore feet. A scorching sun beat down. Men

sighed for a sip of water, a minute's rest in the shadow of a tree. Many stragglers marked the wake of the army.

Suvorov thought of one thing only—that he was in a hurry! Ever alert, he rode with his orderly among the columns, begging and demanding: "Faster! Faster!"

His theory that there was nothing impossible for a proper soldier was now put to a cruel test and his men passed the test with flying colours. The soldiers did not march—they ran. It was as though some frenzy had taken possession of them all. Those who faltered in this mad course under the blazing sun, fell, crawled off the road, and after a short rest, ran on.

Another messenger came galloping—Ott's troops were hard pressed near the village of San Giovano.

It was quite true that Ott's force was in a difficult position and its stubborn resistance against superior French forces rendered a great service to the cause of the allies. This is what Clausewitz said about it: "The Austrians held out because they were afraid of Suvorov. Thus, Suvorov's genius was at this time already beginning to exercise an influence on the fate of the battle."

Suvorov had taken a fresh decision: he handed over the command to the Grand Duke and with four regiments of Cossacks and two of Austrian dragoons he galloped forward in the company of Bagration.

At about four in the afternoon the Austrians' flank was turned by Dombrowski's Polish corps, which had been sent forward by Macdonald for the purpose. At this decisive moment Suvorov dashed in with a "thunder of hooves, a whirl of dust and a forest of lances." One glance at the field of battle sufficed for him to understand the position. Four cavalry regiments charged the Poles, the two others the opposite flank of the French.

This is how one historian described the ensuing clash: "Macdonald's troops saw our Don Cossacks for the first time in their lives. While the Austrian dragoons routed the enemy cavalry, the Cossacks dashed round Dombrowski's left flank, threw themselves with shouts and yells on the Polish infantry and carried utter confusion into their ranks. At four o'clock the infantry arrived. At Suvorov's orders two grenadier battalions were sent to reinforce Ott's left; the others began to deploy in the interval between the Cossacks and the Austrian infantry on the right. Then Suvorov ordered all his forces forward to a general attack. . . . The infantry, musket in hand, marched forward, with drums beating and bands playing; the Russians sang songs. Suvorov rode up and down the line shouting again and again: "Forward! Forward! Thrust! Cut!"

The object of the cavalry charge was to hold up the enemy and gain time until the infantry arrived. This was achieved. The Poles were routed and the French, who now saw the Russian Cossacks of the Don, gave ground.

An hour later the Russian regiments began to arrive one by one. Suvorov ordered Bagration to attack the French immediately with these troops. Bagration begged him to wait at least an hour, pointing out that the companies did not even number forty men each as yet.

"Well, Macdonald hasn't even got twenty," Suvorov whispered in his ear. "Attack and God be with you."

Bagration had not grasped the importance of the minute—it was imperative that the startled enemy should be given no time to recover.

The attack began and the Russian units came into action as they arrived on the field. During the whole day the numerical superiority remained with the enemy: 19,000 against 12,000-15,000. However, by nine that evening Mac-

donald had been thrown back and withdrew over four miles, to the little river Trebbia. The battle was over.

By his incredible speed of movement—forty-eight miles in thirty-six hours—and by his immediate resolute engagement of the enemy, Suvorov had frustrated the plan of Macdonald. The French general thought of giving battle again in the morning: he reckoned that Moreau, who was moving to join him, would soon reach the Trebbia and the allied army would then be taken between two fires. But he was also expecting that reinforcements—the divisions of Olivier and Monrichard—would arrive next day and decided to wait for them and attack Suvorov on the 19th.

But the Russian general forestalled him; he attacked on the 18th.

In the year 218 B.C. Hannibal had routed the legions of Rome on the same Trebbia. Now the two best armies in the world, the army of Suvorov and the army of the French Republic, met on the same spot. Strictly speaking this was their first encounter, as the battle of the Adda had been fought mainly by Austrian troops. Both armies had been hitherto invincible and both had very high standards of military achievement. This was the chief reason for the unusual bitterness with which the battle of the Trebbia was fought.

In the morning of the 18th June the last columns of the Austrians arrived, making the numbers of the two opponents less unequal. The attack had been planned for 7 a.m., but the complete exhaustion of his men compelled Suvorov to wait until ten.

The plan of battle was to break through the left flank of the French, which Suvorov, with consummate insight, had recognised as the key of the position. If he could crush their left flank, he would throw the French back against the Po and cut them off from Moreau.

Despite the enemy's numerical superiority, Suvorov here again set before himself a decisive aim: to destroy Macdonald's army.

Not for nothing had he said that he would "beat the French by mass attacks." The plan of the advance was for a formation in depth, with Bagration in the vanguard, followed in the order given by the corps of Fester, Shveikovski, a cavalry detachment led by Lobkowitz, and a division under Fröhlich. The orders for the battle ended in the true Suvorov style with the words: "The order 'halt' is not to be given. This is a battle, not a parade. Orders to be given are 'Charge! Cut them down! Hurrah! Drums! Music!'"

Only so complete a mediocrity as Melas could fail to appreciate the remarkable conception of the Russian general; Melas, stupid and conceited, reported to Vienna: "The disposition was not in accordance with the rules of the art of war." Obviously the Austrian strategist argued that it was better to be beaten than to deviate from the "rules."

One more detail is worth noting here. The orders issued by Suvorov prescribed among other things: "If the enemy surrenders, he must be spared; but must be told to throw down his arms." And this on the eve of a desperate battle with a valiant and numerically superior foe!

Coupling as ever boldness of conception with caution and circumspection in execution, Suvorov sent a detachment to occupy a place called Bobbio with the object of preventing the enemy from moving southwards along the river Trebbia. A contemporary historian pointed out that this measure was a model of circumspection, as Suvorov had no information at all regarding any intention on the part of the French to carry out such a manœuvre.

All preparations were now complete. The battle began by a Cossack charge

against the Poles. After a savage fight the Poles gave ground, having lost 600 men, but French units were thrown in and restored the line. The defence was facilitated by the broken character of the terrain which hindered offensive operations. The only open space was the bed of the river Trebbia, which was so shallow that the water reached only up to the ankles of the men; and many fierce encounters were fought out here.

Towards noon Macdonald unexpectedly received the reinforcements which he had not hoped to see until the day after. The French were now half as strong again as the allies. Sixteen battalions stood on the French left wing against eleven Russian. Bagration nevertheless drove them from their positions and forced them to fall back. Had his reserves come up in time, the enemy would have been routed. But Melas, not joining in the battle until five in the afternoon, withheld the reserve division commanded by Fröhlich. Thus, although by the evening the French were in retreat along the whole line, they had not lost their fighting capacity anywhere. Clausewitz wrote in this connection: "Melas, being an old and timorous man, always regarded as the most dangerously threatened any spot on which he himself happened to be."

Suvorov made no change in his dispositions. His ambiguous position as commander-in-chief did not permit him to set Melas aside and all he could do was to confirm his previous order to him to bring up the reserve division.

The next day Macdonald was the first to attack, attempting to turn the allies' flank. He expected Moreau's forces to appear in their rear at any moment. By a skilful distribution of his troops he succeeded in achieving numerical superiority for his own forces on every sector. The French were divided into two wings: the northern wing of 14,000 men was to crush the Austrians at San Niccolo and the southern wing of 22,000 to defeat the Russians at Casaliggio.

Bagration made a vigorous counter-attack on Dombrowski's corps which had turned the Russian flank, and repelled it. This, their third consecutive defeat, so demoralised the Poles that they withdrew beyond the Trebbia and took no further part in the battle.

But while Bagration's men were fighting the Poles, the French divisions commanded by Victor and Rusca broke into the breach formed in the Russian positions and, thanks to a fourfold superiority of numbers, pressed the Russians hard. Surrounded on all sides, the Russian soldiers who had never known retreat fought with the fierceness of despair. One Grenadier regiment, hemmed in by an iron ring, made its third rank form a circle and fire in every direction. The French could do nothing against it; it refused to yield an inch and finally broke through the encirclement. The Russian soldiers fell back slowly but from time to time, carried away by the example of some bold spirit, made bayonet charges. It was hard to say which side was winning in this storm of fury and self-sacrificing courage.

The French were enemies worthy of the Russian steel. Despising death, they rushed into the attack and gained ground step by step. Rosenberg, commanding the right wing of the Russian forces, sent a messenger to say that further resistance was impossible. Suvorov pointed to a huge stone in the lee of which he was resting and said to the officer who had brought the message: "Try to move this stone. You cannot? To retreat is no less impossible."

Bagration's troops returning from the pursuit of the Poles restored the position on the right, but the disparity of forces was still great. Bagration himself came galloping to urge the necessity of a withdrawal.

"That is bad, Prince Peter," Suvorov said softly.

He got up, called for a horse and rode quickly to the right wing. He was met by a crowd of soldiers in retreat, still firing at the enemy but already in disorder. The field-marshal dismounted, joined these soldiers and ran along with them, shouting: "Faster! Faster! Lead them on! Run!"

Then he suddenly stopped and shouted: "Halt!"

He halted the men near a battery hidden in the bushes. A storm of grape-shot swept the ranks of the pursuing Frenchmen. Immediately afterwards Suvorov drew his sword, turned the Russian soldiers about and led them in a charge. Seeing a chasseur battalion and a Cossack regiment halted near by, he sent them forward too to support the others. The attack was so vigorous that the French took these forces for fresh troops although actually they were the same whom they had just compelled to give ground.

Suvorov galloped along the line under a hail of bullets to encourage the men. His secretary and biographer, Fuchs (who, by the way, was at the same time an agent of the "Secret Expedition") was amazed to see how the Russian troops began to get the better of the enemy whenever they caught sight of Suvorov's white shirt. Derfelden, standing next to Fuchs, remarked with a smile:

"I have seen this *pictur * often enough. The old fellow is some sort of living talisman. It is enough to promenade him in front of the troops and the victory is ours."

The French attack broke against the stubbornness and skill of the defence. The 5th demi-brigade, one of the best French units, which had distinguished itself in a hundred battles, fled in panic.

It is a curious fact that Melas again completely failed to understand the situation and although he moved half of the reserve into action, he kept the other half inactive the whole day.

The night found both armies in their original positions. Suvorov then received information that the advanced patrols of Moreau's forces had been sighted close in his rear. The army was threatened with encirclement, but the general was undismayed. He decided to renew the battle yet once more next day, rout Macdonald and then turn against Moreau with all his forces.

Clausewitz expressed himself in these terms regarding this decision: "Words cannot express all our admiration for this decision of Suvorov to crush Macdonald regardless of the threat from Moreau. A victory over Macdonald was at the same time a strategic victory over Moreau."

Truly, if it was difficult to carry out with determination the plan outlined above, it was even more difficult to take so quickly a decision appropriate to the situation. Suvorov was a past master in both. Having made his plan, he adhered to his habitual principle of defeating the enemy piecemeal, beginning with the fraction he considered most dangerous.

Macdonald's forces were, however, already beaten. At a council of war it was found that the French losses had been enormous, that the regiments were disorganised, that there was no artillery ammunition left. The same was of course true of the allied troops to an even greater degree, but all difficulties were overruled by the iron determination of the old field-marshal.

Having had no news of the approach of Moreau, Macdonald began his withdrawal at midnight, leaving his bivouac fires burning on the river bank in order to create the impression that his army was still encamped there.

At 5 a.m. Cossack patrols brought the news of the retreat of the enemy. The pursuit was immediately launched. Victor's division, which formed the

French rearguard, was attacked and driven back; in this action the famous 17th demi-brigade, the pride of the entire French army, was taken prisoner *en masse*. Macdonald's army fell back into Tuscany, hitting back at its pursuers, but no longer a formidable military force.

The battle, which had lasted three days, had thinned the ranks of both sides by about 6,000 men; during their retreat, the French lost another 12,000.

Thus ended the battle of the Trebbia.

Even foreign observers with a tendency to search with magnifying-glasses for any mistake made by Suvorov, greatly admired his conduct on this occasion.

Clausewitz wrote: "In conclusion, we have to take into most earnest consideration the influence exercised by the spirit of Suvorov on the events of this day. At every point where he appeared, the allies won decisive victories, even if they possessed no superiority of forces. Melas, on the contrary, was always conscious of weakness and would have been even more so if it had not been for the presence of Suvorov."

This estimate of a high authority who certainly cannot be suspected of any bias in favour of Suvorov was confirmed by the French themselves. According to Moreau, the campaign of the Trebbia was a masterpiece of the military art (*Le sublime de l'art militaire*). Macdonald himself was of the same opinion. In 1807, at a reception in the Tuileries, he indicated to the Russian ambassador the crowd gathered around Napoleon and remarked:

"This crew would never have seen the Tuileries if you had had a second Suvorov."

The Emperor Paul understood nothing of war, but he sent Suvorov his portrait studded with diamonds and a gracious rescript in which he expressed his gratitude for "the glory brought upon his reign" and declared: "Go on beating the French and we will clap our hands to applaud you."

But the Austrians remained dissatisfied. In their attitude towards Suvorov envy and stupidity finally gained the upper hand. The Austrian emperor sent him an ambiguous note containing a hint that the main cause of his successes was "your so often proven good fortune." The field-marshal felt this stab deeply. He wrote with bitterness to the Russian ambassador in Vienna:

"The Austrian Emperor says: it's all your good luck. An asses' head in the army also told me that it was blind luck!" He told those around him that "it was his luck to have no luck, but a misfortune to have no ability."

As a matter of fact Suvorov often meditated on this question of his reputed good luck and decided it with confidence. "Great talent is a piece of luck in a military man," he wrote one day. "Mazarin always asked, when a general was highly praised to him: 'Is he lucky?' Repnin is great, but unlucky, Galitsyn is lucky; choose Galitsyn then, even if he does stammer." Luck is not a matter of chance; luck is the rightful reward of efforts inspired by talent. Such was the profound philosophy of the great Russian general.

THE ITALIAN CAMPAIGN

NOVI

SUVOROV PURSUED THE FRENCH WITH HIS MAIN FORCES FOR A DISTANCE OF 18 miles, but having convinced himself that he would not succeed in overtaking them halted his troops, gave them a day's rest and leaving Ott with a detachment to

continue the pursuit, turned back to face Moreau. From captured dispatches he derived the information that his main adversary was now rendered harmless: "Macdonald's army is now completely defeated; Moreau is trying on something against Count Bellegarde on the Bormida; I am going to treat him as I treated Macdonald," was his summing-up, in a letter to General Kray, of the results of the battle of the Trebbia.

Moreau began his offensive on 17th June. He moved very slowly, intending to keep Suvorov's attention focused on his complicated manoeuvres and thus induce the Russian general to remain stationary at Alessandria. This strategy, however, made no impression and caused Moreau to arrive too late for the battle of the Trebbia. When the French general heard that battle was joined there, he abandoned his plan of crushing Bellegarde's corps, left only a part of his forces to observe it, and with the rest hurried to the assistance of Macdonald, but the news of the loss of the battle made him suspend his advance and return to the Riviera. Desiring, however, to relieve the pressure on Macdonald, he halted his forces on the Bormida until 25th June and spread reports that he intended to march on Turin. In order to provide confirmation of this, he undertook a few demonstrations. In all this he counted on the defective reconnaissance of the allies and the excessive attention paid by Suvorov to rumours and demonstrations.

"I was quite convinced that my pretended invasion of Piedmont would perturb Suvorov, because this general, whom, by the way, I put on a level with Napoleon, had as his one weakness that he too easily credited any movement devised by me to deceive him," Moreau said later in connection with this episode.

Meanwhile Suvorov had already of his own accord come to the conclusion that it would be advisable to turn against Moreau; but failing in spite of forced marches to come up with him (for which Suvorov called Moreau "the general of glorious retreats"), again returned to the idea of an offensive against the Riviera, when suddenly an order of the Emperor of Austria dated 12th June ordered him "to give up entirely far-reaching and uncertain enterprises" and in another dated 10th June he was commanded "without any further delay to undertake and conclude the siege of Mantua." All the plans made by Suvorov for the strategic exploitation of the victory of the Trebbia were categorically ruled out. "Nor can I permit in any circumstances," wrote the Emperor Francis, "that any of my troops should be employed in liberating Rome and Naples, unless I give specific instructions to that effect."

Now it was not even a Repnin or a Potemkin, but the "*Bestimmtsagers*" detested by Suvorov who thus tied him up hand and foot. The consciousness of his impotence weighed heavily on him and his letters of this period are full of despair.

"The Aulic Council has got me tied up into a tight knot. Had I known how it would be I would have returned home from Vienna in the first place. Two campaigns of the Aulic Council have cost me a month of time, but if it starts playing the generalissimo, a month of such campaigning will cost me all my men. Give me a free hand—or a free discharge. I am in a fever with all this trouble, this correspondence with sceptics and *Bestimmtsagers*, these intrigues. . . . I beg to be recalled. . . . I am not a mercenary, not a hireling, I do not suffer these things for the sake of my bread-and-butter or titles, nor out of ambition or harmful selfishness. . . . I leave the army victorious but I know that without me it would be destroyed . . . this is not an occasion

for tactful words. It is the glory of Russian arms that is being insulted and here a firm will and a strong stand are required."

The instructions of the Aulic Council were often simply farcical. At the very moment when the siege of the citadel of Turin finally culminated in the surrender of Fiorelli, an order came from Vienna to postpone the siege until Genoa had been taken.

"Silly fools!" Suvorov said, and shrugged his shoulders. In his letters to Razumovski he commented ironically on the situation:

"His Imperial Majesty desires that even if I have to give battle to-morrow I should first consult Vienna . . . and by the time I can get a reply from Vienna about my arrival in Verona I am in Milan; by the time I hear from them about Milan I have reached Turin. . . ."

Suvorov chafed and raged. His health, shaken by the vicissitudes of war, deteriorated more and more owing to the constant irritation caused by the endless friction with the Austrians.

The insolence of Vienna assumed wider and wider scope. Suvorov was ordered to inform Melas of all his arrangements and not to undertake any operation of any importance without the preliminary consent of the Austrian Emperor.

Losing all patience, beside himself with fury, Suvorov sent in his resignation at the beginning of July. "The timidity of the Viennese cabinet, its jealousy of me as a foreigner, the intrigues of the various double-dealing commanders . . . my lack of powers to carry out independent operations compel me to ask for my recall, should these things remain unchanged. . . ."

After this, Paul made certain representations in Vienna but in so indecisive a form that practically nothing was changed. The tone of the instructions sent to Suvorov from Vienna grew more and more peremptory and even menacing. In a rescript dated 3rd August, the Emperor Franz unceremoniously reminded Suvorov that, as his services had been put at his own disposal, he "hoped that the field-marshal would obey his orders implicitly."

Thus Suvorov was forced to waste precious time in purposeless and tormenting arguments. Two circumstances slightly eased his position: the arrival from Russia of 10,000 men under Rebinder and the surrender of Mantua on 28th July.

In 1796, Mantua had for several months checked the brilliant début of Bonaparte; as a result of this the idea had become firmly established that the conquest of Mantua was tantamount to the conquest of northern Italy. Suvorov did not share this view—both because he regarded all fortresses as being of only secondary importance as compared with manpower and because he did not think Mantua as strong as it was made out to be.

"Why did Bonaparte have to lie and make out Mantua to be so very strong?" Suvorov remarked one day. "Because he wanted to lend colour to his boasting and cover up his mistakes. A fortress which he could take in so short a time and with so little effort does not deserve such a high-sounding name."

In Petersburg and Vienna, however, the capture of Mantua was considered equivalent to the conquest of all northern Italy. Paul made Suvorov a "*knyaz*" (prince) "in acknowledgment of his services in the recent war." The Austrians secretly planned to transfer the Russian forces to Switzerland, where Masséna was wreaking havoc among the Austrians.

Suvorov regarded the situation in a totally different light. "Mantua was a main objective from the beginning," he wrote to Razumovski, "but its value

was not great enough to make up for missing the best season for the campaign." He was gratified at the fall of Mantua mainly because it released the 30,000 men of the besieging army under Kray and rendered possible the renewal of mobile operations. He foresaw that his energetic adversaries, who had been weakened but not destroyed, would still cause trouble enough—and in this he was not mistaken.

Suvorov's enforced inactivity was taken full advantage of by the French. Macdonald reached Genoa and joined Moreau. A new commander-in-chief, the energetic thirty-five-year-old Joubert, arrived from France with reinforcements. Idolised by his soldiers, characterised by Bonaparte as "a Grenadier in courage and a general in ability," Joubert left for Italy immediately after his marriage, having sworn to his bride that he would return as victor or not at all. Moreau surrendered his command to Joubert with good grace and offered to act as adviser to him, the new commander-in-chief. Joubert, a personal friend of Moreau, gladly accepted this co-operation.

Although the French army numbered only 45,000 men in all, Joubert decided to take the offensive. He chose for his immediate object the relief of Mantua, the surrender of the fortress not being as yet known in France.

Joubert's appearance in the theatre of action coincided with the feverish efforts made by Suvorov to overcome the reluctance of the Austrians to advance on the Riviera. How deeply these negotiations and the pen-and-ink war against his own allies affected the Russian general can be appreciated by reading this fragment of one of his letters to Melas: "I conjure Your Excellency by your devotion to his Imperial Majesty, I conjure you by your own zeal for the common cause, to make use of all your powers, gather all your forces in order to complete in absolutely not more than ten days all your preparations for the projected offensive against the Genoese Riviera. Dispatch is now the greatest of virtues; delay an unforgivable sin."

The French offensive cut the Gordian knot of these humiliating negotiations.

In compliance with Suvorov's orders his vanguard did not try to interfere with the enemy's movements; the field-marshal wanted to lure the French down from the mountains to the plain and crush them there with his numerous cavalry and artillery.

On the 2nd August, 1799, he issued an order of the day: "Advance patrols are to attempt to obtain reliable information about the enemy but should withdraw before superior numbers, for no reinforcements can be expected from the main army seeing that our aim is to lure the enemy out into the plains."

This order of Suvorov is notable for the reason that the proposed manœuvre, a feint withdrawal, was almost unknown at that time. No longer attaching any credence to unconfirmed rumours, he skilfully disposed his forces so that they could easily be moved to any point which Joubert's army might threaten.

By 14th August the two armies had approached so close to each other that a clash became inevitable. The French numbered about 35,000 men, the allied forces about 45,000-50,000. For the third and last time in his life, Suvorov had numerical superiority on his side. He could not refrain from indulging in a little psychology most characteristic of him: intuitively understanding that Joubert would not in any circumstances retreat, so as not to discourage his enthusiastic army and destroy their confidence in him, Suvorov disposed his forces in the plain of Novi in such a manner that the French could count them man for man. The result was as he had expected: having convinced himself of the considerable numerical superiority of the allies, Joubert, who until then

had not doubted his own victory for an instant, was much disheartened and called a council of war, which almost unanimously advised him to retire to Genoa. But such a solution seemed shameful to the French commander-in-chief; besides, it was a risky business to attempt a retreat within reach of such a strong opponent. He put off his decision until the morning, but at dawn received a report that the allies had begun their attack.

The orders prepared by Suvorov for the battle of Novi have not come down to us. Military authorities disagree about his actual plan. Most of them believe that he intended to direct his main blow at the French left flank; others think that his attack here was merely a demonstration. It was difficult to foresee in any case how the French would react: their positions were well concealed by the ground, which was cut up by ravines and vineyards and favoured defence. "Their line at Novi was obviously strong against frontal attack, and here it was necessary to assail it with concentrated forces," wrote Clausewitz. Suvorov hoped that the impulsive Joubert would be drawn into a pursuit and would venture down into the plain. Possibly this calculation would have proved correct but for an unforeseen circumstance which upset the plans of our expert in military psychology. At the sound of the first shot, Joubert hurried to the front line and was killed by a chance bullet as he was studying the plan of attack.

"Marchez! Marchez toujours!" was all he had time to whisper.

His death was kept secret from the army. Moreau took over command. Having reinforced his left wing by the Saint-Cyr division, he repulsed the attack of the Austrians, but categorically prohibited all pursuit.

"Moreau understands me and I am glad that I am dealing with an intelligent general," Suvorov said of his opponent.

His plan was now taking shape: it was to lure more enemy forces away from the centre to the left flank and then taking advantage of this, to break through the centre and storm the town of Novi. The attack on Novi was entrusted to the Russian troops under Bagration and Miloradovich.

General Kray renewed his attack on the enemy left wing and insistently demanded that Bagration, too, should throw his forces into action. But Bagration, who evidently knew the plans of the generalissimo, only marked time on the pretext of absence of orders. Kray repeatedly sent messengers to Suvorov but the orderlies were unable to deliver his messages; the field-marshal wrapped himself in his cloak and pretended to be asleep and his aides permitted no one to wake him. At 9 a.m. Kray was repulsed a second time. Only when he thought that the French had switched sufficient forces to their left wing did Suvorov jump to his feet and give the word for the attack on Novi.

Bagration knew the terrain well as he had been over it twice before. Taking advantage of all the cover available he reached the town limits with his troops despite the lively fire of the French, but here the stone walls on which the fire of the light Russian guns made no impression brought the attack to a standstill. Bagration now turned Novi from the west but was met by volleys of grape-shot at point-blank range, followed by a French counter-attack.

The Russian battalions broke ranks and were ordered back under the protection of Cossack cavalry. A second attack was also repulsed, Suvorov sent Derfelden's division, which had come up with exceptional speed, to reinforce Bagration's troops and ordered them to attack a third time. The heat was terrible. Men with slight wounds died of exposure to the sun. Yet the soldiers went forward to the charge with unprecedented fury. "The soldiers

seemed beside themselves with blind courage and went forward under the deadly fire of the guns, apparently without noticing the strength of the enemy positions; they despised inevitable death and there was no possibility of holding them back," Suvorov reported in his account of the battle.

This was the most stubborn battle he had ever had occasion to see. Even at the Trebbia the fighting had not been so inhumanly bitter and obstinate as it was here. The dispositions of Gardanne, commander of the Novi garrison, were a model of active defensive tactics; deadly fire followed by short counter-blows checked the Russian attack time and again. The soldiers of the republic fought with admirable courage. Moreau was present at every critical point; his horse was killed under him; a bullet pierced his uniform.

Suvorov was under fire all the time. Death hovered over his grey head. He accompanied each unit into action, directed its advance and then joined the battalions flooding back from the invincible walls of Novi and persuaded them to return to the attack.

"Back, lads, and give it to them!" he shouted, and at the sound of his voice these tortured men, their lips split with the heat, covered all over with blood and sweat, once more formed up in battle order and turned back towards Novi. "No stopping, hurry up, stab with the bayonet, hit out with the butt. . . . Go on, cut and thrust, as you must!"

But it was all in vain. Moreau had switched forces to the left wing, but from his right wing and not from his centre. The severe losses of the attackers reduced their numbers to the level of the defenders and the strength of the French positions thus gave them an advantage.

Suvorov was a terrible sight to see. It was not that he feared defeat, but the unprecedented failure of his "wonder-heroes" fighting under his personal leadership was in his eyes a disgrace almost amounting to infamy. His face was distorted, he tore his clothes, rolled on the ground, shouted that he would not survive this day. Officers arriving with reports and seeing him in this condition, leapt into their saddles and galloped back to their units; on reaching them, they shouted only two words: "Attack! Conquer!" and the desperate resolution of the general spread through them to the whole army.

The third attack, like the first two, was beaten off. The soldiers spoke of their opponents with a mixture of surprise and admiration. It was one o'clock in the afternoon. The fighting died down all along the line. Parched with thirst, exhausted beyond endurance, the men sought some sort of shelter from the scorching rays of the sun.

Suvorov, sitting in a tent erected for him, was thinking of the results of the nine hours of fighting. The courage of the French and the advantages of their positions permitted them to beat off all attacks. But the latest phase of the battle showed that Moreau had already thrown all his forces into the fight while Suvorov still had considerable reserves: the corps commanded by Melas and by Rosenberg. He had saved them up for the decisive moment when they would tip the scales to the advantage of the allies. That moment was now approaching.

Melas was ordered to attack the right wing of the French army. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon a simultaneous advance began along the whole line. Forty-six thousand men were in action on the allied side. This time the balance of forces was too unequal. Melas was the first to achieve a success on the weakened French right and began to push forward in the rear of Novi. Saint-Cyr rushed to the rescue and by a heroic effort held up the Austrians but all he could do was

to cover the retreat of the main French army: the troops commanded by Bagration and Derfelden had at last fought their way into Novi. At six in the afternoon the French began to withdraw, but too late. Moreau had made a mistake: under the impression of the successful action of his troops in the first half of the day, he had not used the respite to withdraw his army and now it was impossible to effect an ordered retreat. The left wing of the French fell back towards the village of Pasturana but the Russians were already advancing in that direction from Novi. The retreating Frenchmen packed the narrow streets of the village and at this moment a small Austrian detachment climbed a neighbouring height and opened rapid fire on the dense crowds below. As if this were a signal, the Frenchmen scattered, seeking safety as best they could. General Grouchy, who with one battalion tried to put up some sort of resistance, was wounded and captured. Only the division of Saint-Cyr withdrew in comparative order. The other regiments fled, throwing away their weapons and hiding among the bushes or in the deep ravines. Only the advent of darkness prevented the complete extermination of the fugitives.

Suvorov gave his exhausted troops a rest and sent Rosenberg's fresh detachments to pursue the enemy. All the French guns, most of the baggage train and four standards fell into the hands of the allies. The latter's losses amounted to 8,000 men: the French lost 6,500 men in the battle but another 4,000 were captured during the retreat and many more were dispersed all over the countryside. The French army was reduced to not more than half of its former strength.

Many years later someone asked Moreau what he had thought of Suvorov at Novi.

"What can I say," Moreau replied, "of a general who is resolute to so superhuman a degree, and who would perish himself and let his army perish to the last man rather than retreat a single pace?"

In his book about the campaign of 1799 Clausewitz made this comment on Suvorov's actions at Novi:

"At Novi the expediency of a gradual employment of available force was demonstrated with particular clarity: at 5 a.m. Kray; at 9 a.m. Bagration; at 2 p.m. Melas. The Russians could not otherwise have fought for nine hours on end in such trying conditions."

Suvorov, seeing the end of the sanguinary battle, employed the rest of the evening in restraining the troops from committing acts of violence against the civilian population of Novi. Then he went to the quarters prepared for him and catching sight of Fuchs, who had come to write the description of the battle, received him with these words:

"Glory be, the fight is over,
Be you my trumpet-blower!"

By all accounts he was very proud of this impromptu couplet.

The strategic results of Novi were not great: the allies hardly pursued Moreau at all, and he was able to rally the remnants of his forces and again occupy the passes through the Apennines. Suvorov's rule that a beaten enemy should be pursued without respite because "a forest imperfectly cut down will grow again" was not observed at all on this occasion. The Austrian military experts piled up a whole mountain of accusations against the Russian general on this account, although it was the Austrians themselves who were mainly to blame for the slackness of the pursuit. The day after the battle

Melas informed Suvorov that the army had only sufficient bread supplies for two days. It was impossible to obtain food in the Apennines and even more impossible to move to the Riviera with only two days' supply of bread. On top of it all the Austrians declared that there were no mules available for the transport of food.

Controlling his anger, Suvorov arranged for mules and food supplies to be procured as quickly as possible and announced that further offensive operations would be postponed for a few days. He ordered the Austrian general Klenau to advance towards Genoa along the coast. The capture of Genoa ought not to have presented any particular difficulty: it was blockaded by the English fleet and its inhabitants resented the French occupation.

But Suvorov had reckoned without his host. The Aulic Council countermanded his arrangements, ordering Klenau to stay where he was and to undertake nothing until the arrival of further instructions from Vienna. (Melas imagined that Suvorov intended to take Genoa for Russia and had sent Thugut a report to this effect). At the same time the Aulic Council issued another batch of directives for the army. Informing Suvorov of all this, Melas wrote with open insolence: "As the above-mentioned all-highest commands must be complied with without delay, I have already announced them to those concerned and made the requisite arrangements." Thus Melas merely brought to the notice of the generalissimo for his information highly important arrangements made in the army Suvorov was supposed to command. It was impossible to go further.

The day after Novi Suvorov, seeing he must inevitably stop the pursuit, wrote to Rastopchin: "After a very bloody battle we won a victory; but for all that I am not content. The orders being sent out every minute by the Aulic Council are undermining my health. I cannot continue to serve here."

The subsequent proceedings of the Austrians finally brought his cup to overflowing. He sent a copy of Melas' above-mentioned letter to St. Petersburg, complained bitterly that "they want to direct operations from 600 miles away, not knowing that a change in all dispositions may be required on the spot any minute" and firmly declared that "soon I will have to seek a refuge in a cottage or a coffin."

This time Paul understood that a situation had been created which was both absurd and intolerable. He gave orders to notify Vienna that if its attitude towards Suvorov was not changed, the field-marshal would be empowered to act at his discretion without consideration for the wishes of the Austrians.

But the policy pursued by Vienna towards Suvorov was part and parcel of the general policy of the Austrian cabinet. Shortly before this incident, Paul had prevented Austria from acquiring territory in southern Germany. Now he was regarding with disfavour the efforts of Vienna to take possession of certain provinces in Italy. Wrapped up in his idea of "saving Europe from the French," Paul obstinately refused to see that with the hands of his Russian soldiers he was merely turning into reality the rapacious aspirations of Austria. When he later began to oppose Vienna, the Austrian ambassador in St. Petersburg was told from home that "in serving the common cause, the Russian Emperor was not serving the House of Austria." Now Russia was beginning to be regarded as the main obstacle to the fulfilment of Austrian plans in the Italy conquered by Suvorov.

This hostility towards the Russian field-marshal was merely a link in the whole chain of incipient intrigues against Russia. What is more, the presence

of a Russian army in Italy was proving most unwelcome to the Austrians. They wanted to be left alone with the Italian people. Hence the plan to transfer Suvorov to Switzerland.

According to this plan, the Austrian army of 60,000 commanded by the Archduke Charles was to be transferred to the Rhine, where the French had only insignificant forces in the field. Suvorov was to join in Switzerland the Russian corps of 27,000 men commanded by Rimski-Korsakov, and his task would be to oppose there a French army of 80,000 men commanded by Masséna, which had already given the Austrians a bad mauling.

The plan was worthy of its author, Thugut: Italy would thus be left completely at the mercy of Austria; the Austrian troops would be withdrawn to a quiet sector of the theatre of war; the formidable Masséna would be opposed by Russian troops: and whichever of them won, both would be weakened and Austria would be benefited either way.

The Austrians obtained the consent of Paul to this plan without particular difficulty. "My heart is heavy about all these happenings which frustrate our efforts to save Europe," the gullible and bewildered Emperor wrote to Suvorov, "but who is to blame?" This rhetorical question was of course left unanswered. Foreseeing that it would not be so easy to come to an understanding with Suvorov, the Austrians presented him with a *fait accompli*: informing him of the new disposition of forces, the Aulic Council added that he would have to hurry as the Archduke had already begun to withdraw his forces from Switzerland.

Suvorov was thunderstruck. The political aspect of the matter may still have escaped him, but the purely military difficulties were obvious. It was imperative at least to make some preparations for this new campaign and procure the supplies required for a mountain war: mountain artillery, pontoons and munitions; also the Russian troops were not used to the conditions of alpine warfare nor was there anyone among them who knew the country.

"Has this owl lost his reason, or has he never had any?" he wrote indignantly, meaning Thugut.

"The giant Thugut, who by his defensive tactics lost the Netherlands, Switzerland, the fortresses on the Rhine and Italy," he wrote on another occasion, "had left as his only laurel Campoformio, where he bent the knee to Bonaparte. Just as by the sole help of God I had begun to get things into shape again, he and his stupid system put a French noose round my neck by means of the Archduke Charles." Kolychev, the new Russian ambassador in Vienna, received dispatch after dispatch from Suvorov protesting against the transfer of his army to Switzerland and the opening of the new Austrian front on the Rhine.

"Baron Thugut, not being a son of Mars, may not understand. . . . Thugut should cease to be, or the cloak of stupidity and unreason should be torn from him. The malicious designs of Thugut are becoming more and more evident."

But there was nothing to be done. True, the Archduke left 20,000 men in Switzerland under the command of General Hotze for the time being, but even so Masséna had a twofold superiority of numbers. Knowing the energy of the French, Suvorov never doubted that the French commander-in-chief would do his best to exploit the advantage thus afforded him. "Although I fear nothing on earth," Suvorov wrote, "I will say this: my troops can do little against the danger from Masséna and that too late." But it was necessary to hurry to

the assistance of Rimski-Korsakov. With a heavy heart he made his arrangement for the campaign.

"In September followed the campaign of Suvorov in which, according to the vivid and picturesque expression of this old soldier, the Russian bayonet cut through the Alps," wrote Engels.

THE SWISS CAMPAIGN

IN THE WHOLE MILITARY HISTORY OF THE HUMAN RACE THERE ARE FEW EPISODES more dramatic than Suvorov's Swiss campaign. Everything combined to make it so: icy cold, impassable mountains and bottomless chasms; a vigorous enemy greatly superior in numbers; lack of food and clothing; lack of ammunition; an unknown country and the strangeness of mountain conditions; finally the treacherous policy of Austria; a fateful combination of circumstances which upset all calculations; some unlucky star which darkened the first steps of the army and pursued it to the end of the campaign. Yet in spite of all this, Suvorov's army did not melt away, did not perish, but broke through even this encirclement; the general shared all hardships with his soldiers and the soldiers displayed such heroic fortitude, such hardihood, that their appalling march through a closely locked ring of enemies amazed all Europe.

"In Vienna your last wonderful achievement has been deemed worthy of the name of '*une belle retraite*'; had they been capable of such 'retreats' they would have conquered the whole universe long ago," Rastopchin wrote to Suvorov. The man facing the Russians in Switzerland, Masséna, later one of Napoleon's ablest marshals, said with envy that he would gladly have exchanged all his victories for the one Swiss campaign of Suvorov.

The field-marshal did his utmost to obtain a postponement of a campaign unjustified by strategic requirements and for which the Russian troops were utterly unprepared. But when all his efforts proved futile he immediately set himself to work out a plan for the new operation.

Rimski-Korsakov's corps occupied positions near Zürich along the river Limat; Hotze's corps held a line along the river Linth and around the Lake of Wallenstadt; at Sargans and further up towards Disentis were Austrian detachments commanded by Jelasich and Linken. After the withdrawal of the Archduke Charles' forces all these troops together (45,000 men) only slightly exceeded half of the French effectives. The arrival of Suvorov with 20,000 Russian soldiers redressed to some extent the allied inferiority in numbers and the quality of the Russian soldiers and the prestige of their general roused hopes of a successful campaign.

To cross the Alps from Italy to Switzerland Suvorov had a choice of several routes: he could make for the valley of the Upper Rhine to join Linken and move on through Chur and Sargans to join Jelasich and Hotze. The length of this route from the town of Taverno to the junction with Hotze was 102 miles.

Another route lay through the St. Gotthard pass into the valley of the Reuss as far as the town of Altdorf and from there to Schwyz for a junction with Rimski-Korsakov and to Glarus for a junction with Hotze. This route was advantageous in so far as it involved a march of only 81 miles from Taverno to Schwyz, and what was more important, the occupation of Schwyz would bring Suvorov on to the flank and rear of Masséna's main forces.

True, the more circuitous route to Chur was easier so far as local conditions

were concerned and any enemy forces encountered here would probably be only small. But quite apart from the fact that the very nature of his military genius made him incline towards the vigorous second alternative, Suvorov was afraid that while he was on the march along this route, Masséna might defeat the troops of Rimski-Korsakov and Hotze. "The first principle of the art of war," he wrote to Hotze, "is to assail the enemy at his most sensitive spot and not to approach him slowly, creeping timidly along roundabout roads, for in this manner the attack itself becomes too difficult. The issue can be settled only by a bold and direct thrust." As for the difficulties of the road, Suvorov had no clear conception of these, as he had never been in that district; but his faith in his Russian soldiers was unbounded; he was convinced that they would overcome all difficulties and that once again they would make the impossible possible. He also knew that the French had traversed the St. Gotthard pass not long before.

The plan was risky enough in itself, but the Austrians made it even more risky. Suvorov was so perturbed by his complete ignorance of the conditions in the new theatre of war that he sent an outline of his plan to Hotze for his views and at the same time asked that a few Austrian staff officers well acquainted with the country should be put at his disposal. Soon nine officers arrived headed by Colonel Weirother, who immediately took upon himself the function of strategic factotum. Hotze's reply reached Suvorov only after the army had moved off. The Austrian general concurred in the plan of campaign but suggested a number of changes: the junction with his force should be made not at Glarus but at Einsiedeln and Schwyz whither he intended to transfer his force together with 5,000 men of Rimski-Korsakov's corps, and the troops commanded by Jelasich and Linken. Relying on Hotze's knowledge of Switzerland, Suvorov accepted these changes and told Weirother to draw up a final disposition.

The proposed changes greatly increased the difficulties of the plan: the junction of various columns converging from distant points was difficult to synchronise owing to local conditions; in addition, the whole project seemed to take for granted the complete passivity of a powerful hostile army under whose eyes all these manoeuvres were to be carried out.

But however risky and difficult the plan of campaign may have been, the indomitable resolution of the general and the valour of his soldiers could make up for all its defects. The Swiss campaign might well have had a very different ending had there not been a further series of unlucky accidents.

The Austrians gave Suvorov incorrect information regarding the position and numbers of the French; Hotze wrote that Masséna had only 60,000 men, when in reality he had 84,000.

What was worse, the whole plan, it was soon discovered, was based on complete ignorance of the topography of the region in question: Hotze stated that a path led from Altdorf along the shore of the Lake of Lucerne into the canton of Schwyz; and the dispositions of Weirother laid down in accordance with this that "the column was to set out from Altdorf to Schwyz and march 14 miles the same evening." In reality there was no land route from Altdorf to Schwyz at all. Altdorf was the end of a blind alley and traffic with Schwyz was maintained exclusively by way of the Lake of Lucerne, at that time completely dominated by a French flotilla. This fact turned the whole plan into an unnecessary and dangerous gamble.

If Suvorov can be blamed for not verifying his information with sufficient

care, the conduct of the Austrians, who had been waging war in Switzerland for a long time, was sheer treachery. Baron Grimm knew what he was talking about when he wrote to Vorontsov, Russian ambassador in London: "I don't know how all this is going to end and what is going to happen to us, but I ask: how much does the French Government pay for all this and to whom?"

And yet it is safe to assume that despite the questionable strategic plan and the gross mistakes contained in it, Suvorov's "wonder-heroes" might and should have triumphed over the fierce enemy, treacherous ally and Alpine precipice alike. The study of the short-lived yet eventful Swiss campaign gives sufficient ground for such an assumption. That they failed in this, that the object of the campaign could not be attained and that the army was compelled to fight its way through an encirclement with the greatest difficulty, was due to new adverse factors and fresh misfortunes which beset the path of the Russian army.

Suvorov's proverbial "good luck" had this time most certainly deserted the unfortunate general, betrayed alike by his allies and his own sovereign. There was a deeper reason behind all this. It was impossible for the war of 1799 to end in a victory for Suvorov. His genius and the admirable military qualities of the soldiers he led and inspired were still able to turn the fortune of war in his favour more than once. But behind Suvorov stood the Austrian and Russian monarchies, heavy-handed reactionary régimes, which were inevitably to prove powerless in the end against the ideas of the French bourgeois revolution and the economic changes they brought about. True, this was no longer the peak period of the revolution. In suppressing it, the Napoleonic government "preserved only those results of the revolution which were to the advantage of the upper bourgeoisie." (Stalin). But in spite of this the disinherited masses still imagined that the French soldiers carried the watchword: "Peace to the cottages, war to the palaces," on the points of their bayonets.

It was in this that the strength of the republican armies lay; this gave them their superiority over Suvorov, who although struggling in the bonds of a feudal régime was yet closely bound up with it. Only when the French banners finally ceased to be the focal point of universal hopes and the military power of France was turned in the eyes of the whole world from the championship of a new and better social order into a taskmaster for other nations and when the arrogant conqueror presumed to bend the mighty Russian people to his yoke—only then were the conditions ripe for the overthrow of Napoleon.

In addition, the scene of the struggle in 1799 was a distant theatre of war. It did not as yet threaten the heart of Russia or her national independence. When the lad whom Suvorov wanted "to take down a peg" attacked Russia in 1812, the great school of military leaders created by Suvorov (Kutuzov, Bagra-tion and others) supported by the people's love of their country, crushed Bonaparte so completely and so absolutely as to bring about the collapse of his empire.

Hence it is not surprising that Suvorov did not succeed in occupying Paris. What is surprising is that he fought the republicans with such success, although he commanded men who were not inspired by their own class ideas or interests, who in their own beloved country were serfs without any rights at all, in whom he yet succeeded in kindling such military ardour and such confidence in him that they proved a fair match for their opponents.

Of the French fortresses still holding out in Italy, the strongest was Tortona. The defeat of the French at Novi deprived the garrison of this fortress of practically all hope of relief. And yet Tortona did not surrender. The siege

dragged on and Suvorov in his impatience was preparing to take it by storm when its commander proposed an armistice of twenty days with the stipulation that if by the end of this term the French army had not arrived to the relief of Tortona, the fortress would accept honourable capitulation. Suvorov knew that the breaching of the thick casemated works of the fortress would hardly take up less time and desiring to avoid losses in men, he agreed to the French proposal. The convention was signed on 22nd August.

The Swiss campaign being now a certainty, Suvorov decided not to waste any more time at Tortona. Three days before the convention was due to expire, i.e., on 7th September, the Russian troops set out for the St. Gotthard. The same day the columns of the French army hastening to the relief of Tortona were sighted and although the Italian front was now held exclusively by the Austrians and although the Austrians in Switzerland had given an example of treachery, Suvorov turned back without a moment's hesitation. When Moreau saw the returning Russian forces, he withdrew into the mountains and Tortona capitulated on the stipulated day. But the Russians had lost several days, and instead of setting out on the 7th, they did not finally march north until the 10th. These three days were utilised by Masséna in the best possible manner.

The French commander-in-chief's plan was to defeat Rimski-Korsakov and Hotze before the arrival of Suvorov, and the latter was perfectly aware of this. He already knew that he was dealing with a determined opponent who never missed a favourable opportunity. Suvorov now no longer repeated the spiteful aphorism of Kant which at one time he had liked so well: "Every Frenchman is a born dancing-master." He had a healthy respect for the vigour and daring of the French and hence he was well aware of the danger threatening the allied forces in Switzerland. In one letter written in August from Asti, he wrote: "I can't guarantee how I shall batter my way past a powerful opponent with only 12,000 men. Up there are 33,000 allied troops; it would be a good thing if they could be brought up to 60,000 at least. What I really need there are a good 100,000 all told."

His chivalrous return to Tortona having cost him three days, Suvorov decided to make up for lost time by marching faster. In five days his troops advanced 100 miles and arrived at Taverno, a town at the foot of the Swiss Alps. According to an arrangement with Melas, the Russians were to have picked up here food supplies sufficient for twelve days, together with 1,430 mules for the transport of baggage and artillery in the mountains. The Austrians, however, had not prepared either the food or the mules.

Suvorov was beside himself with fury. "There are no mules and no horses, but there is Thugut, and mountains and precipices," he wrote to Rastopchin and added with bitter irony, "pity I am not a landscape painter." He sent couriers to Melas, to Paul, to the Austrian Emperor; he waxed indignant at the "ambiguous, disgraceful false promises" of his allies, raged that "Thugut was everywhere and Hotze nowhere." The idea grew ever stronger in his mind that, as he expressed it six months later to Fuchs, "he had been driven to Switzerland in order to be destroyed there."

He also heard rumours of bribery, rumours which, as we have seen, appeared well substantiated to Grimm. In one of Suvorov's letters we find this significant passage: "The French are boasting that I shall not be here long; they will see to that by bribery in Vienna. Quite true, there are plenty of Jacobins among my *Bestimmisagers* even here." This letter was sent from Italy shortly before his start for Switzerland.

But Suvorov was the kind of man who would courageously drink his cup to the dregs. It never occurred to him that he might abandon the campaign. He made use of every possible expedient and in four days obtained a few hundred mules from the Austrians. In place of the mules which were missing, they used Cossack ponies for loading the baggage and set out again on 21st September.

Thus five more days had been lost to no purpose: from 15th September to 20th September. As events showed, this loss was irremediable: Masséna succeeded in achieving his purpose.

One column under Derfelden was to march directly by way of the St. Gotthard, another under Rosenberg was diverted to Disentis to avoid the Gotthard.

Suvorov himself was with Derfelden's corps, riding a sorrel Cossack mare, protected from the icy wind only by a thin cloth cloak which the soldiers for some reason or other called an "heirloom," although in fact it had been made for Suvorov in Kherson, and wearing a round wide-brimmed hat much too light for the season. At his side rode Antonio Gamma, a sixty-five-year-old native of Switzerland. The field-marshal had stayed in this man's house in Taverno and had so fascinated the old man that he had left his family to go with the Russians. Suvorov had not exerted his charm in vain: during the whole ill-starred campaign Gamma rendered excellent services as guide and interpreter.

The weather was consistently bad. "The rain came down in torrents, a cutting wind blew from the mountains right through a man," one of the participants said of the march. Often they had to ford torrents, wading waist-deep in icy water. The French infantry was equipped with special boots fitted with spikes, but needless to say the Austrians had not provided anything of the kind for the Russians. The soldiers, unaccustomed to mountain roads and burdened with heavy packs, suffered greatly from the strain. In three days they advanced 50 miles, but men and beasts were as exhausted as if they had gone much further.

Near the village of Airolo they came upon the forward posts of the enemy. There were only about 9,000 Frenchmen here—half the number of the Russians—but their better positions and their knowledge of the country gave them a great advantage.

The soldiers surveyed with some alarm the grim mountains surrounding them, the stony slopes, the deep chasms down which mountain torrents thundered.

Although a frontal attack on the St. Gotthard was an enterprise of exceptional difficulty it was impossible for Suvorov to wait passively for the results of the wide outflanking movement in which Rosenberg was engaged. He feared that Rosenberg, if left to his own resources, would be held up. The fact was that Suvorov himself lacked his usual confidence—he was obviously nervous and well aware of the strain to which his soldiers were subjected.

On the morning of 24th September, Suvorov made a frontal assault on the St. Gotthard. The troops were divided into three columns, two of which were to make an outflanking movement. Scrambling up the steep, almost perpendicular rocks, Bagration's column turned the French left. Retreating, the French occupied an even stronger position than before. Lurking in ravines, finding cover behind rocks, they could pick off at will the Russian soldiers who were slowly climbing up the steep crags. Two Russian attacks were beaten off with severe losses. Although it was only four in the afternoon, evening mists were already covering the gloomy mountains. It was impossible to remain for the night in such an insecure position, without news of Rosenberg or of Bagra-

tion, who had been sent out to attempt a fresh outflanking movement. Suvorov ordered his men forward against the pass a third time.

The Russian troops once more faced a hail of bullets, but at this moment the vanguard of the outflanking corps under Bagration appeared on the snowy heights. The French hurriedly withdrew and the pass was occupied by the Russians.

The Russians lost 2,000 men that day. According to many military authors this was an unnecessary sacrifice, as the movement of Rosenberg towards the rear of the French would, in any case, have forced them to withdraw. The objection is quite justified, but it does not take into account the fact that Suvorov could not be certain of Rosenberg's success, and every hour was precious to his army.

Rosenberg's corps, having overcome colossal difficulties, carried out its outflanking move safely, but then its commander made a serious mistake: instead of immediately occupying the village of Urseren in the rear of the French—a move which would have forced the troops holding the St. Gotthard to surrender—Rosenberg delayed and let them get away.

In spite of this, the fighting début of the Russian soldiers in mountain warfare was not unsuccessful: in the course of a single day they had thrown an energetic, much better-equipped opponent out of exceptionally strong positions.

It seemed that the road to the Lake of Lucerne was now open. At least this was what Suvorov thought, and at 11 p.m. he sent a message to Rimski-Korsakov and Hotze: "Despite the delay I expect to be in Altdorf to-morrow." But it was not to be: Lecourbe, a daring and gifted general commanding a French division, carried out an unexpected and audacious manoeuvre. He threw his guns into the river, moved during the night across the wild crest of the Wertzberg, crossed the trackless mountain at 8,000 feet, came down to the village of Goeschenen in the morning and again barred the way to Suvorov.

The day after the occupation of the St. Gotthard, the corps of Derfelden and Rosenberg united and continued their advance towards Altdorf. 1,000 yards from the village of Urseren the road was obstructed by enormous projecting rocks. Through this natural barrier a narrow, low passage was cut, called the Gap of Urseren; the passage was eighty paces in length and so narrow that two men with packs could not pass abreast. As the road emerged, it steeply wound round the mountain and a few paces further ended at the bank of the river Reuss. The river here was a raging, frothing torrent which filled the air with its roar. It was spanned at a height of 75 feet by a flimsy arch which vibrated to the thunder of the river and was always wet with the spray from it. This was the famous Devil's Bridge.

The boldest imagination could not have shaped a more inaccessible position. Lecourbe was so convinced of its impregnability that he did not even destroy the "Devil's Bridge," thinking that he might later find it useful. He posted a detachment at the exit of the Urseren Gap, had a gun placed in the opening itself and concentrated two battalions beyond the bridge, where they had plenty of cover and could remain almost invisible to the Russians and yet keep the narrow path and the arch of the bridge under fire.

When the vanguard of the Russian force under the command of Miloradovich entered the Urseren Gap, they were met by a deadly hail of bullets and grape-shot and gave ground. Suvorov again had recourse to an outflanking movement. Scrambling over smooth rocks at dizzy heights, 300 men under Colonel

Trubnikov penetrated to the rear of the defenders of the Urseren Gap. At the same time 200 Russian fusiliers forded the river Reuss; it was not deep but the stony bottom and the fierce current claimed some victims among them. Seeing that a crossing was possible after all, the field-marshal sent forward another battalion with orders to turn the flank of the Devil's Bridge position in co-operation with the first group of fusiliers.

Seeing Trubnikov's men debouching above their heads, the French feared that they would be cut off and began to withdraw. Miloradovich immediately charged through the Urseren Gap, broke through a spatter of musketry fire, and together with the rapidly descending group of Trubnikov attacked the retreating French, who had barely time to throw their gun into the river; a few of them got across the bridge, but the rest were bayoneted and hurled down the precipice.

The ground in front of the Devil's Bridge was now thronged with thousands of Russian soldiers, but a direct assault on the bridge was impossible. The first bold spirits who tried it were immediately cut down by bullets. The Russians now lay down behind rocks and opened fire on the enemy. Suddenly, the outflanking column which had forded the river appeared among the rocks on the far side of the bridge in the rear of the French; surprised, the latter hurriedly destroyed part of the stone coping on the bridge but then began to withdraw slowly. The arch still remained under fire from the French, but the fire was by no means as deadly as before. A group of Russian soldiers then took to pieces a small barn they found in the vicinity, crawled up to the broken part of the bridge, tied a few beams together with their belts and scarves and laid them across the gap. Major Meshcherski was the first to cross by this unsteady contrivance, but was pierced by a bullet and fell down dead. A Cossack who followed him missed his footing and fell into the seething abyss. But dozens more brave men followed and mutually supporting each other, many of them falling under the enemy's bullets, at last reached the far bank and immediately threw themselves on the French. The Devil's Bridge was forced! Owing to the exceptional energy of the attack and the faulty organisation of the French defences, the Russian losses were not severe, indeed, smaller than those of the French.

By four in the afternoon the bridge had been repaired and Suvorov's whole army had crossed the Reuss and was following the retreating enemy. The winding river had to be crossed again and again, but no longer under such difficult conditions. Lecourbe destroyed the bridges everywhere but could not hold up his pursuers for any length of time. As the Russians approached the Lake of Lucerne, the landscape suddenly changed, the mountains seemed to move apart and the narrow cañon widened into a broad valley; the snow-topped peaks disappeared behind a green crown of forest. The wonderful panorama of the Alps opened up before the eyes of the Russian soldiers. At their feet lay the picturesque town of Altdorf. The men now forgot all the privations they had suffered; they hoped soon to join forces with their comrades-in-arms and then, leaving the unfamiliar mountains behind, led by the genius of their beloved general, they could look forward to the future with confidence.¹

¹ In six days the Russian army had advanced 62 miles, from Taverno to Altdorf. Considering the topography of the country this would have been quite a good performance even for seasoned mountaineers—and the Russians had had to force the St. Gotthard and the Devil's Bridge in addition to the difficulties of the terrain!

Soon, however, they were to be undeceived and learn the appalling truth that the St. Gotthard road ended a little beyond Altdorf, that the lake was patrolled by French vessels and that there was no land road leading into Schwyz with the exception of two narrow paths running across the snowy crest of the Rosstock into the valley of Mythen, from where there was a road into Schwyz. In the autumn these paths were regarded as impassable even for experienced Swiss hunters.

There was no sign of the Austrian force under Linken, but there were rumours among the population that a battle had been fought the day before and won by the French. Meanwhile Suvorov's army had been subsisting on chance rations, the baggage having had been unable to keep up with the troops; it was struggling on about 18 miles behind. Lecourbe's light forces had in addition taken part of the baggage train and there was very little food to be found in Altdorf itself. Further, Lecourbe's main force of about 6,000 men was concentrated near the lake of Lucerne on Suvorov's flank and was only waiting for a suitable opportunity to attack him again.

Cut off from their base, lacking food, with miserably insufficient supplies and ammunition, and with the men exhausted and many of them sick, the Russian forces found themselves in a critical position.

By the time the army reached Altdorf, Suvorov himself was very ill. He was tormented by a racking cough; he was in a fever and very weak. But in the enfeebled body in which the spark of life was hardly glowing, the iron will of the hero was as indomitable as ever.

The thought of retreat never entered his head. He was greatly concerned because he was already twenty-four hours behind schedule for the meeting in Schwyz and feared that this delay might spell disaster to Rimski-Korsakov and Hotze. For this reason he gave his weary troops no rest and marched from Altdorf the next morning. Had Suvorov known that Masséna had already routed the two allied corps, he would doubtless have made a different decision and given his long-suffering army a short rest. But he had no reliable information, only dark, confused rumours of the kind which had so often misled him in Italy. Faithful to his duty as commander-in-chief, he decided to force his way through at all cost to join the corps awaiting his arrival.

With this end in view, Suvorov decided to undertake an unprecedented feat. He chose the way over the Rosstock. Only an unbounded confidence in himself and in his soldiers could have prompted such an apparently insane decision.

One can hardly refrain here from comparing Suvorov with Napoleon, who a year later also undertook a passage of the Alps. "Where a stag can pass, a soldier can pass," said Suvorov. "Where a goat can pass a man can pass; where a man can pass, a battalion can pass; where a battalion can pass, an army can pass," said Napoleon.

At five in the morning the vanguard under Prince Bagration began the ascent. The path grew ever steeper and then disappeared altogether. The soldiers climbed up, each for himself, pulling themselves up by the thorny bushes growing there. Slate rubble and slippery loam trickled and slithered under their feet. Then came a patch of soft snow in which the men sank up to their knees. The guns and ammunition boxes had to be dragged along or carried by the men all the way. Horses and mules were continually slipping and falling into the abyss, taking precious stores with them. The passage of the army was marked by the dead bodies of men and animals.

"Every false step cost a life," wrote Milyutin, the chronicler of this astounding

exploit. "Often dark clouds, driving along the slopes, enveloped the column in a dense mist and wrapped it in cold moisture that made the men as wet as if they had been in a torrential rain. Plunged in this grey fog, they continued to climb, groping their way without seeing anything below or above them. Their strength exhausted, they made short halts, rested and again began to climb."

The distance between Altdorf and the village of Mythen is nine miles. Twelve hours after starting on this terrible journey the vanguard of the Russian force passed the crest of the mountain, drove away the surprised French detachment which guarded it and entered the village of Mythen. At this time the rearguard of the army was still in Altdorf, as the path could only be negotiated in single file.

The night was terrible for those who were overtaken by it on the slopes of the mountain. Each man remained until morning on the spot on which he had been when darkness fell. There was no shelter from the wind and snow; wounded and frozen fingers were unable to grip the unreliable handholds. Many a man fell and, slipping down past his comrades, found his death on the sharp crags of the abyss.

Lecourbe attempted to attack the Russian rearguard in Altdorf but was beaten off and did not renew his attempt. It was said that when this daring Frenchman heard that the Russian army had passed over the Rosstock he expressed his admiration and respect for such a feat.

Suvorov immediately sent out a patrol from Mythen. It returned with the fatal news that both Rimski-Korsakov and Hotze were defeated and in full retreat and the valley of Mythen surrounded by overwhelming forces under Masséna.

Thus the army had not only gained nothing by its heroic passage over the Alps, but found itself caught in a death-trap.

Suvorov heard the report with a stony face.

"Hotze!" he cried. "They are used to it, they are for ever being beaten. But Korsakov, Korsakov and his 30,000 men! What a victory for an enemy barely equal in numbers!"

The defeat inflicted on Rimski-Korsakov occurred on the 25th September, the day when Suvorov took the Devil's Bridge by assault. It was the enforced delay in Taverno which had enabled the French to prepare this blow. When Masséna and Mortier threw themselves on the Russians, Korsakov and his second-in-command, General Durasov, completely lost their heads and utter disaster was averted only by the steadiness of the soldiers who, on their own initiative, corrected the mistakes of their commander as best they could. Even so, the battle of Zürich cost the army under Korsakov the greater part of its effective strength in killed and captured, twenty-six guns, nine standards and nearly their whole baggage train. The survivors retreated hurriedly to the Rhine.

The same day French forces under Soult inflicted a complete defeat on Hotze. The Austrians fled in panic and Hotze himself was killed. Linken's corps withdrew from Glarus without giving battle.

Thus, by the time Suvorov reached the Mythen valley, not a single regiment of the allies was left in Switzerland to give him any military assistance or help him with supplies, although he stood in great need of such aid.

A participant of the campaign relates: "There was a great scarcity of food; our biscuits got wet in the bad weather and went mouldy; the local population

was poor and had been already despoiled by the French. . . . We dug for roots in the valley and ate these. . . .

"There was so little meat that necessity forced us to use as food parts of animals the mere aspect of which would have disgusted us at other times. Even the hides of cattle were not excepted: they were cut up into small pieces, the hair burnt off in the fire, the pieces wrapped round ramrods—and thus eaten half raw."

A few thousand weary men, without food, without ammunition, were facing a mighty, fresh army of 80,000 men amidst impassable mountains and in bitterly cold weather. The struggle was hopeless and capitulation seemed the only resource left them.

Masséna himself did not doubt for a moment that the Russian army had no escape and would have to surrender. Riding out from Zürich to Mythen, he told captured Russian officers with a smile that in a few days he would bring their field marshal and Grand Duke to meet them.

Whisperings about an honourable capitulation were heard even among the officers of Suvorov's army. Perhaps there was only one man among them who never envisaged such a possibility—the sick, seventy-year-old field-marshal, burning with fever, who, sitting in a Cossack saddle, shared all privations with his men.

Suvorov's first thought was to advance to Schwyz, where food was available. But common sense prevailed: sooner or later his army of 15,000 men would have been destroyed by Masséna's well-fed, well-equipped divisions. He decided accordingly to break through to Glarus, where he hoped to join Linken, rest his troops and "renew" the campaign. The morale of the troops facing the prospect of new, incredible hardships had to be kept up and an indomitable fighting spirit instilled into them all, from the general to the last private. Suvorov called a council of war for 29th September.

Bagration, who was the first to arrive, found Suvorov in an unusually agitated state of mind. Dressed in his field-marshal's uniform with all his orders and decorations, he paced rapidly up and down. He did not see Bagration, who heard him mutter to himself:

"Parades. . . . Ceremonies. . . . Self-conceit. . . . Turn round and all hats come off. God have mercy. . . . Yes, that too is needed—but at the proper time. . . . What is more needed is to know how to make war. . . . Know how to win. . . . To be beaten is easy. . . . Bring disaster on so many thousand men . . . and what men! . . . In a single day. . . . God have mercy on us. . . ."

Bagration went out quietly, leaving the field-marshal to his troubled thoughts. He seemed to see in his mind's eye the uncanny spectres of all those who were the true masters of his army and through whose fault many thousand Russians were now perishing, and his own glory was being eclipsed.

When all those who had been summoned arrived, Suvorov began to speak. This was no longer the eccentric, whimsical old man they knew. His voice quivered with suppressed emotion, his vigorous words electrified his audience. He gave a brief survey of the Italian campaign, enumerated all the treacherous tricks played on him by the Austrians, outlined their attempts to remove him from Italy. He condemned the too early withdrawal of the Archduke Charles from Switzerland—a move which had led to the defeat of Rimski-Korsakov—and recalled with bitterness the fatal delay of five days in Taverno.

"Now we are among the mountains," he concluded, "surrounded by a much

stronger enemy. What shall we do? To go back would be a disgrace; I have never retreated in my life. To go forward to Schwyz is impossible: Masséna has more than 60,000 men, we less than 20,000. In addition we have no food, no ammunition, no guns. . . . We can look for help to no one. . . . We are on the brink of disaster. . . . Only one hope is left: our trust in God and in the courage and self-sacrifice of my troops. We are Russians! . . ."

His voice broke and he wept without shame.

General Derfelden declared in the name of all those present, that the troops were willing to follow their great general without hesitation wherever he would lead them.

Suvorov recovered his composure. His eyes began to glisten.

"Yes," he said confidently. "We are Russians, we can stand up to anything."

The next day Bagration, with the vanguard, set out in the direction of Glarus, followed by Shveikovski's division. Rosenberg and his corps remained in Mythen to hold in check the enemy who was approaching from Schwyz.

Masséna, who directed operations in person, had a great superiority of numbers, but his attack was unsuccessful. The regiments commanded by Miloradovich and Rebinder, together with Grekov's Cossacks, routed the French and pursued them to a distance of over two miles. At dawn Masséna launched another attack, again without success. The French retreated in disorder, fiercely pursued by Russian infantry. A little river, the Mytha, runs near Mythen. The parapets of a stone bridge spanning the river were broken, so that only the arch of the bridge remained. This accident proved disastrous to the French. The bridge was quickly crowded with fleeing soldiers, troopers, ammunition carts and guns. As a result of the terrible crush, men fell into the river by the dozen. The Cossacks pursued the fleeing enemy right into Schwyz. It was a victory having few parallels in military history—a victory of weary, surrounded, retreating troops over a numerically far superior, fresh and triumphant enemy. It showed that Suvorov's army did not know the meaning of dejection and that its fighting spirit remained unimpaired in all circumstances.

During this amazing battle many French prisoners were taken. Among them was General Lacour. In spite of all the difficulties with which the Russian army had to contend, the French prisoners, who now had to share all the further vicissitudes of the Russians, were taken by Suvorov out of Switzerland and exchanged for allied prisoners held by the French. (It is characteristic that the Austrians wanted to exchange Suvorov's prisoners for Austrians only and it was with great difficulty that Suvorov succeeded in getting a small number of Russians included in the lists.) Releasing Lacour, the field-marshal, who always respected courage in an enemy, asked him whether he was married. Lacour replied in the affirmative.

"Then give your wife this rose from me," Suvorov said and, plucking a rose, he gave it to the French general. Lacour preserved this gift of Suvorov's to the end of his life.

The task of the rearguard having been brilliantly fulfilled, the generalissimo could now hurry after the main body of his army marching towards Glarus. Wishing to break off contact with the enemy, Rosenberg had recourse to a ruse: he sent the municipal authorities of Schyz a requisition to prepare food for 12,000 Russian troops who would enter the town on 2nd October. Masséna, of course, immediately heard of this and waited for the Russians all day, while Rosenberg quietly left his bivouac and marched to Glarus. The French general never forgave himself for having swallowed this bait. Having convinced him-

self that he would not be able to overtake the Russians, he hurried to Glarus by a roundabout road.

After the panic flight of Linken, Glarus was occupied by a French division commanded by Molitor. Bagration's corps attacked the French with heroic courage, but the local conditions once again greatly favoured the defenders. The night found the Russians at the foot of the fortified mountain; they lay on the snow without so much as a twig to light fires. Meanwhile the main body of the army arrived. Suvorov came with it and immediately sought out Bagration and literally begged him to make one more effort. Bagration took a regiment of fusiliers and four battalions of Grenadiers and under cover of a dense fog, turned the flank of the enemy positions. Having climbed the rocks in Cimmerian darkness until they reached the enemy, the Russian soldiers made a bayonet charge. In the darkness many of them fell down the rock face and perished at the bottom of the abyss. Meanwhile Shveikovski's division made another frontal attack. The combined thrust forced the French to withdraw until they received reinforcements when they threw the Russians back, only to be again compelled to retreat. Some positions changed hands not less than six times.

Finally Glarus remained in Russian hands. There was some food available there, though not much, and the troops had a hot meal for the first time in many days. Three days later, on 4th October, Rosenberg's rearguard arrived and the weary but still formidable army could move on. But where?

The original plan, which was to join Linken in Glarus and then march to Sargans where the remnants of Hotze's forces had taken up position, was now seen to be impracticable: Linken had gone no one knew where and the road to Sargans was barred by Masséna's army. In other circumstances Suvorov would not have hesitated to attack, but the Russians were completely out of ammunition, the troops were hungry and so ragged that they looked more like beggars than soldiers. General Rebinder's jackboots lacked everything but the legs and he had to wrap his feet in pieces of cloth in order to protect them to some extent from the cold and the sharp stones; the soldiers lacked even that.

A council of war was again called; it decided to avoid further fighting, think only of preserving the army and turn south along the Rhine valley towards Ilanz, there to join Korsakov and, possibly after bringing up artillery, continue the campaign.

Leaving their seriously wounded in Glarus to the mercy of the French, Suvorov's army set out on its last march in Switzerland in the night of 5th October.

The road which the Russian troops now had to travel was even more arduous than any of their previous passages. They now had to cross the snowy crest of the Rinnenkopf. The narrow path winding along the edge of a precipice had become completely impassable owing to an unexpected fall of snow in the mountains. This sudden snowfall was the bitter consummation of all the misfortunes which had pursued the army during the whole course of the campaign in Switzerland.

While Bagration, near Glarus, covered the movement of the main body of the army, unflinchingly holding his ground, without cartridges and without cannon-shot, against fierce French attacks, the vanguard under Miloradovich began the terrible ascent of the Rinnenkopf. There could be no thought now of taking the guns; the last twenty-five pieces of artillery were thrown into the abyss or buried in the snow. About 300 packs with food were lost because of

the impossibility of saving the horses and mules which could not keep their foothold on the frozen snow.

"The mountains which we crossed, descending and ascending by turns," wrote one of the participants of this last march of Suvorov's army, "were terribly high and rugged, with deep chasms. . . . A dense wet mist enveloped us. . . . Rain and snow soaked us through and the cold gales blew us off our feet. . . . But we moved fast, cheerfully, without the slightest grumble. . . . Alexander Vasilyevich rode his old horse, with a Cossack saddle; his blue cloak was old and worn; the brim of his hat was turned down."

The going grew harder and harder as they climbed; in places the men had to crawl on all-fours along the smooth icy crust. All the guides deserted and the troops climbed at hazard, often sinking into deep snowdrifts. The blizzard swept away all the tracks and each man had to find his own handholds as best he could. Rocks loosened by the gale hurtled into the abyss, often carrying men away with them. A false step cost a life. To stumble meant to die.

Suvorov, his eyes burning with fever, rode among his soldiers, trembling in the cold wind under his thin cloak.

"All right, all right," he repeated. "A Russ is not the man to fuss! We'll do it."

Two Cossacks led his horse by the bridle. According to the story of an eye witness, the field-marshal wanted to walk, but his bodyguards silently held him in the saddle and coolly said from time to time: "Just stay as you are!" and Suvorov obediently submitted.

Thus it was that they reached the summit of the Rinnenkopf.

There was no path leading downwards—only a steep, ice-crust ed precipice. Some of the men in front tried to find a way down. They nearly all perished. There was nothing to hold on by if a man fell—no trees, no bushes, not even projecting rocks.

It was so cold that hands and feet no longer obeyed their owners. Many soldiers fell and froze to death.

Then one man thought of sitting down on the edge of the precipice and sliding down into the dark abyss. Thousands of others followed his example. Clasp ing their muskets to their bodies, soldiers and officers slid down into the bottomless pit. The surviving horses were pushed over to go the same way. Gryazev, a participant in the campaign, says about this: "It was all a matter of chance: some remained unhurt, others broke their necks or legs and remained there without attention. All the baggage had to be abandoned."

By noon on 7th October, the army had crossed the range and assembled in the village of Panix, and in the evening it reached Ilanz. Of the 20,000 men who had set out for Switzerland, only 15,000 were left.

Considering the difficulties of the campaign, the loss of 5,000 men can be regarded as comparatively small, especially having regard to the much heavier casualties of the French.

The Swiss campaign was at an end.

"The Russian eagles out flew the Roman eagles," Suvorov said with pride as he looked at his ragged, emaciated, but still cheerful soldiers.

The unprecedented vicissitudes of this campaign were an exacting test of the quality both of the general and of the army. They passed the test so brilliantly that this campaign of four weeks' duration was regarded as the crowning glory of Suvorov's career and surrounded the Russian army with an aureole of great-

ness. The campaign showed that the spirit of the Russian soldier and his vigour and tenacity were such as to render him capable of surmounting the most incredible difficulties in the shape of physical privations, natural obstacles and formidable enemies.

THE RETURN TO RUSSIA

WHILE SUVOROV, SHIVERING WITH COLD, MADE HIS WAY OVER THE PRECIPICES of the Rosstock, his thoughts were already busy working out the plan of a new campaign. From Panix he immediately sent a courier to the Archduke Charles, informing him that the Russians were ready to assume the offensive once more, if the Austrians would support them with troops, munitions and supplies. A few days later he sent the Archduke a detailed scheme for such an offensive, but changed his mind before an answer could reach him, having received news of the acute deterioration in Austro-Russian relations. Paul, always wise after the event, had understood at last to what a plight the treacherous policy of his allies had reduced the Russian army; prayers for Austrian victories were banned, and couriers sent to Suvorov were ordered not to pass by way of Vienna. To Suvorov the Emperor wrote bluntly: "The main thing is your return to Russia and the securing of her frontiers."

Possibly his acute feeling of bitterness at the futility of the Swiss campaign would have induced the field-marshal to "renew" the war in spite of everything, had his negotiations with the Austrians not taken an unfavourable turn. The Archduke showed no inclination to state with any accuracy what number of troops he was prepared to send to the assistance of Suvorov and in general behaved in such a manner that a council of war called by the field-marshal unanimously decided that: "There is no hope of any help but only of treachery from the Imperialists; hence no offensive operations should be undertaken."

On 30th October, Suvorov's army effected its junction with the corps commanded by Rimski-Korsakov and the émigré corps under Prince Condé, and the troops settled down in rest billets around Lake Constance. The Austrians now made strenuous efforts to organise a new campaign. But Suvorov rejected the suggestion of a personal meeting with the Archduke, explaining to Count Tolstoy that "the young Archduke Charles wants to enchant me with his Demosthenics"; the correspondence of the two commanders-in-chief grew more and more acrimonious in tone with each exchange of letters. Suvorov heard a rumour that the Austrian Emperor intended to deprive him of his rank as an Austrian field-marshal and this rumour added more bitterness to the existing unpleasantness.

In connection with some remark of the Archduke's on the art of warfare, Suvorov replied: "Surovov has destroyed contemporary military theory, hence it is for him to establish its laws." In his letters to the Archduke he sometimes permitted himself brusque and even insulting expressions.

This behaviour of Suvorov was dictated by his accumulated hatred of the Austrian high command. Now, with his usual lack of control greatly aggravated, he no longer even attempted to conceal his feelings. But other and more weighty reasons were added to these subjective motives.

The ill-feeling between the Russian and Austrian commanders now reached a culminating point and matters came to such a pitch that when one day a group of Austrian officers put in an appearance at a ball given by Arkadi Suvorov, the

Grand Duke Constantine showed them the door. The conduct of the field-marshal only epitomised the mood prevailing in his whole army.

This mood was also reflected in the diplomatic notes of the Russian Government.

When the Swiss campaign began, Paul I was still determined to destroy the French revolution.

"Do your best to achieve the main object . . . to drive the rulers of that land from Paris and lay in ruins that city which, for ten years past, has been an asylum for all criminals," wrote Paul on 18th September, 1799.

Realising that it would be impossible for Suvorov to destroy the French armies with the force at his disposal, Paul thought of instigating another armed revolt inside France. ". . . I advise you to try every method before you decide to withdraw home," he wrote to Suvorov. "Try to bring about an insurrection in France and go in in its wake if possible, but do not risk the army."

But subsequent events made even Paul understand something of what was going on. The shameless tyranny of the Austrians in Italy—which even led to a rising in Turin—the secret negotiations with France set on foot by Austria with a view to a separate peace, the premature withdrawal of the Archduke from Switzerland—all this finally overcame in Paul's mind the desire to be regarded as the "saviour of Europe." In October he informed the Emperor in no uncertain terms of the rupture of the alliance between Austria and Russia.

Suvorov was ordered to prepare to return to Russia. In order that he should not be dependent on Austria in this respect, he was instructed to borrow money from the Elector of Bavaria and henceforward to pay cash for all services rendered by the Austrians.

On 26th November the Russian forces began their march home. The Emperor Francis sent Suvorov a despairing message, begging him to postpone his departure and promising unlimited support in the event of a resumption of the war. Suvorov gave the Austrian envoy this reply:

"I arrived at the appointed place of concentration on the day fixed and saw myself abandoned; instead of finding an army in good order and an advantageous position, I found no army at all. . . . You can make a monkey of an old soldier like myself once, but once only; I should be too much of a fool if I let the same thing happen to me a second time."

The Austrian general Eszterhazy exhausted all his eloquence in vain; Suvorov would not budge. Eszterhazy exclaimed on leaving:

"You are right! What a man! He is as wise and learned as he is great as a general. But I could get nothing out of him!"

To judge by this remark, Suvorov seems to have liked Eszterhazy and thrown off the mask of eccentricity, showing himself to the Austrian in all his innate greatness.

The English also attempted to send envoys to Suvorov, with the same result. Suvorov said to Komarovski about England: "This power is only striving to stir up all other powers against France in order that France may not grow over-strong—the policy of England is a policy of perfidy."

To the Emperor Francis Suvorov replied that he could not postpone his departure without fresh orders to that effect and in conclusion gave the Austrians this advice: "If you want to make war on France, fight well, for bad fighting is mortal poison. . . . The first great war against France should have been the last."

Meanwhile Paul, under English influence, decided to leave his army in Europe after all; on 16th December the march home of the troops was halted and they went into quarters in Bohemia and Upper Austria. But all the efforts of the English proved vain. The Austrians continued to pursue the same provocative policy. They demanded that the Russian troops should spend the winter elsewhere than in Austrian territory; in exchanging the French prisoners brought in by Suvorov they refused to include Russian prisoners in the exchange; finally they tore down by force the Russian flag hoisted during a joint action undertaken against the fortress of Ancona. The relations now existing between the former allies can be judged by a letter written to Suvorov by Count Rastopchin: "I am glad that you treat this filthy Imperialist canaille with contempt. The Austrians must be left to be beaten and then forced to beg for mercy on their knees. Honour and glory to you, death and disgrace to the Imperialists." On the other hand, radical changes had taken place in the French revolutionary government which had roused Paul I to such violent indignation. At the beginning of November, Bonaparte, now returned from Egypt, carried out a *coup d'état* (18th Brumaire) which resulted in far-reaching changes in the political structure of France and hopes even of a possible Bourbon restoration were revived again in Europe.

On 8th November, 1799, Rastopchin, interpreting the mood prevalent in St. Petersburg, wrote to Suvorov: "Bonaparte is again in the capital city of the evildoers. But I do not think that he will voluntarily submit himself to the former heads of the Government a second time. . . . He will either want to become Roman Emperor, or put God knows what Bourbon on the throne."

But, the circumstance that decisively influenced the change of direction in Russian foreign policy was the deterioration of relations with England. The conquest of Holland by the French and the establishment there of the Batavian republic was a heavy blow to England, both because a military base was thus created for a French invasion expedition and because France now had control over the enormous riches of the Dutch bankers.

The English again succeeded in inducing Paul to protect their interests. The Emperor sent a Russian force of 17,000 men under General Herman to England; these were to be reinforced there by 30,000 English troops, with whom they were to make a joint landing in Holland. But there was no Suvorov in Holland. The French completely defeated the Russian expeditionary corps and captured General Herman.

With his usual impulsiveness, Paul again swiftly changed the course of his foreign policy.

At the beginning of January, 1800, Suvorov received a letter in Paul's own hand. The Emperor wrote: "Circumstances demand the return of the army within our own borders; this is also the view in Vienna, and in France there is a change, the results of which I must await patiently without exhausting myself. Come home immediately."

On 26th January the army set out in two columns to march home to Russia.

It is on record that on returning from Switzerland, Suvorov was greatly concerned about the impression created by the unsuccessful campaign and was especially anxious to hear whether his military reputation, acquired in the course of half a century, would suffer because of it. But his fears were unfounded. The true reason for his failure was perfectly obvious to all, and the extraordinary tenacity and courage shown by Suvorov himself and by his whole army only enhanced his reputation and that of his troops throughout the world. Paul

accorded him the rank of generalissimo of all the Russian armed forces and sent him unusually gracious letters: "Excuse me that I take it upon myself to give you advice." "I shall be very pleased if you, when you have led the Russian troops inside our borders, will come here without delay for consultation." "Preserve these Russian warriors, some of whom were always victorious because they were with you, and others were defeated because they were not with you." Such were the phrases scattered over the Imperial letters to Suvorov in this period. The army was given rewards without stint; nearly all the officers received decorations and generous cash bonuses; all non-commissioned officers were promoted to commissioned rank and even the rank and file, the heroes of Novi and the Rosstock, were rewarded—each of them was given a gratuity of two roubles.

The monarchs of Europe vied with each other in expressing their admiration and appreciation of Suvorov. The Emperor of Austria—true, not without a stormy debate in the Aulic Council—sent him the Grand Cross of the Order of Maria Theresa; the Elector of Bavaria, the King of Sardinia, the Elector of Saxony, showered decorations on him. The Princess of Kurland was engaged to be married to Arkadi Suvorov. Lord Nelson again assured Suvorov in a letter that: "There is no man in Europe who loves you more than I."

A circumstance probably not generally known, by the way, is that a Russian explorer who discovered a Pacific island in the twenties of last century named it after the famous general. Suvorov Island still bears his name; it lies not far from Australia and is under a New Zealand mandate.

True, certain discordant voices were mingled in this chorus of praise. Masséna published a self-adulatory story in which he strove to represent the Russian army as destroyed by him, and various lampoons and pamphlets directed against the old general were published in France. Suvorov issued a complete refutation of Masséna's exaggerations, read the lampoons with great pleasure and inquired whether it was not possible to republish these "abusive little papers."

Although the general opinion was that Suvorov's strategic gifts were not as conspicuous as his incomparable tactical genius, his greatness as a general was universally recognised and it was noted that he had never been defeated in any major battle; that at Rymnik he had defeated 100,000 men with only 25,000, at Kozludzhi had routed 40,000 men with only 8,000 and at Trebbia had vanquished 33,000 men with only 22,000.

This was fame such as Suvorov had dreamt of in his youthful days. But it had come too late; he already felt the cold breath of death on him and his memory carried a heavy burden of wrongs and injustices inflicted on him again and again in the course of his life. The rays of his glory appeared to him bright enough, but there was no warmth in them.

Still, he was cheerful and alert enough in this period. For the last time he succeeded in triumphing over his ill-health and for hours on end he played nine men's morris, forfeit and other games, strictly observing the rules and playing with boyish enthusiasm. He made Germans pronounce difficult Russian words or told long stories about some remarkable dancer he had known in Borovichi. But his superficial gaiety concealed grim forebodings. One day he drove to the tomb of Landon, stood there a long time and, gazing at the lengthy Latin epitaph, said pensively: "Why so much? When I am buried, let it be written simply: 'Here lies Suvorov'."

On the day the Russian troops crossed the Bohemian border into Russia

he felt unwell. In Cracow he put Rosenberg in command and drove on, leaving the army behind. His farewell to his troops was an ordeal. The general could not say a word because of the sobs rising in his throat. The soldiers stood silently, aware that they were seeing Suvorov for the last time.

He was still alive, but his name was already food for legend. Marching into battle, the soldiers sang: "Few are we, but well arrayed and our general is great. Who can match us in courage when Suvorov commands us? Cossacks and carabineers, Grenadiers and sharpshooters, All in their own way wind wreaths for Suvorov." Recruits joining in their regiment listened avidly to the veterans telling their endless stories about their beloved commander. "Good morning, good day to you, Count Suvorov. For you live righteously and lead us soldiers with justice."

Justice was something the soldiers wanted badly at that time and they were sincere when they sang: "With such a leader, we are always ready to do battle."

Twelve years later, when the Russian people was forced to defend its national independence in the struggle against Napoleon, the Russian army under Kutuzov drew inspiration from the memory, the doctrine and the fighting traditions of Suvorov, who had been the teacher of their own leader, Kutuzov.

The general himself grew weaker day by day as he slowly progressed towards St. Petersburg. He knew that a solemn ceremony had been appointed for his reception: that court coaches would be sent to meet him at Narva, that his entry into the capital would be announced by the ringing of bells and a salute of guns, that apartments were being prepared for him in the Winter Palace. All this amused the old man and kept up his spirits, which as ever were his principal defence against his sickness.

But the formal entry into St. Petersburg had nevertheless to be postponed. Suvorov's condition grew worse and he was taken to Kobrino in a state of collapse. The Emperor immediately sent his own physician, Weichardt, to Kobrino. But Suvorov as usual submitted very reluctantly to medical care. "What I need is a peasant cottage, prayers, a bath, gruel and kvas," he said half jokingly, half seriously. "After all, I am a soldier." "You are the generalissimo," objected Weichardt. "True, but the soldiers look to me to give them an example. . . ."

At the bottom of his heart he no longer hoped to recover. One day when he was congratulated on his rank of generalissimo, he said quietly: "Yes, a high rank! It smothers me! I shall not live long!"

In February he wrote to Rastopchin: "Prince Bagration will tell you about my sinful body. I begin with a cough which is extremely frequent; but by nature I am still so robust that if there is no wind for an hour or so the cough also goes. Having been gravely affected by shingles I ate almost nothing for six days and finally got the better of it, but did not eat altogether for twelve days. I feel that I have now almost overcome this trouble. But what of the future? My once clean body is all over boils. Rashes, blisters and sores creep from place to place. And I can see no speedy end to it at all."

Somewhat later when his health had improved slightly, he wrote to Fuchs: "I am returning by slow stages from the other world to which I was being driven by inexorable rashes amid the greatest agony."

Suvorov's disease, which he called a rash, had attacked him as a result of overstrain and a complete exhaustion of all the forces of his body. It seemed that all the wounds and privations of the hard seventy years of his life were now making themselves felt. The fact that the general never had any efficient medical

care was also having its effect now. For this he had partly himself to blame, but even more to blame were those who strove only to use him for their ends and never showed the least solicitude for him. Now, at the close of his days, he became aware of this bitter truth together with many others no less bitter. In March he wrote to Khvostov: "It would be a great favour if in order to preserve my life and strength I could have assigned to me permanently a good staff surgeon with an assistant, a medical orderly and a medicine chest. I would not be dying now if I had had them earlier and always: but all were busy with their own concerns."

Suvorov's extreme nervous irritability made him no easy patient and Weichardt found it difficult enough to bear his outbursts and sharp remarks. The only thing that kept the sick man's spirits up was the constant flow of news about the universal esteem in which he was held and about the preparations being made for his triumphal reception. It was here that feudal Russia struck a last merciless blow at her illustrious general.

On 20th March the Emperor Paul issued the following order: "In contravention of all-highest regulations Generalissimo Prince Suvorov had appointed in his corps, according to the former custom, a permanent orderly general; a fact which is hereby brought to the knowledge of the whole army." The same day a rescript was sent to Suvorov in these terms: "Sir Generalissimo, Prince of Italy, Count Suvorov of Rymnik! It has come to my knowledge that you, while commanding my troops abroad, had with you a general you called by the name of orderly in contravention of my decrees and the all-highest regulations; surprised by this I herewith command you to inform me of the reasons which induced you to act thus."

Suvorov received this rescript on the way to St. Petersburg. Weichardt had permitted him to undertake the journey shortly before, but recommended every precaution; the horses slowly drew along the *dormeuse* in which the sick old man lay on a feather bed. This new and unexpected disgrace was a mortal blow. He no longer had the strength to fight against fate. His vital impulses were weakening and the disease was making visible progress.

While Suvorov's previous disgrace had been prepared by the Emperor step by step and had been foreseen by many, the present one was completely unexpected. Paul had told no one of his intentions until the very last moment. His letters to the sick generalissimo were full of attention and solicitude. The last of these letters was dated 29th February; in it the Emperor expressed the hope that the physician he had sent would be able to set Suvorov on his feet again. A pause of three weeks was then followed on 20th March by the unexpected rescript. Even so sharp-sighted and skillful a courtier as Rastopchin was quite unaware of the imminent change in Paul's attitude towards the man of whom he had so recently said:

"I am promoting him to generalissimo; that would be much for any other man, but for him it is not enough: he ought to be an angel."

On 16th March Rastopchin sent Suvorov his regular letter and wrote:

"I fervently wish that Your Grace could yourself be an eye witness of our joy at receiving the news of your restoration to health." Even this faithful familiar of Paul had no inkling of what was to happen three days later.

The grounds for the new disfavour were as trivial as in 1797, but now, as then, the true causes lay deeper. While he was heaping rewards and compliments on the general who had covered Russia with so much glory, Paul still regarded Suvorov with the old suspicion and distaste. One characteristic fact

demonstrates this clearly: when granting Suvorov a ducal title, he did not at the same time grant him the appellation "svetlost" usually accompanying it. Suvorov remained "siyatelstvo," although both Bezborodko and Lopukhin were granted the title when they were raised to ducal rank. Once the war was ended, circumstances no longer compelled Paul to suppress his obstinate dislike of Suvorov and it flared up again with all its former intensity. Paul never for a minute supposed that the generalissimo would now become a docile executor of his ideas and system. Were Suvorov in command of troops, he would of course disrupt the whole military organisation so laboriously built up by Paul. The Emperor could not permit that to happen. He preferred to provoke the amazement of all Europe and the concealed indignation of the whole Russian people rather than give up his beloved Prussian parade drill.

The fact that the corps of Rimski-Korsakov and Herman, in both of which Paul's regulations were punctiliously observed, had both been completely defeated by the French, while Suvorov, who did not adhere to these regulations, had won brilliant victories, only served to increase Paul's anger.

That Suvorov's disgrace was only one link in a whole chain of measures planned by Paul is confirmed by an order issued on 22nd March, 1800, two days after the ukase pronouncing the disgrace of the field-marshal. "His Imperial Majesty sees with extreme disapproval that in the regiments now returned home, commanders and inspectors have made little effort to carry out their duties in the manner desired by His Imperial Majesty and notes how little zeal they have shown in the fulfilment of his wishes and their duty."

This to troops who had won prodigious victories and suffered the exceptional hardships of the Swiss campaign! Verily, a fine example of the gratitude of kings!

A few days later a second order followed: ". . . There has been negligence in all units; even the customary pace does not in the least conform to the pace prescribed by the regulations."

In connection with this second order, one historian records a similar rebuke administered to a Russian corps regarding their step at Maubeuge in 1814 and the reply of Count Vorontsov, who said that it was the same step with which the Russian army had marched to Paris.

The decision once taken, a pretext was not difficult to find. There were always plenty of such pretexts available at any time. It was known in St. Petersburg that the officers of Suvorov's staff (Gorchakov and others) frequently included in the lists of men to be decorated the names of persons who had done nothing to deserve such awards and that Suvorov trustingly put his signature under such lists; the Austrians did their best to blacken the field marshal's reputation and accused him of disloyalty to them; Suvorov's enemies among Paul's courtiers constantly incensed the Emperor against him and blamed him for nearly all the political and military reverses suffered by Russia.

Nor had Paul disdained to keep informers in Suvorov's army, who carefully noted every act and word that could injure the general. Among these informers we must in the first place count Fuchs, the agent of the "Secret Expedition." In August, 1799, Prince Andrew Gorchakov, a nephew of Suvorov, wrote from Italy to Suvorov's life-long confidant, Khvostov: "It would be a good thing if you could have a word with the Procurator-General and tell him that this Fuchs, who is here, has lately begun to give himself airs, fails in the respect due to the field-marshal himself, disregards his orders and sets all sorts of traps of a nature such that His Majesty, hearing these lying slanders from him, might be in-

censed." Thus a web of intrigue was woven round Suvorov from every side.

As it happened, it was the appointment of a general as orderly adjutant that was chosen out of a number of true and false allegations covertly made against Suvorov to be brought up against him, but any other pretext would have served equally well.

As for Suvorov, although he often disapproved of the policy of the Government and expressed this disapproval by an almost continuous insubordination amounting to a serious resistance in principle to the Prussification of the army, he yet remained a supporter of the monarchical régime. He regarded the French revolution as a dangerous overthrow of the foundations of established order, turning the people into "a savage monster which had to be subdued by fetters."

But what he really desired was an enlightened and humane regime.

"In arguing about which form of Government is best it must be remembered that the rudder is important, but even more important is the hand that directs it," he said one day, and in this sentence one may hear an echo of the thoughts that often tormented him.

Fuchs relates a very curious episode. Suvorov once submitted for promotion to commissioned rank the name of a non-commissioned officer who had performed a deed of great courage. But St. Petersburg refused the request on the grounds that the man in question was not of noble birth and had not yet served the requisite number of years. The whole of that day Suvorov was in a bad humour and in the evening he said with a sigh:

"Talent in a man is like a diamond in the rough; its lustre has still to be made manifest. Talent picked out of the mass is superior to any other, for it owes everything not to chance, not to seniority, not to nature, but to itself alone. Oh, my native Russia! How many heroes hast thou borne who were but corporals!"

The policy of the monarchy which Suvorov had before his eyes and the banners of which he had covered with glory, the feudal-bureaucratic Russia of Catherine II—and even more of Paul I—roused him to many bitter protests; but he never doubted its legitimacy as a system, as a social and political order. He accepted the fresh disfavour of his sovereign as a heavy, undeserved, but irresistible blow.

On 23rd April, when the city was lit up by a bright but cold spring sun, Suvorov slowly entered St. Petersburg. No one was there to meet him. The great general crowned with laurels no longer existed for officialdom; they saw in Suvorov merely a transgressor of regulations.

The coach with the sick generalissimo made its way to Kriukov Kanal, where Khvostov resided. Suvorov had difficulty in reaching his room and collapsed there in complete exhaustion. But now the arrival of an imperial courier was announced. The sick man's eyes sparkled again as he ordered the courier to be admitted. It was Dolgoruky: he entered and dryly reported that Prince Suvorov, generalissimo, was forbidden to visit the imperial palace.

From that day onwards Suvorov began to fight his last battle—with inexorably approaching death. He still got up from time to time, tried to occupy himself with the study of the Turkish language, conversed on military and political topics and never complained about his disgrace. His memory began to fail him; he had some difficulty in recalling the names of the generals he had defeated—lost his bearings when relating his Italian campaign, although he remembered the Turkish wars quite clearly. Often he did not recognise the

people around him. His reason was slowly declining, he was very weak, frequently lost consciousness and had to be revived by alcohol massage.

Two days after Suvorov's arrival in St. Petersburg, the emperor ordered the withdrawal of the generalissimo's aides-de-camp. Only very few now had the courage to visit the dying hero. Messengers from Paul came to the house from time to time on official errands: having learned that the general's days were numbered, Paul made a show of niggardly and hypocritical solicitude. One day the Emperor sent Bagration to inquire after the health of the general. Suvorov gazed at his favourite a long time, obviously not recognising him; then his eyes began to gleam, and he spoke a few words, but then groaned with pain and sank into a delirium.

Life was abandoning the tormented body slowly, as if with reluctance. But the indomitable spirit would not yet admit defeat. When it was suggested to Suvorov that he should receive extreme unction, he categorically refused to believe that he was dying; it was only with great difficulty that he could be persuaded to take the last sacrament. Griff, a physician of great reputation who came to visit him, was amazed at such tenacity of life. Once Gorchakov said to the dying general, that there was some business requiring his attention. Suvorov immediately brightened.

"Something to do? I am ready," he said in a firmer voice.

But the "business" was merely the wish of some general to receive a decoration awarded him from the hands of the generalissimo himself, and Suvorov again dejectedly fell back on his pillow. He lay for hours on end with closed eyes and clenched jaws, as if he were reviewing in his mind's eye his whole hard life. Drewitz, Weimarn, Saltykov, Prozorovski, Rumyantsev, Repnin, Potemkin, Nikolev, Paul I, Thugut—a long pageant of odious beings who had stolen his laurels, hindered his victories, tormented his soldiers and interposed themselves as a barrier between him and his fellow-countrymen, although all his military achievements had been based on close contacts with the common people. One day he sighed and said in an almost inaudible voice:

"A long time did I chase after glory, but it was all a mirage!"

At the last terrible audit, fame proved to be insufficient payment for his brimming cup of bitterness and the titanic strength he had so freely expended; but even in the hour of his death Suvorov still looked for other rewards, for another justification of his life: he found it in his service to his country and through it to all mankind. Several times he repeated the words he had written to Khvostov some months before: "As a servant I am dying for my country and as a cosmopolitan for the whole world."

Death was approaching fast. Old, long-healed wounds opened again and festered. Gangrene set in. Suvorov tossed about in a racking delirium, murmuring old war-cries. Even now the spectres of his last campaign would not leave him. As his mind wandered with the last flare-up of his imagination he corrected the mistakes of the Austrians and conducted a campaign against Genoa. In a last spasmodic effort he whispered:

"Genoa—Battle . . . Forward. . . ."

These were the last words Suvorov spoke. He still breathed spasmodically, fighting his last terrible battle. On 6th May, 1800, his breathing ceased with a half-sigh. This time Suvorov was finally conquered.

The embalmed body of the general lay in state in a chamber draped with black *crêpe*. All his orders and decorations were placed round him on chairs.

His face was serene, such an expression as had not been seen on it for a long time while he was yet alive.

The news of Suvorov's death made a deep impression on the public. Crowds gathered in front of Khvostov's house; many people wept.

The day after the death, Derzhavin wrote to Lvov: "What a lesson! Behold a man!"

He who had not long ago sung of the general's victories, now dedicated a poem entitled "The Bullfinch" to his memory. "Why dost thou pipe up, dear little bullfinch, Thy warlike song like the sound of the life? With whom shall we now make war on Gehenna? Who will now lead us? where is our hero, Where our strong and courageous, fleet-footed Suvorov? The northern lightning lies in his grave. Who before battle will ride on a jade and nibble a biscuit, while his soul is aflame, Temper his sharp sword in frost and the sun's heat, Sleep on the straw and keep vigil till dawn, Thousands of warriors, walls and defences, With a handful of Russians to overcome?" And further on he expressed the general feeling in the bold lines: "The tyrant in his darkest soul, In triumph smiled as now he saw, His lightning stroke had found its mark, And this fell blow had quelled at last, The yet unconquered warrior chief, Who had in thousand clashes fought, Against the tyrant unafraid, And had despised his threats and ire."

Sumarokov seconded Derzhavin: "He who had plucked all laurels, fought nature itself and Far surpassed the heroes of antiquity, Found our world too narrow for his glory, And passed immortal to the undiscovered bourn."

Deep, hopeless grief was felt throughout the Russian army. Old veterans wept in secret.

A contemporary, Shishkov, describes a characteristic scene: "All, or at least many, dared not visit him while he was sick or even pay their respects to his dead body for fear of the imperial disfavour. This is what I saw with my own eyes: I came to the house one day and entered the room where he was lying in his coffin. Prince Shakhovski, who had lost one arm in battle while under the command of Suvorov, gazed at the general and said through his tears: "Following you, I lost my arm. Arise! and I would willingly let my other arm be lopped off."

We both shed tears and having made our last obeisance to the dust of the great man, we walked past the sentry who presented arms and, as it seemed to us, could hardly contain his tears. Glancing at his sorrowful face, we inquired: "Do you regret him as much as we do?" Instead of replying, the man burst into tears. "You served under him, didn't you?" "No, sir," he replied, sobbing, "no such luck."

If young soldiers who had never even served under Suvorov reacted thus to his death, how deep must have been the despair of his old "wonder-heroes," the men of the Fanagory, Apsheron, Susdal regiments who had been with him in all his legendary campaigns.

But such feelings had to be concealed—the vengeance of Paul's feudal-aristocratic Russia pursued the great general even after death. The "St. Petersburg News," the official gazette did not even mention the death or the funeral of the generalissimo.

Contrary to the wish expressed by Suvorov in his will, Paul ordered the body to be buried in the monastery of Alexander Nevski. The funeral had been appointed for the 11th of the month; the Emperor changed the date to the 12th.

Arkadi Suvorov sent out this invitation:

"Chamberlain the Prince of Italy, Count Suvorov of Rymnik announces with a sorrowful heart the demise of his father, Generalissimo the Prince of Italy, Count Suvorov of Rymnik, which occurred on 6th May of this year at 2 p.m. and requests your presence on Saturday, 12th May at 9 a.m. at the funeral service and following interment on the same day in the monastery of Alexander Nevski."

Huge crowds followed the remains of the general to his last resting-place; nearly the whole population of St. Petersburg gathered there. These were no idle loungers; according to the accounts of eye witnesses, genuine sorrow was written on all their faces. All the more noticeable was the absence of all Paul's courtiers and dignitaries from the solemn and impressive procession.

Some of those present read the epitaph written by Prince Beloserski:

"The portrait of Generalissimo the Prince of Italy.

"The spirit of true philosophy induced him from his earliest years to disregard the opinions of men and concern himself only with the judgment of posterity.

"Having dedicated himself to military glory he sacrificed everything to it: wealth and peace of mind, leisure, love and even the feelings of a parent.

"Is not this the scene of the fame of mighty Bonaparte? Yes! But turn the years into months, and months into days and you will understand the sublimity of the Prince of Italy.

"Mincio, Adda, Trebbia, Novi, St Gotthard, Devil's Bridge, Glarus. . . . You brave and ill-starred Macdonald, you, once so famous Moreau, Joubert, Masséna. . . . But enough of names! Happy he who had not to meet Suvorov!"

"Suvorov is dead and is gone now beyond time and fortune. Did he desire honours? He is loaded with them. Did he covet glory? He is shrouded in it."

By orders of the Emperor the military honours accorded to Suvorov at his funeral were one grade below his rank: they were those due to a field-marshal, not to a generalissimo. Only line units were present at the ceremony; no Guards units were sent, on the grounds that "they were too tired after parade."

At nine in the morning the coffin with the remains of the great Russian general was brought out of the house and placed on the hearse, which moved slowly off between the ranks of the troops and the dense masses of the people.

This was Suvorov's last march. The soldiers stood with set faces.

The dead general's decorations were placed on velvet cushions on the hearse: his crosses of St. Andrew, of St. George, of St. Vladimir, of Alexander Nevski, of St. Anne, of St. John of Jerusalem: the Prussian orders of the Red Eagle and Black Eagle and "For Valour"; the Austrian Grand Cross of the Order of Maria Theresa; the Bavarian Golden Lion and St. Hubert; the Sardinian Order of the Annunciation, of St. Maurice and St. Lazare; the Polish Orders of the White Eagle and of St. Stanislas; the French Orders of Our Lady of Carmel and of St. Lazare. . . .

It seemed as if there were no end to the decorations. But every man and woman in the motionless, silent crowd knew that far more precious than those was the great general's eternal glory, which would live in the memory of the Russian people for ever.

Paul I was not present at the funeral rites. While they were taking place, he was reviewing his Hussars and Cossack Guards; he attended the changing of the guard and then retired to his apartments. Not until six in the evening, when the funeral had been over for some time, did he go out for his usual drive through the city.

The artillery salutes and musketry volleys had thundered their last. A heavy stone slab covered the dust of Suvorov. Suvorov, the hero who had so often looked death in the face; Suvorov, the great man of his age and of his country who had been the object of the hatred of so many royal favourites, had come to the end of his journey through life.

SUVOROV THE MAN

IT IS NO EXAGGERATION TO SAY THAT NONE OF THE PROMINENT PUBLIC MEN OF the end of the eighteenth century roused such vivid interest in Europe as Suvorov did. Twenty years after the Swiss epic Byron expressed this interest in his "Don Juan":

"A thing to wonder at beyond most wondering,
Hero, buffoon, half-demon and half dirt,
Praying, instructing, desolating, plundering,
Now Mars, now Momus——"

In England there were Suvorov pies, hair fashions à la Suvorov and Suvorov hats: Suvorov's camp in Italy was a place to which many tourists went on pilgrimage.

What then were the characteristics of Suvorov as a general and as a man?

His exterior was unimpressive; according to the expression of one author, his fame was due "to his deeds, not to his person." He was under middle height, slight, and somewhat stooping. His face was an elongated oval and was distinguished by an extraordinary vivacity of expression; in his old age it was covered with a network of wrinkles. The forehead was high, the eyes large, blue and sparkling with vigour and intelligence. The mouth was small and well-shaped; two deep furrows ran downwards on either side of it. His sparse grey hair was plaited into a small pigtail at the back of his head. His whole figure, his look, his speech, his movements were all lively and brisk—the pomposity and dignity which his contemporaries were accustomed to regard as the obligatory attribute of any important personage were completely absent in him.

On closer scrutiny, the difference between Suvorov's habits and way of life and those of the accepted type of prominent public man appears even greater. The general always and everywhere slept on a bundle of hay of specified height, width and length and covered only with a sheet; instead of blankets he used his cloak for a covering. He rose at four in the morning and his servant had orders to pull him by the leg to wake him if he overslept. He dressed quickly but was always neat and trim. He never wore furs, gloves, overcoats or dressing-gowns; he was always in uniform, sometimes wore a cloak but on very hot days only his underclothes.

Having drunk several cups of tea first thing in the morning, he spent half an hour in physical exercise, such as running or gymnastics, and then began to work. In his leisure he liked someone to read to him. He dined at 8-9 a.m.; at table he was cheerful and loquacious; he usually had about twenty people to dine with him. He was very frugal in eating and drinking, strictly observed all fasts, ate no sweets or fruit. He liked to go to bed directly after dinner. At dinner he generally drank a small glass of kummel and a wine-glass of Cyprus wine but never drank too much. If at any time he exceeded his quota, one of his aides would approach him and forbid him to drink any more. "By whose orders?" Suvorov would ask. "Field-marshal Suvorov's." "Why then, he

must be obeyed," Suvorov would reply and set down his glass. He neither smoked nor took snuff.

In all his habits Suvorov was extremely unpretentious. "I am a soldier, I know not kith nor kin," he once said of himself. He renounced not only all objects of luxury, such as pictures, fine china, and fine clothes, but even the most elementary comforts. He always drove in the plainest peasant cart or rode the first Cossack pony he happened to see, wore clothes of good but coarse cloth and used only the plainest of furniture. All this formed a striking contrast to the boundless luxury customary in the eighteenth century.

He was afraid of self-indulgence more than of anything else—he said it was like rust and would eat away a man's health and force of will. "The more comforts, the less courage," he used to say. He considered it necessary to keep his physical and mental powers in a constant state of preparedness for any hardship or danger. His life among his soldiers confirmed him in these habits, and in observing them he achieved two ends: he gave an example to those of whom in war time he demanded the greatest possible effort, and at the same time he won the hearts of his soldiers.

Suvorov disliked games and amusements, treasuring every minute of his time for work. "An industrious man should always be working at his trade," he once remarked. In this respect one may find some resemblance between him and Goethe, who would not learn to play chess lest it should rob him of time that might be used for work. Probably for the same reason Suvorov rarely went to dances or entertainments, but if he happened to do so he was very lively, danced a great deal and even as a very old man he boasted that he had danced a contredanse three times running. He carried everyone away by his vivacity and detested "sleepiness," i.e., a sleepy, languid air, more than anything else.

Suvorov's rooms were always very well heated. His biographer Fuchs relates that when some visitor expressed surprise at this, the general replied, laughing:

"What can I do. Our trade is such that we must always be near the fire. So I see to it that I don't lose the habit even here."

Another strange habit of Suvorov was that he never carried a watch or money with him and disliked pocket handkerchiefs.

"Why keep that in your pocket which is too dirty to be flung on the ground?" he said.

He formed his opinion of a man very quickly by means of a few questions and rarely changed that opinion.

Although he had taken part in hand-to-hand fighting dozens of times, his physical strength was slight. Towards the end of his life he was so weak that he bent under the weight of his own sword.

In general he was delicate from birth and only his constant training, his Spartan way of life and his iron will enabled him to stand up to the incessant physical and moral strain of war.

While living in Novaya Ladoga (1765) he suffered from serious gastric trouble, and this ailment persisted to the end of his life. In 1780 he wrote in one of his letters: "My stomach is very weak, having had no treatment. Now they are filling me up with medicines, I can hardly hold my pen." Usually the only medical adviser he had was a simple orderly, "a barber," whose place was taken by a qualified doctor only in the last year of Suvorov's life. But Suvorov never trusted doctors, opining—perhaps not without reason—that their treatments were all wrong. Three months before his death he wrote to Khvostov:

"I shall not live long. This cough is too much for me. And the medical attention I get is no good." During the Italian campaign he was visibly wasting away; at first he seemed strong and looked much younger than his seventy years, but gradually, worn out by the hardships of battle, by the disputes with the Austrians and the privations of the Swiss campaign, his strength broke down to such an extent that he often fell asleep over his meals; his eyes ached and he was tormented by fits of coughing; his old wounds began to smart and finally he fell a prey to the disease which was to prove fatal.

Suvorov was a kind man by nature, with the unpretentious kindness of the plain Russian. He never refused a beggar his charity. On meeting children he used to stop and caress them. In Konchanskoye a whole company of disabled soldiers lived in his house as his guests. He helped everyone who applied to him for assistance. According to Fuchs, he regularly and secretly sent money donations amounting to 10,000 roubles to one of the prisons until the end of his life.

"I have shed rivers of blood," he said one day, "and this horrifies me. But I love my neighbour; I have brought misfortune on no one. I have never signed a death sentence, I have never crushed a beetle."

The general was sincere when he said this and there was to his mind no contradiction between such an attitude and his ruthlessness whenever the iron law of war required it.

But as often happens, Suvorov combined a kind heart and a noble character with a bad temper, and the burden of strife and injustice which he was fated to bear made it worse. He himself was well aware of the fact that he was difficult to please.

"Sometimes I am a 'sensitive plant' and sometimes an electrical machine which gives off sparks if touched, even though it does not kill," he admitted in a candid moment.

He insisted that all those surrounding him should adapt themselves to his habits and share his tastes; in this respect he often showed himself a genuine despot. At his dinners, the vodka was poured out according to rank. When an officer laughed at this manner of portioning out the drinks Suvorov made him leave the table at once, although the man was a worthy and honourable officer respected by all. Another failed to say "amen" after the prayers which preceded dinner and got no vodka at all. In addition, Suvorov covered all those who displeased him with a hail of sarcasms, of which he was a master. A handsome colonel never lived down Suvorov's description of him: "He is a hero in the Amazon regiment."

Seeing a snuff-box with the portrait of a person he disliked, Suvorov exclaimed: "Why did not the artist depict him sleeping? Even a tiger is kind in his sleep."

In general he had little consideration for his entourage. One day he ordered Ivashov, his chief of staff, to sing Christmas carols with him: "I'll take the first bass and you take the second." In vain did Ivashov protest in horror that he had no voice and could not sing; so during the service he bawled whatever came into his head, to the great amusement of his chief.

During the Italian campaign Suvorov ordered a general who had committed some mistake, to put on the uniform of a private and stand before the generalissimo's tent for two hours in full kit.

But all this was not serious and resembled the caprices and tantrums of a child. In serious matters Suvorov always showed sympathy and consideration.

He very rarely punished anyone. One of his officers gambled away regimental funds in Warsaw; Suvorov not only did not court-martial him, but paid the money back out of his own pocket. When Paul I wanted to deprive of his command General Rosenberg who suffered a defeat at Bassignano through his own negligence, Suvorov interceded on Rosenberg's behalf.

Early in Suvorov's career, at the siege of the Cracow citadel, a company commander, Captain Likharev, lost his nerve during a Polish sally; the company, left without a commander, turned and fled. Suvorov kept Likharev under arrest for four months and then released him without further consequences, announcing in the order of the day that Likharev ought to have been court-martialled, but as he was young, had rarely been in action, had no evil intentions and had been kept under arrest for a long time, his fault would now be pardoned.

"Learn early to pardon the faults of others, but never pardon your own," he often repeated.

His entourage, knowing his easy-going, trusting nature and his inexperience in business matters, often exploited the general to their own advantage. His bailiffs stole from him or injured his interests by their laziness and negligence; his aides wove a net of mutual intrigues around him, suggested to him an unjust distribution of rewards and played on all his weaknesses—though they knew better than to attempt any intrusion into the purely military sphere, for there the general would tolerate no interference.

One of his aides, Mandrykin, would put all sorts of documents such as leave and discharge papers, orders for small sums, etc., before Suvorov and he would sign them without reading. One aide got himself a Prussian decoration by inserting his own name into a list of rewards, in which it was not included.

Another aide, Kuris, wrote to Khvostov in 1792: "Kostrov the author has translated from the French into Russian the story of the old warrior Ossian whose deeds are similar to the deeds of our Count. The Count is now worried as to how he should reward this Kostrov. Once he thinks it should be 500 roubles all at once; at another time that it should be 100 roubles a year during the lifetime of the Count. The latter is inadvisable and the first excessive. But it would be proper to give the man 200 or 300 roubles. Kindly decide as you see fit."

One can hardly assume that Suvorov was not aware of all the intrigues and trickery surrounding him. What is more probable is that he simply thought it all of no importance and was unwilling to allow such matters to divert his attention from his military duties.

There may also have been another reason. Engelhardt is right when he writes: "Suvorov surrounded himself with simple men who were least likely to read his mind." Sometimes he watched such men with a good-humoured curiosity. His estate bailiff Matveich one day delayed the dispatch of a cow because he wanted to use its milk for himself; at another time he delayed the sending of some horses Suvorov wanted. The general reminded him of the horses, writing "horses give no milk, you know."

One of his most characteristic qualities, which manifested itself in his every action, was his unfeigned simplicity; in no circumstances did he ever depart from his genuine democratic attitude. One day when he was inspecting the frontier fortifications of Finland, and was driving in a peasant cart, he encountered an imperial messenger riding hell-for-leather. The courier did not recognise the famous Count Suvorov in this poorly attired old man, barked something at him and lashed out with his knout. The general's aide was

furious and wanted to stop the courier, but Suvorov closed his mouth with his hand: "Hush! Musn't interfere with a courier. A courier is an important person!"

When he was promoted to the rank of field-marshal, he wrote to De Ribas: "Please do not let my new title put you off. I shall not change from here to the Styx."

Surprise has often been expressed, especially by foreign writers, at the fact that Suvorov, despite his proud and independent character, could be so obsequious with superiors such as Rumyantsev and Potemkin. There is an obvious misunderstanding here. True, Suvorov was not unwilling to "burn incense," but this was to a considerable extent due to the customs of the eighteenth century. Self-abasing forms of address were obligatory in those days. Catherine II abolished the rule that the words "your slave" had to precede the name of the writer at the end of letters. The days were not yet distant when it was usual to adopt the flowery and insincere Oriental manner and call oneself "your bondslave" and sign oneself with all sorts of self-depreciatory expressions. This patriarchal custom had left its mark on Suvorov. Very characteristic in this respect is a letter to Popov, secretary to Prince Potemkin, written when Suvorov's young son went to be presented to the mighty favourite. "I send you my boy along with this. Please present him to his Highness the Prince, tell him that he should bow low to His Highness and kiss his Highness's hand, if so be that he is found worthy to be admitted to such an honour. Before we were all knocked over by Jean-Jacques, we used to kiss only the coat-hem of our elders." Similarly a letter to De Ribas, dated 5th June, 1794, ends with the words: "I kiss your hands," although Suvorov certainly had no need to curry favour with De Ribas. It was merely a mannerism of the time.

Hence an outwardly obsequious manner would by no means have appeared to Suvorov to be beneath his dignity. Proof of this is that he never failed to stand up for his views against everyone—against Potemkin, against Catherine, against Paul, against the Emperor of Austria, in a word against all those before whom he apparently prostrated himself. Further proof lies in the fact of his frank, unabashed lack of self-effacement in his conversations: he compared himself with Caesar, drew a parallel between his own Swiss campaign and Hannibal's campaigns, declared bluntly that he was a better general than Frederick of Prussia, having never lost a battle, etc.

This was the candid, honest self-assertion of a child, far removed from any bragging or vanity.

"Never has vanity dictated my conduct, though it often arose as a momentary impulse," the general said of himself, and his career offers no reason for doubting the truth of his words.

One of the fundamental traits of his character was his profound, never-failing selflessness. Here again he was a rare exception among the dignitaries of Catherine, among whom venality had been raised to the status of a principle. All of them were always searching for opportunities to enrich themselves, all of them thieved right and left. Condottieri morals reigned in all armies. The French plundered conquered Italy, the Austrians pillaged conquered Poland, the Turks sold Russian prisoners into slavery for a song, the Russians ravaged Turkish provinces. In each case the whole army, from the last private to the most famous general, participated in pillage. Suvorov alone never took a single thing for himself out of all the priceless booty won by his troops as a result of

his victories. When, after the taking of Turin, the valuables of the ex-king of Sardinia which had been left behind by the French in their precipitate retreat, were brought to him he refused to regard them as spoils of war and returned them to the ex-king.

Suvorov was one of the best-educated Russians of his time. He was well versed in mathematics, history and geography; spoke German, French, Italian, Polish, Turkish, Arabic and Finnish; and had a thorough knowledge of philosophy and ancient and modern literature. His military erudition was amazing. He had studied all the most important military works from Plutarch down to his own contemporaries, mastered the science of fortification and had also passed a naval qualifying examination.

In 1791 Suvorov wrote to Saken about subscriptions to newspapers for the coming year: "I kept German newspapers, Hamburg papers, Vienna papers, Berlin papers, Erlangen papers, the French papers 'Varennnes' and 'Courier de Londres,' then Warsaw papers and other Polish papers, Russian papers of St. Petersburg and Moscow, the little French journal 'Encyclopedique Debution,' the German 'Hamburger Politisches Journal.' Perhaps you might add the 'Nouvelles Extraordinaires' to these."

In Catherine's time there was hardly another man in all Russia who in the midst of such arduous labours (one must remember that this was the period of Fokshani, Rymnik and Ismail) kept himself so fully acquainted with the foreign periodical press.

The Marquis de Marsillac, a French émigré, says of him: "Suvorov was profoundly learned in science and literature. He liked to show off his reading but only to those whom he considered capable of appreciating his knowledge. He knew perfectly all European fortresses with all details of their installations, and also all positions and places in which famous battles had been fought."

Suvorov is alleged to have said one day: "Had I not been a soldier, I should have been a poet." We do not know for certain whether Suvorov actually said this, but it is a fact that the generalissimo of the Russian armies was greatly interested in poetry and himself constantly attempted to write. Although serving Mars, Suvorov was always a devotee of Apollo.

Suvorov's verses, however, are not distinguished by excellence. They are full of the ponderous turns of phrase usual in his time, and of archaic expressions. One often finds the elaborate similes and hyperboles characteristic of the epoch. In a word, Suvorov's muse, so far as formal qualities are concerned, was at best on the level of the average of his time. To do him justice it must be said that he himself was perfectly aware of this. When someone in conversation one day called him a poet, he decidedly rejected this appellation. "True poetry is born of inspiration," he said, "but what I do is mere rhyming."

Consistent in everything, he never allowed any of his verses to be printed. And yet this exceptionally strong and wilful man always had a weakness for poetry. He loved to reply in verse to the poets who sent him eulogies in verse and often wrote his private letters in rhyme. To his daughter Natasha he wrote a rhymed letter reproaching her with having refused a proposed match—his daughter also replied in rhyme in which she expressed the most profound respect and filial devotion but categorically refused to marry the man of her father's choice. Suvorov's passion for verse manifested itself even in his official correspondence. Quite apart from his own subordinates, he more than once gave even the Austrian generals during the Italian campaign orders in French or German verse. Another of Suvorov's habits was to couch his military reports

in rhyme. Sometimes these verses were imbued with a subtle venom. It will be sufficient to recall the couplet on Ochakov which so enraged Potemkin.

Suvorov's mordant style found expression in a number of biting epigrams. Well known is his epigram on Potemkin, in which the general holds up to ridicule the favourite's policy of conquest, pomposity and contempt for all men:

With one hand he in chess his king defends
With t'other, nations to his yoke he bends
With one foot friend and foe alike he smites
With t'other all the universe affrights.

The epigram, by the way, is a parody of Derzhavin's "Chorus" written for a feast given by Potemkin in 1791.

Suvorov's predilection for rhymes was often exploited by his entourage. His rascally bailiff, Terenti Cherkasov, sent in his reports to the general in verse. Any man known as a poet could be certain to find Suvorov sympathetic. Fuchs, the field-marshal's biographer, relates that one day at dinner a young officer who wished to be as close to Suvorov as possible, took a seat at table well above the place due to his rank. Such an infraction of the order of precedence greatly displeased the field-marshal and he angrily took the officer to task, reproaching him with being insolent and failing in the respect due to his superiors. Coming to the rescue of the offending officer, someone told Suvorov that he was a poet and had wished to see the general at close quarters in order to write a poem about him. On hearing that he was dealing with a poet, Suvorov immediately softened, said that poets should be cherished and complimented the young man.

Among the haughty dignitaries of Catherine and Paul, who would never deign to give serious attention to poetry, Suvorov was a rare and admirable exception. Being himself a man of extensive learning he looked on all knowledge with respect. And poetry was a favourite occupation of the general throughout his seventy years of life.

Letters always supply a rich material for the characterisation of any man. Suvorov's correspondence is more than usually interesting. His style was natural, simple, laconic, abrupt, jerky—a true reflection of the writer's nature. "My style is not figurative but natural, as is the stubbornness of my spirit," he wrote to Popov, Potemkin's secretary. A reader unaccustomed to this style found it difficult to understand his unfinished sentences, sudden bounds of thought, quick changes-over to quite a different subject. When Suvorov was in a quiet mood he wrote less jerkily, in a more methodical manner; but in hours of agitation his state of mind was betrayed by his writing. On top of everything else he used a thoroughly original punctuation, the signs of which cropped up quite arbitrarily; sometimes one finds a query mark or a point of exclamation in the middle of a sentence, a practice which renders the understanding of the text even more difficult.

It should be pointed out, however, that this trait, like many others, did not appear as unusual to Suvorov's contemporaries as it does in our own time. A jerky, rough style was very common in those days. Peter I also dealt with three different matters in as many sentences.

A more specific peculiarity of Suvorov's letters is his tendency to express his thoughts in parables. In 1792, when the appointment of Suvorov to a post on the Turkish frontier was suggested, Chancellor Bezborodko expressed the fear that Suvorov would send home riddles instead of accurate reports. When in

April, 1795, Prussia concluded an armistice with France which was bound to influence the fate of Poland, Suvorov, who was then in Warsaw, expressed his point of view in these ambiguous terms: "As rats, mice and cats are continuously running about this house and give me no peace, I intend to change my quarters as soon as possible."

There was, of course, a sound reason for the parables which make Suvorov's letters not always easy to understand—the fear of the secret censorship. Suvorov nearly always sent his letters by courier with orders to hand them personally to the recipient, but even such precautions offered no guarantee of security. In the reign of Catherine this secret censorship reached vast dimensions; the government regarded it as its most reliable source of information. Catherine learnt of the fall of Khotin from a private letter on 28th September, 1788, although Rumyantsev's official report did not arrive until 7th October. In the light of these facts it is easy to understand why Suvorov's letters bristle with code expressions, hints and circumlocutions. Catherine herself had recourse to the same methods in her letters to Grimm.

In his letters Suvorov often enough made mistakes of style and grammar. But the language of the letters is original, pungent and breezy, with fresh images, words and turns of phrase even when he speaks of the commonest things. "Come to me," he wrote to his daughter, "there is plenty here for you, pennies as well as guineas."

With every one of his correspondents Suvorov used the style appropriate to the recipient. It may be interesting, for instance, to quote an exchange of letters between Suvorov and the Prince de Ligne after the battle of Rymnik.

De Ligne sent him a letter commencing: "Beloved brother, Alexander, son of Philip, son-in-law of Charles XII, nephew of Bayard, heir of de Blois and Monluc."

Suvorov replied: "My dear uncle, successor to Julius Caesar, grandson of Alexander of Macedon, great-grandson of Jesus Navin!" etc.

Suvorov wrote a clear, fine, very small hand. Rastopchin said of this one day: "His writing is small but his doings are great." The writing reflected the vigour and strong will of the writer. In Suvorov's letters there are no erasures or corrections; his orders of the day were written in the same way. If he wrote to someone he liked he often concluded his letter with the words: "Good, and good health to you."

Suvorov occupies an exceptional place in the ranks of historic personages of feudal Russia for yet another reason: following in the footsteps of Peter I, he passionately opposed the sluggish spirit then existing among the ruling classes.

"To fail to carry out a project to the end is to provoke the anger of God," he wrote.

Ivashev reports: "Suvorov was of an irritable and impatient nature and insisted that his orders should be carried out on the spot."

Suvorov's mind knew no rest. A passionate curiosity was combined in him with an extraordinary thirst for activity. His military talent was only one aspect of his personality, although the one in which his intellectual ability and will power were expressed with the greatest clarity. There can be no doubt that he would have distinguished himself in any vocation. Engelhardt, for instance, described him as "a subtle politician" and was of course quite right in his estimate.

Truly, I cannot quench the fire in my soul," Suvorov cried one day and this utterance might well serve as his epitaph.

Any description of Suvorov would be incomplete without stressing his admirable courage. He braved death dozens of times in his career. Although he could not have put up a serious fight in personal combat with the enemy with his light sword, caution was unknown to him. He rushed to the most dangerous points and inspired his soldiers to deeds of valour by his unreasonable daring. Turenne, the French general, it is said, was seized by a nervous tremor as bullets whistled round him and one day contemptuously addressed these words to himself: "You tremble, carcass. You would tremble much more if you knew where I am now going to take you."

Turenne was a favourite model of Suvorov. After the battle of Ochakov, where he was wounded, Suvorov would not let a surgeon attend to his wounds, repeating only "Turenne! Turenne!"; not until the surgeon pointed out that Turenne had not refused to have his wounds bandaged, did he submit to treatment. But unlike the French marshal, the Russian general was brave both in body and in soul. Never was he seen to lose his nerve, to grow pale, or to tremble in battle.

Nevertheless, Suvorov, of course, knew what fear was: his matchless calm was the result of deliberate toughening, self-discipline, and a titanic effort of will. During the battle of Novi, when the French greeted the Russians with a hail of cannon-shot, Fuchs admitted to Suvorov that he was afraid. Suvorov looked at him fixedly, and then said: "Fear nothing, only keep near me: I am a coward, too."

It is to be supposed that Fuchs understood that the most courageous man of his century was admonishing him to exercise greater self-control.

Passing through Praha in 1795 and seeing that the traces of the siege had been almost effaced, Suvorov said to Ivashev: "Thank God! It seems that it is all forgotten by now!"

According to Chancellor Bezborodko, Speranski had already described Suvorov as a genius.

It may be interesting to quote the opinion of a pre-revolutionary historian on this point. In his historico-psychological study of Suvorov, Professor P. Kovalevski wrote: "Taking into account the exceptional acuteness of his senses, his unusually rapid psychic processes, the very great participation of unconscious personal phenomena in his thinking, his extraordinary vigour of action, the unconventionality and originality of his conduct, his complete self-effacement in favour of an idea, his complete suppression of the lower human instincts in pursuit of higher ideals, his nobility of spirit, his mastery over circumstances—we may count ourselves fully justified in saying that Suvorov represented a progressive, higher type of human being, and in calling him a genius, and more specifically, a military genius."

This description is characteristic because it emanates from a bourgeois historian who is inclined to deduce the concept of "genius" from the psychic and biological peculiarities of the individual instead of assessing a genius according to the historical results of his activities, which in this case are military activities. That he was thus described by such a man throws the exceptionally powerful personality of Suvorov into even bolder relief.

In drawing a portrait of Suvorov, what presents the greatest difficulties is the necessity of explaining those "eccentricities" of the general which were the subject of so much and such unfavourable comment. These "eccentricities" and "vagaries", which increased towards the end of his life, appeared incompatible with the mental picture of Suvorov as a great personality.

One day when the general played more pranks than usual while keeping a completely straight face, Fuchs plucked up courage and asked him directly to explain the reason for his behaviour.

"Such is my way," Suvorov replied. "Have you heard of the famous comedian Carlin? He played Harlequin in the theatres of Paris, and played him so well that he seemed to be the very natural-born Harlequin himself; but in private life he was a very serious man of the strictest morals—a very Cato."

This indirect reply is valuable above all because it admits that the famous "eccentricities" were a deliberately assumed manner.

The more clear-sighted of Suvorov's contemporaries soon discovered this. Clausewitz remarked: "Suvorov's eccentricities were merely a part he had taken upon himself; his sharp wit was exemplified only superficially, but was never in evidence when there was a serious problem to solve."

Ivashev, Suvorov's chief of staff, wrote: "All his eccentricities were deliberate and had certain purposes in view, which might have been of advantage to himself, but were never harmful to anyone else."

K. N. Bestuzhev-Ryumin is of the same mind: "The great Russian hero played the fool in order to enjoy more independence."

There can be no doubt that Suvorov was essentially a highly original personality and found the restrictions and prejudices of his sphere too narrow for his spirit. Long years spent among the soldiery developed habits in him, habits which from the point of view of the "higher spheres of society" must have appeared highly eccentric. In most cases, Suvorov's whimsies did not transcend the limits of generally accepted convention, even though he did deliberately foster certain peculiarities of his character, because they made him stand out from among the crowd of obscure officers who could claim neither high birth nor an impressive exterior nor special social accomplishments, and they made him popular among the soldiers. "Alexander refrained from burning Athens in order that men might tell the tale in the inns. Let the soldiers discuss my soldierly pranks in their messes."

Finally, despite the disfavour they won him in court circles, his eccentricities created for him an atmosphere of impunity which left him at least some independence of thought and action.

With the passing of time this last motive became the dominant one. His fame was great. His soldiers loved him even without the eccentricities, and, of course, not because of them but because of his military qualities, because he did not send them to their deaths for nothing but led them by the direct road to victory, sharing all dangers with them on that road. But the hostility of the great dignitaries increased with the growth of his fame and Suvorov, finding it increasingly difficult to preserve his system and his principles, sought cover ever oftener behind his "eccentricities," as behind a shield.

"I was at court, but not as a courtier—rather as an *Æsop*, as a *La Fontaine*; I told the truth with jests and speaking with the tongues of beasts. Like the fool Balakirev, who was a benefactor of Russia under Peter I., I, too, played tricks and pranks. I cried like a cock to rouse the sleepers. I should have liked to possess the noble pride of Caesar but not his vices."

Suvorov's eccentricity was like Hamlet's madness, a skilful masking of his opposition to the ruling clique. This mask of a simpleton and a crank often did Suvorov good service, though in time many people had discovered its purpose.

"Not everyone who is thought cunning is really cunning," the general used to say, naïvely pleased that he should be regarded as a harmless eccentric.

In actual fact his tricks were transparent enough to any experienced eye; the Prince de Ligne gave him the nickname of "Alexander Diogenovich" and Rumyantsev remarked: "There's a man who wants to convince everyone that he is a fool and cannot get anyone to believe him."

By degrees the part Suvorov set himself to play offered less and less advantage, but Suvorov had already become too accustomed to it to change his manner at the end of his life, when no one could any longer deprive him of his glory and he could afford to express his attitude towards men and things with greater freedom and in the form which suited him best.

By so doing he did himself a great deal of harm. One of Suvorov's historiographers aptly remarked: "What is usually sought for in a man is not only that he should be able to carry out the task entrusted to him, but also that he should be easy to deal with when set to such a task and the fulfilment of the first condition is often waived if the candidate fails to fulfil the second. Exceptions to this rule are very rare—one of them, for instance, Peter the Great, who never found any capable man uncongenial. Suvorov was uncongenial because of his uncompromising originality. That the crank Suvorov hampered the career of the general Suvorov is obvious not only to-day—it was manifest in his own time as well."

That was precisely the crux of the matter. Suvorov often sacrificed the interests of his career in order to be able to preserve at least some vestige of independence. He had a profound contempt for the opinions of the "higher spheres of society"; he felt that he was above them, as genuinely outstanding personalities usually do.

Alone with friends or in the company of those he respected, Suvorov threw off the mask and turned into a plain and serious man without any trace of "eccentricity." The same happened when he was called upon to represent the Russian army on any ceremonial occasion.

"Here I am not Suvorov, but a Russian field-marshal," he said one day to explain this change in his attitude.

Suvorov's emotional life remained a riddle to those around him. Shortly before his death he said to the painter Miller, who was painting his portrait: "Your brush can represent the visible features of my face, but the inner man in me is concealed. . . . I was sometimes great, and sometimes small."

Contemporaries founded their opinion of Suvorov in the main on his lack of pleasing manners, which in personal relations only too often serves to determine judgments about people.

As a man Suvorov certainly had some unpleasant traits: he was despotic, impatient, and often prejudiced. But neither the terrible scenes of the battlefield, nor his personal troubles, nor the permanent coldness of his inner loneliness could ever sully his human dignity or freeze his warm, though sometimes erring heart. This is what Clausewitz said of him: "Suvorov had an admirable character. . . . He was a man of iron will and great fortitude of soul, and was distinguished by great natural intelligence."

What was especially valuable and praiseworthy in Suvorov was his untiring striving to rouse the "living soul" in the Russian soldier, to develop in him a feeling of love for his country, a national and personal pride at a time when all armies, following in the footsteps of Frederic, concerned themselves only with drill and spit and polish, and in a country where the soldier was twice a slave—as a common soldier and as a serf.

SUWOROV THE GENERAL

"THE MATERIALS RELATING TO THE HISTORY OF MY MILITARY ACTIONS ARE SO closely bound up with the history of my life in general," Suworov wrote to one of his biographers, "that the man and the soldier cannot be separated from each other, if the image of either is to preserve its true aspect."

This remark of Suworov must be kept in mind if one attempts to give an appreciation of his generalship. In the whole history of Europe there can be found few more complete and perfect types of the soldier. "All his personal qualities, peculiarities, ideas, habits, requirements," says one historian, "were carefully worked out by Suworov himself and applied to the necessities of a military career which from childhood had played a decisive part in his life and had directed all his actions."

Suworov the general combined a comprehensive and enlightened intelligence with military genius, a strong will, and the ability to train and influence large numbers of men and induce them to follow him.

Suworov's military achievements should be regarded as a major contribution to the treasure-house of Russian culture: the history of the Russian art of warfare is a part of the history of our culture and Suworov's part in it was exceptionally great. Suworov incorporated in himself many of the characteristic traits of the Russian people. His simplicity, tenacity and toughness, the originality and peculiarity of his military methods, and his selfless devotion to the service of his country all made him a truly national general.

In the art of warfare Suworov was far in advance of his time. Hampered by the jealous authority of envious and inept superiors; deprived of any opportunity of organising preparation for war, and much less for his own campaigns themselves, as he would have wished; standing all his life, according to his own expression "between two batteries: the military and the diplomatic"; finally, having under his command only ill-equipped troops, Suworov was yet able to demonstrate the brilliance of his military genius. The methods which Napoleon used with such overwhelming success had to a considerable extent been already used by Suworov before Napoleon's time.

At the time when Suworov first entered upon his career, battles were conducted in accordance with the so-called "cordon system". This is how Denis Davydov, the famous guerilla of 1812, describes this system: "Suworov found an art of warfare based on the most absurd principles. Offensive operations consisted in moving troops in dispersed and thin lines so as to occupy the greatest possible area of country in order, as was said at the time, 'to envelop both wings of the enemy and catch him between two fires.' The defensive method was no less absurd than the offensive. Instead of exploiting the dispersion of the enemy forces and thrusting at their centre—of necessity weak because of the excessive lengthening of the line—splitting it into two and then defeating each part in turn—generals, when on the defensive, dispersed their forces to match the dispersion of the attacking army, occupied and defended every road, every path, every opening through which it could approach the position. When they came to close quarters the principles for the conduct of battle were the selection of a more or less elevated position, the protection of both wings of the army by artificial or natural obstacles, and the repulse of all hostile attacks 'without moving from these positions.'"

We quote this extract because it shows clearly the essence of military ideas prevalent in the middle of the eighteenth century.

Suvorov upset this whole clumsy system. He based his strategy on the fact that the main objective of every campaign must be, as a rule, not the occupation of cities or fortresses, but the annihilation of the enemy's manpower. He based his tactics not on dilatory manoeuvring with a view to encircling the enemy, but on a bold thrust at the centre of his positions, not neglecting the solid protection of his own flanks but stressing in every way the importance of speed and energy.

In so doing—and this is very important—he discarded the obligatory line tactics so closely connected with the “cordon” system, and combined line with column formations.

In order to show the full significance of this reform, we quote a few extracts from an article of Engels entitled, “The Army”: “Line of battle formation, with the infantry in the centre in two ranks and the cavalry on the flanks in two or three, represented a considerable advance in comparison with the deep formations of former times; such a formation permitted the full fire power of the infantry to be developed and enabled cavalry to charge with good effect, and at the same time permitted the simultaneous action of the maximum number of men; but these very advantages tied up the army as a whole in a sort of straight-jacket. . . . Every cavalry troop, every infantry battalion, every gun had its own allotted place in the order of battle and this order could not be broken or in any respect modified without adversely affecting the fighting power of the whole army. Hence, if any manoeuvre had to be carried out, it had to be accomplished by the entire army moving as one body; to detail any part of it for a flank attack or to create a special reserve for an attack on some weak spot would have been impracticable with such slow-moving troops suitable only for battle in line formation and in an inflexible battle order.”

After thus characterising line tactics, Engels passes on to the new system anticipated by Suvorov and finding its full development in the military achievements of Napoleon. He writes: “Battle order was now founded on the use of columns; the column served as a base from which the *tirailleurs* fanned out and to which they returned; it was a compact wedge-like mass which was thrown against a certain point of the enemy line; it served as a formation of approach to the enemy and of a subsequent deployment. . . . Battlefields now no longer showed long unbroken lines of infantry arranged on a wide plain with cavalry on the flanks; now corps and divisions disposed in columns stood concealed while only a small portion of the troops actively participated in the opening of the battle and in the artillery duel—until the decisive moment arrived. . . . A favourite tactical manoeuvre was to break through the enemy centre with fresh troops as soon as the state of affairs on the battlefield indicated that the enemy's last reserves had been thrown in. . . . In a word, if the new system required less drill and parade-ground accuracy, it called for greater mobility, greater energy and more resourcefulness on the part of everyone, from the commander-in-chief to the last skirmisher.”

This description by Engels is completely in accordance with the short explanation given by Suvorov to General Hadik: “The cordon line can always be upset; the enemy can direct his forces at his pleasure against any point, while the defender, not knowing where the thrust may come, has his forces dispersed.”

Engels, calling Suvorov “a brilliant authority”, pointed out that, thanks to

his efforts, the Russians came to "follow a strategic system very like that of the present day."

Engels considered that one of Napoleon's greatest merits as a general was that he invented the best tactical and strategic methods of employment of those colossal armed masses the existence of which had been rendered possible only by the revolution, and in the strategy of Suvorov he saw an anticipation of the principles brought to perfection by Napoleon. "In decisive battles and large-scale encounters the Russians always operated in compact masses. Suvorov had already understood the necessity of this when he stormed Ismail and Ochakov."

In F. von Schmidt's work, *Suvorov and the Fall of Poland*, there is an interesting passage dealing with the Polish strategy of 1794. He says:

"The Poles wanted to induce the Russian army to pursue Lubomirski and then take them between two fires. One can hardly believe one's eyes: an army of 50,000 men was to be caught in pincers consisting of one corps of 6,000 men and another of 17,000. Such were the notions of that day! The little masters of the Prussian military school, understanding their great King but little, had invented this expression which had a truly magical effect on the men of the time: a general in those days would not have dared to penetrate into a space between two battalions even with a large army, so afraid would he have been of being 'taken between two fires'."

Suvorov swept away this aberration of the strategy of his time. One need only think of the Trebbia, when Suvorov was not afraid to remain wedged between two fires with a force only half as great as that of the French.

But this was not the greatest of the services rendered by Suvorov to the science of strategy. He provided a brilliant solution to one of the most "acute" of its problems: the problem of communications. Napoleon sometimes ventured to leave his lines of communication uncovered, but such a course was nearly always dictated by necessity (as at Wagram, for instance); usually, however, he detached considerable forces to guard his communications; a striking example of this is his campaign of 1812, when he arrived at Borodino with only 130,000 men.

Suvorov on the contrary always concentrated his forces for a decisive blow, risking even his communications if he had no other choice. "If you are out to beat the enemy," he wrote, "you must multiply your forces, empty your posts, leave your communications to look after themselves. When you have beaten the enemy, deal with all this according to circumstances, but pursue the enemy until he is crushed. But if you are a peripatetician (in the sense of favouring cautious half-measures.—K.O.) you had better leave soldiering alone."

Suvorov can thus claim the undisputed merit of having done away with routine methods of warfare, of having introduced new ideas, new strategic principles and new forms of military organisation.

But Suvorov's chief excellence, the ability in which he was unmatched, lay in his admirable tactical talent, in his gift as a commander in battle.

Napoleon said one day:

"War is above all a simple art—all the difficulty is in the execution."

From this point of view Suvorov should be regarded as one of the greatest generals in world history: if in the sphere of strategy, despite the depth and originality of his plans, he did not always achieve complete and harmonious consistency and perfection (though this was to a considerable extent due to his being constantly hampered by the interference of his superiors) in the sphere of tactics he certainly left inimitably brilliant examples to posterity.

Suvorov always considered unity of command as an important condition of success. The impossible situation in which he was placed—the interference with his plans on the part of Catherine, Paul, Potemkin and the Aulic Council—was a genuine and profound tragedy for him. Again and again in his attempts to secure freedom of action for himself, he disobeyed instructions, exceeded the powers granted to him and infringed the rules of subordination.

"There cannot be two masters in one house, otherwise I can take no responsibility," he told General Weimarn early in his career, when the latter suggested that he should act jointly with General Drewitz.

He took the same line at Kozludzhi, when he was supposed to be subordinate to Kamenski; at Fokshani and Rymnik, when he was in the same position with regard to the Prince of Coburg; in the Polish campaign of 1794; and finally in the Italian campaign in his relations with the Aulic Council. He was not always successful in his attempts to free himself from interference by his superiors in strategic matters and this is obviously reflected in his military achievements.

When undertaking any operation, Suvorov always carefully explored the locality, gathered information about his opponents and carried out active reconnaissance. He took a personal interest in all the details of battle preparation and often went on scouting expeditions himself. At Rymnik he climbed a tree and studied the positions of the Turks from there; at Ismail he rode up to within musket range of the fortress to select the points for assault; he did the same at Praha, Novi, etc.

"Spies are expensive, post commanders should themselves be able to see far enough, and without telescopes at that," the general said one day, meaning that commanders should always personally acquaint themselves with the ground and circumstances.

Sometimes a preliminary study of the ground was impossible. In such cases Suvorov got his bearings on the battlefield itself in the course of the battle. He showed an astonishing capacity for grasping the strong and weak points of a position with lightning rapidity, appreciating the whole state of the battle and taking firm decisions at a moment's notice. In the battle of Landskrona, seeing the solidity of the enemy positions but intuitively foreseeing the effect of an immediate attack, he threw forward a few hundred Cossacks in an apparently hopeless charge which however had brilliant results. At Rymnik he ordered his cavalry to attack the Turkish trenches, again on the assumption that this would puzzle the enemy and throw him off his balance. At the Trebbia, arriving in the middle of the battle, he grasped the situation literally at the first glance, held back the French with his cavalry and then, leaving them no time to recover and smother him with their superiority of force, assailed them again and again without respite. It is characteristic that in doing so he infringed his own principle of the concentration of force and threw his troops into battle in dribbles as they arrived: this is a clear example of the flexibility and novelty of his tactics, he realised that the most important thing at that particular moment was to prevent a concerted French attack.

"Like Caesar, I never make plans in detail," Suvorov said one day. "I see things only as they really are. The storms of chance always change our previously elaborated plans."

It is quite true that Suvorov was inclined to take decisions not devoid of risk and the office generals, the "methodists" as he called them, often blamed him for doing so. But these risks were those of which Napoleon spoke when he

said: "If the art of war consisted in never taking any risks, military glory would be the patrimony of mediocrity."

These risks were, moreover, deliberately taken by a general who had confidence in himself and in his troops, a confidence based on the thorough study and understanding of the enemy.

Suvorov's military work is a classical model of the proper use of military psychology. His choice of his plan of action always depended on the characteristics of the opponent he was facing. In this respect he was like those chess-players who plan each of their games differently in accordance with the style of their adversaries. Suvorov waged war with the Turks in one style, with the Poles in another, with the French in yet another. At Novi he first demoralised Joubert by a demonstration of his numerical superiority, then built up his plan of action on an attempt to lure the French from their fortified position, never doubting that the impulsive Joubert would take the bait. Only the death of Joubert and the passing of the command into the hands of the cautious Moreau prevented the success of the plan.

Suvorov's battle preparations were by no means limited to reconnaissance. In working out his battle orders he thought of every trifle capable of increasing the chance of success. When preparing to storm Ismail, he attracted sutlers with provisions to his hungry army, ordered the construction of several thousand fascines and scaling ladders, and personally taught the troops how to scale walls. He devoted no less attention to the morale of his men. He made the rounds of the soldiers' bivouacs, sat down at their camp-fires and yarned with them about previous battles he and they had fought together. In order to keep up the spirits of his officers he often called councils of war: he did this at Ismail, in the Mythen valley, etc., and at these councils he inspired his generals with energy and confidence.

It is well known that Suvorov regarded speed of movement as one of the most important factors in victory. Following in this respect the teaching of Julius Caesar and Marshal Saxe he systematically trained his soldiers to march fast. The whole organisation of his marches was carefully thought out in advance. In Italy he made his troops start in the night, before the sun was too hot; after five miles he allowed the men to rest one hour; after another five miles, four hours' rest and a meal; after another five miles, an hour's rest and then another five miles. Each stretch of five miles required a little less than two hours.

Suvorov could thus move his troops three or four times faster than was usual at the time, and sometimes his achievements in this respect were astounding. On the Trebbia the Russians marched fifty-five miles in thirty-six hours; at Fokshani, thirty-five miles in twenty-eight hours; in 1769, when moving on Brest, Suvorov's corps marched 300 miles in eleven days, without a rest.

To quote Suvorov himself: "The enemy thinks that we are a hundred, or 200 miles away, but you double your giant stride and come upon him rapidly, suddenly. The enemy is singing and carousing, expecting you to come from the open plain, but you attack him across high mountains or through impenetrable forests, like a bolt from the blue; and then go for him, chase him, overthrow him, defeat him, drive him, give him no time to get his wits about him; a frightened man is half defeated; fear has big eyes and takes one man for ten."

This is exactly what often actually happened. One of the generals who fought against Suvorov wrote: "Suvorov has no idea of military science and ought to be fighting only bears. Sometimes we occupied a position and expected the

Russians to appear in front of it, but they would come either from the rear or from the flank. We fled more from fright and surprise than because we were defeated."

During the whole course of his glorious military career Suworov always aimed at mobility and surprise, "always to have something unexpected in reserve."

Suworov, as we know, attached decisive importance in battle to the bayonet charge. This was a consequence of the ineffectiveness of the musketry and cannon fire of the time and also of the national peculiarities of the Russian soldiers, which made them paramount in bayonet fighting. Suworov gave his soldiers long training in the use of the bayonet.

The Austrians at one time attempted to ape the Suworovian method of overwhelming the enemy. In the battle of Giurgiu, the Prince of Coburg, commander-in-chief of the Austrian forces, allowed the Turks to approach without firing a shot and then received them with a bayonet charge. But the result achieved was not according to expectation; the Austrian troops, not as steady as the Russian soldiers and not as well trained in handling the bayonet, were completely routed.

When going into action, Suworov's army was usually formed in two lines with small intervals between them and with artillery and cavalry on the flanks. They crossed the space under fire in battalion columns with colours flying, and charged at the enemy with shouts of "Hurrah!"; the second line followed the first about 200 paces behind. When the ranks of the enemy began to waver, the cavalry galloped forward and completed their rout. Suworov was a master in the use of cavalry, sometimes employing them in mixed formations as at Kobylka, where they had to fight in a forest, and sometimes even using them to storm trenches, as at Rymnik.

Thus, while the formation of the troops corresponded in many ways to that usual in line tactics, the actual fighting methods anticipated the tactics of the deep column formation; Suworov was particularly skilful in the use of reserves, a characteristic of column tactics. One-eighth to one-fourth of his force was always detailed as reserves.

Suworov's battle plans were distinguished by great variety: at Rymnik he formed his attacking units in echelon sections, the troops engaging with their right wing; at Novi he exercised simultaneous pressure on various points of the enemy's front until all the French reserves had been thrown into action and then made a concentrated thrust with fresh forces; at the Adda he broke through the centre of the enemy position.

Often he had recourse to demonstrations, but never to empty, fruitless enterprises—which he contemptuously called "something for juniors"—all his moves always formed integral parts of his plan. At Novi a strong Austrian corps was given the task of making a demonstration in order to lure away French forces from the centre, where Bagration was to make the break-through; at Ismail it was the Cossacks who made a demonstration; at Praha it was the column which stormed the north-western forts. In all these cases even the commanders of the units assigned to make the demonstration were unaware of their true role in the battle and the men fought with extreme determination. On one occasion this concealment of the true plan of battle had disastrous effects: at the battle of the Trebbia the Austrian general, Melas, not understanding that the operation assigned to him was a mere demonstration, kept the reserves back with his own forces and thus frustrated the already almost complete break-through on the other wing.

Contrary to the normal procedure of his time and especially observed in the Prussian army, by which subordinate commanders were deprived of all opportunities of showing any personal initiative, Suvorov insistently demanded a spirit of enterprise from his subordinates.

"He who is on the spot can judge circumstances better because he is nearer," Suvorov declared one day. "He can see the momentary changes of the situation and adapt his action to them in accordance with the rules of war."

On another occasion he expressed the same idea in his usual lapidary style with special precision: "If I say 'to the right' when it ought to be 'left,' don't obey. If I give the command 'forward', and you see it is impossible, don't go."

Each commander in Suvorov's armies knew, however, that in a decisive moment he would not be left without instructions from the general. Suvorov's ability to conduct a battle personally, to keep his eye on all its phases and co-ordinate the action of all his troops was truly prodigious. At Rymnik, his carabineers were about to rush forward in headlong pursuit of the enemy, but he immediately called them back and sent them to strengthen the central sector of the position. When the Austrians asked for reinforcements in the same battle, he replied: "There is no occasion to worry: I am keeping an eye on everything."

With all this he did not merely direct the course of the battle. He threw himself into the thick of the fighting, inspiring his troops by his personal example. At Kinburn he twice stopped his retreating troops and led them back into the battle; at the Trebbia and Novi he was constantly present at the most threatened points, rallying his battalions and personally heading them back into the firing line. He acted in the same way in Prussia, Switzerland, Poland and the Kuban steppes. Suvorov's shrewd directions, given literally amidst a hail of bullets, together with the example of fearlessness he set his troops, more than once tipped the scales in favour of Russian arms.

Sometimes the soldiers used force to drag their beloved general out of danger. A curious episode of this kind is recorded in the Italian campaign, when Suvorov was about seventy years old. In approaching Turin, then occupied by the French, Suvorov galloped forward on reconnaissance and halted under the fire of the enemy batteries. Seeing that the generalissimo paid no attention to all their entreaties although French cannon-balls were falling ever nearer, Denisov, ataman of the Don Cossacks, suddenly took a decision. This is how he himself described his original way of dealing with the situation: "I approached the field-marshal, took him in my arms and ran away with him to one side. He shouted: 'Damn you! What are you doing?' and seized me by the hair, but did not pull. I was in such a hurry that I did not look under my feet and fell into a dry ditch, but as it was not deep I could get up immediately without having let go of my commander."

Engelhardt remarks in his memoirs, by the way, that Suvorov did not like to risk his person unnecessarily and that often, when riding into a fight, he stopped to allow the troops inspired by his example to go ahead and then returned to the rear on some pretext or other. It should be remembered that Engelhardt nursed a grievance against Suvorov who had once turned him out, sending him, packing from the table in the middle of a dinner.

By means of his exceptional influence over the soldiers, Suvorov could get out of his men everything possible only to a beloved and trusted leader. He could make his soldiers forget hardships, hunger, fatigue, cold and heat; the strength of his spirit lifted them above it all and they went forward to the charge

even if burning with a fever. They did not leave the ranks even though wounded and showed unflinching courage and stubbornness even in the face of certain death. The Swiss campaign was an apotheosis of these qualities of the Russian army, qualities which Suvorov had roused and developed.

Full of confidence in his soldiers, he favoured a strategy of annihilation which he expressed very clearly in this instruction, dating from 1788: "Wherever any enemy move is observed, every possible effort should be made to turn it to his undoing and complete disaster."

Suvorov's strategy was possible only on condition that his troops showed exceptional fortitude. Napoleon also needed such fortitude in his men and exploited for his imperialist aims the traditions of the national wars of the revolution. Suvorov's position was much more difficult. In order to inspire his army with enthusiasm, he had to rely to a much greater extent than Napoleon on his own personal influence, on his own ability to understand his men and be understood by them. In Leo Tolstoy's novel *War and Peace*, Bolkonski says to Peter Bezukhov: "Why did we lose the battle of Austerlitz? Our losses were almost equal to the French losses; but we told ourselves too early that we had lost—and so we did lose. And we said it because we had nothing to fight for there: all we wanted was to get away from the battlefield, the sooner the better." But where Suvorov was present, the troops would never say or feel anything of the kind. The old general could inspire his troops with an inflexible will to victory in all circumstances.

Suvorov laid down tactical and strategical principles quite novel in his time; in an era when armies attached no importance whatever to the personality of the individual soldier, Suvorov showed that the moral element had a primary part to play in war; he formulated the relation between firearms and cold steel according to the state of the military technique of his time and provided unsurpassed examples of the art of tactics. Such, in general outline, is the image of Suvorov as a general and as a military innovator.

How is it that such a great general as Suvorov appeared on the historical scene in the feudal, serf-holding Russia of Catherine II? Was it simply a historical accident which subsequently led to the development of a Russian school of the art of war? In order to give an answer to this question one must glance at the historical circumstances in the second half of the eighteenth century.

In this period the western states of the European continent were experiencing the dissolution of the feudal order and the development of a capitalist economy. The traditional class foundations of the western European states were tottering, the monarchies were in decay, while the new bourgeois regimes which were to take their places had not yet come into being.

But the Russia of the second half of the eighteenth century was less affected by the decay of feudalism and the development of capitalism. Feudalism was in its flower here and the Russian feudal state was at the zenith of its power. Not long before, the Empire had been given an infusion of new blood by the reforms of Peter I, who, as Stalin said in a conversation with the German author, Emil Ludwig, "did a great deal to create and strengthen the national state of the landowners and merchants."

The military power of Catherine's Russia far exceeded that of any of her neighbours (Sweden, Prussia, Poland, Austria, Turkey) as it was the greatest and most centralised feudal state. Catherine's empire waged many successful wars for the conquest of new territory and for the strengthening of the monarchy at home. The army accumulated considerable fighting experience; among the

gentleman-officers who, after the sixties of the eighteenth century were no longer subject to compulsory military service, extensive cadres were formed possessing sound military experience and a high military morale. All this had prepared the ground for the emergence of such a general as Suvorov from the ranks of the Russian officer corps.

But the most important element of an army is the soldier, without which the general is nothing. The compulsory military service for serfs existing in Russia was doubtless a medieval piece of barbarism. But in the European armies of the time, the model of which was the Prussian army, there was even more medieval barbarism to be found in the press-gangs who kidnapped any man they pleased if he were only tall enough, and in the hiring of foreign mercenaries. In comparison with such a backward system, Peter's recruiting methods possessed considerable advantages from the viewpoint of the fighting value of the personnel. The principle of the ballot for recruiting the army—although in practice often falsified by the tyranny of the local squire who sent away as recruits the serf lads who for some reason displeased him—rendered compulsory military service somewhat more acceptable to the masses of the people, and the recruit, a delegate as it were of the village community, joined the colours with the feeling that he was a defender of his native soil. For this reason the Russian recruit fought incomparably better than the foreign mercenary who had nothing in common with the country for the defence of which he was supposed to go into battle.

The notorious Prussian drill was to a considerable extent necessitated precisely by the fact that the pressed men and the foreign hirelings often deserted and in any case were none too willing to fight. For such soldiers iron discipline and a strictly "linear" battle formation which knitted each unit into an integral whole like a strait jacket, was an imperative necessity. It was of course hopeless from the start to try and train such soldiers in a spirit of patriotism and love of a country which in the case of many of the mercenaries was not even their own; for this reason the Prussian system categorically rejected the soldier who had ideas of his own. The other European armies of the period were built up on the same foundations.

But in the Russian serf peasantry love of their native soil was profoundly ingrained; this peasant patriotism was artless but it was deep and of an elemental force. Its growth was favoured by the historical circumstance that the Russian people had been compelled to fight for freedom during long centuries against many foreign invaders and conquerors: the Germans, the Mongols and Tartars, the Polish pans, the Swedes, etc. Ages of struggle for its national existence evoked in the mass of the Russian people a mighty national, patriotic feeling of love for their mother-country. It was this feeling, this peasant patriotism that the Tsarist Governments continually strove to exploit for their own ends, using it to serve the interests of the feudal state.

All these historical circumstances in their entirety created the basis on which a Suvorov and his victorious armies could come into being in the eighteenth century. Ungifted or insufficiently patriotic generals were unable to find the way to the hearts of the soldiers or organise victory over the enemy. But Suvorov, himself a sincere and honest patriot who had the gift of personal influence over the mass of the soldiers, was able to accomplish this task which was beyond the powers of all the other generals. It was in this power to translate into reality those possibilities of victory which lay dormant in the depths of the Russian army, with its hardy, selflessly courageous, patriotic serf-soldiers,

that the military genius of Suvorov found its true expression. He was able to rouse the dormant fairy-tale hero in the Russian soldier because he had faith in his giant strength and approached him not only with the yoke of army discipline, but by stimulating his noblest human feelings.

Suvorov's significance for the Russian art of war did not end with the victories he won during his lifetime. In the long years of his military career he trained first-rate cadres of senior officers, taking them, of course, according to the custom of the time, from the ranks of the Russian aristocracy and gentry. The best among these officers had not only excellent military qualities but were, as Suvorov was himself, devoted to their country. The Suvorov school of generals played a very important part in the history of the war against Napoleon. In that righteous and patriotic war the generals who had served their military apprenticeship under Suvorov all occupied leading positions—such as Kutuzov, Bagration, Miloradovich, Platov, Raevski and others.

At first glance it might appear that in 1812 the "Suvorovians" were acting contrary to Suvorov's fundamental tactical rule always to take the offensive and strive to attack the enemy. Some of Suvorov's pupils (Bagration, Platov) did, in fact, express their disapproval because the Russian army was retreating before the French army. But on closer examination one finds that these generals had not sufficiently understood Suvorov's profound conception of warfare, and that Kutuzov in particular applied far more correctly the lessons learned under Suvorov's command and the principles contained in Suvorov's *Science of Victory*.

Suvorov's offensive tactics were based on the axiom that the most important thing in war was the annihilation of the enemy's man-power. But Suvorov considered a *sine qua non* of such offensive tactics the accumulation of sufficient forces (not necessarily numerically superior, but sufficient) for an overwhelming blow. As long as he had not accumulated the forces required, as long as the conditions of a successful attack were not present, Suvorov knew how to wait. An example of this is his conduct during the second Polish campaign: having defeated the enemy at Krupchitsa and Brest, he nevertheless postponed the campaign against Warsaw; although his troops were not equipped for winter campaigning, he spent a whole month in Brest and did not resume his offensive until he heard that his flank was secured by the victory of Matseinovitsy and after he had effected a junction with several neighbouring detachments.

In 1812, Suvorov's pupils found themselves in a position never experienced by their master. A vast army with great numerical superiority had invaded Russia, and it was led by the greatest general of that time. It was impossible to smash such an army by a lightning thrust; to attack it recklessly would have merely resulted in the certain destruction of the Russian army. To proceed thus would certainly not have been treading in Suvorov's footsteps. In choosing the tactics of retreat, the Russian generals took into account not only the purely military advantages of this step, i.e., the inevitable change in the balance of forces in their favour—but moral and political factors as well. They reckoned that the further the invaders advanced into the interior of the country, the stronger would be the spirit of resistance evoked in the Russian army and the civilian population. Knowing the patriotism of the Russian people and remembering its history, the generals were justified in counting on this.

Suvorov's strategy always had for its main aim the annihilation of the enemy's man-power. In 1812, Suvorov's pupils accepted the temporary loss of territory and even of Moscow in order to create the conditions required for their main

purpose: the destruction of Napoleon's army. And behold, as a result of the campaign, Napoleon a few months later retreated beyond the Russian borders with hardly a hundredth part of his army left him—a few thousand soldiers and perhaps another 30,000 hungry, frozen, half-dead stragglers who had thrown away their arms and crawled over the frontier in the wake of their fleeing Emperor. Was this not the realisation of the main strategic objective laid down by Suvorov: the annihilation of enemy man-power?

Speaking of Kutuzov—the man of whom Suvorov said after the storming of Ismail: “He was on my left wing, but he was my right hand”—one cannot fail to mention his adherence to the Suvorovian tradition of humane, personal, comradely approach to the Russian soldier. Kutuzov's popularity in the army and among the people was based, apart from his own merits, on the fact that he was known to have been one of Suvorov's closest comrades-in-arms.

The principles advocated by Suvorov a century and a half ago influenced not only his immediate followers, but left an indelible mark on the entire further development of Russian strategy and tactics.

The military experience of the Red Army confirms in many respects the lessons of Suvorov's victories. The best military traditions coupled with the name of Suvorov have been revived and developed in new historical conditions, on a different class basis and with the different technical resources of the Workers' and Peasants' Red Army.

Strong as our contemporary Red Army is in advanced military technique, it is even stronger in its spirit of heroic patriotism, which in the last instance decides the issue of defeat or victory over the enemy. In the period of the Civil War, in 1918–1920, the principle of the fighting man being himself the decisive factor was demonstrated by the Red Army with perfect clarity: the indifferently armed and poorly supplied Red Army men smashed the well-armed and profusely supplied interventionist armies.

Suvorov's strategy of annihilation has been taken up and developed in the strategical maxim of the Red Army that the enemy must be struck at until he is completely destroyed and that he must be not only driven out of Soviet territory, but pursued into his own.

The art of warfare as practised by the leaders of the working class represents in many respects a further development of Suvorov's military conceptions on the lines of advanced Marxist thinking. Many examples of this were already provided by the struggle against intervention in 1918–1920, in the form of bold innovations (such as the storming of the fort, “Krassnaya Gorka,” from the sea on the suggestion of Comrade Stalin and against the advice of the military specialists; the use of cavalry against entrenched White-Polish infantry formations; the storming of Kronstadt over the ice); the rapidity and energy of thrusts; the disregard of risk, etc. Was it not a masterpiece, from the viewpoint of the application of Suvorovian military principles in new circumstances, when during the siege of Tsaritsyn, on the orders of Comrade Stalin, the entire artillery was concentrated on one sector of the front. Fearlessly leaving all other sectors without artillery cover, Comrade Stalin, by this brilliantly bold action ensured the destruction of the White Cossacks on the vital sector and thus decided the outcome of the struggle.

In an admirable instruction which clearly lays down the essence of his military maxims, Suvorov wrote: “Perception: if the enemy is thrown back—no good; if he is cut off, surrounded, scattered—that's good. Speed: attack the enemy wherever encountered; the whole earth is not worth a single drop of

unprofitably spilt blood; hence: where there is trouble, there you go; where men shout 'hurrah!' be on the spot; the head should not wait for the tail. Drive: perish yourself, but help out your comrade. Determination you get from God. . . . How? Eat your own ration, but give the soldier his."

Give the soldier his ration, i.e., treat him with justice, respect his human dignity—such was the way to gain the confidence of the soldiers.

Suvorov fought against the attempt to turn the soldier into "a simple mechanism provided for by regulations"; he fought to secure the soldier some minimum of his rights. The possibilities of this in the army of a feudal empire were slight indeed.

But the fact alone that the soldiers regarded Suvorov as their champion and defender strengthened the main requisite of victory—discipline, a discipline which was of iron in Suvorov's armies. It is impossible to describe in words the hardships and privations which Suvorov's soldiers bore uncomplainingly while following him. It is sufficient to mention the Swiss campaign, St. Gotthard, Devil's Bridge, Rosstock, Panix, when, exhausted by hunger, cold and superhuman strain, the soldiers, at the first word from Suvorov, threw themselves into battle, stormed impregnable heights projecting over precipices and—conquered. They conquered the enemy, the mountains, the winter, they conquered their own human nature and achieved the impossible.

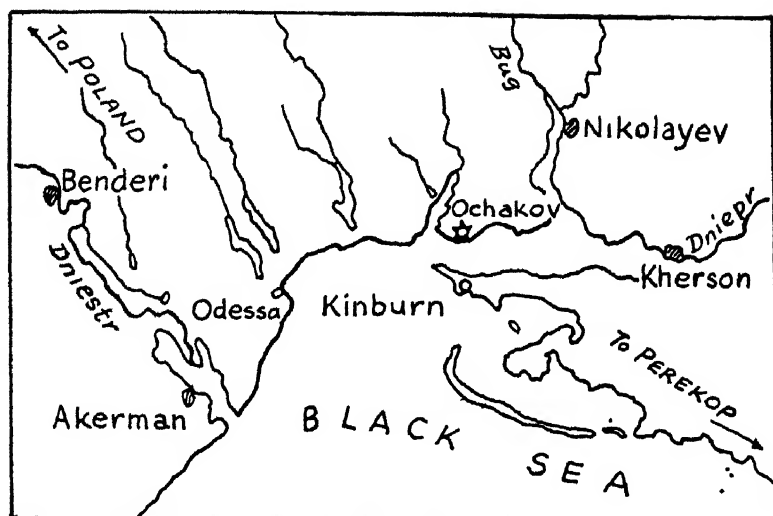
The secret of this iron discipline lay in the fact that Suvorov's soldiers loved their country, loved their leader, believed in him and trusted him. And he never once in any way failed to justify their faith, never once disgraced himself in their eyes.

The years went by. The "poem of events, of heroism, of victories and glory passed away," wrote Dennis Davidov, and speaking of Suvorov, he continued: "His mysteriousness, a result of the individual eccentricities in which he constantly indulged in contrast to the accepted eccentricities of polite society; his enterprises which appeared to have been undertaken recklessly; his lightning marches; his overwhelming victories unexpected both by us and by the enemy—all these had their echo in Russia."

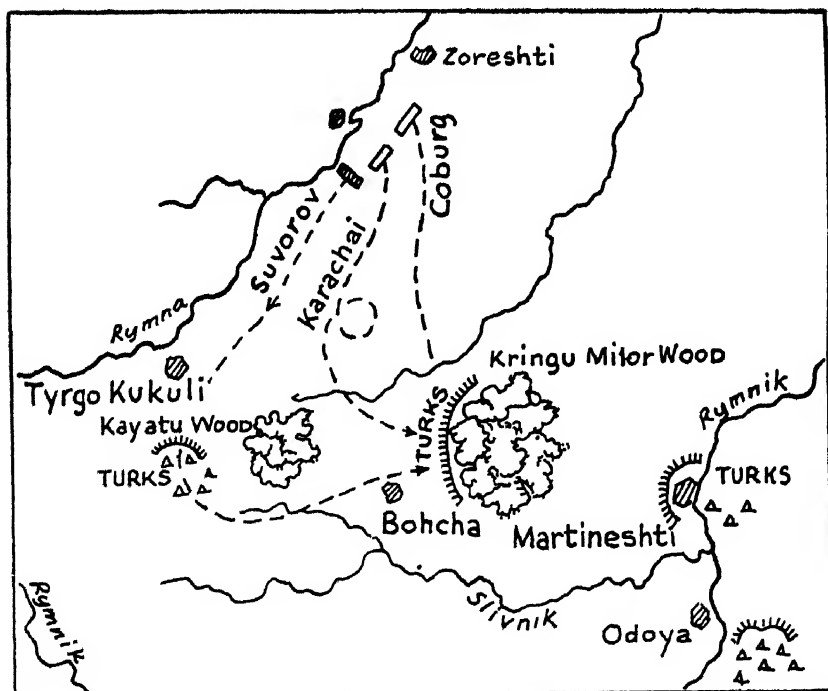
In the annals of the military history of the world the name of Suvorov will live for ever as that of a general who, more than any other, regarded victory, not as the fruit of doctrinaire figments of the brain, but as an art, as the result of intuition and of the calculations of genius based on an enthusiastic mass of fighting men. The Soviet people will never forget the man who "placed his hand on the heart of the Russian soldier and studied its beating," and who in a cruel age of selfish and unprincipled servility, servitude and tyranny, spoke these proud words:

"Every honest man is entitled to his good name; I myself saw my own in the good name and glory of my fatherland; my successes had for their sole object the welfare of my country."

Suvorov belongs to the great Russian people. With his name history has coupled the invincibility of Russian arms.

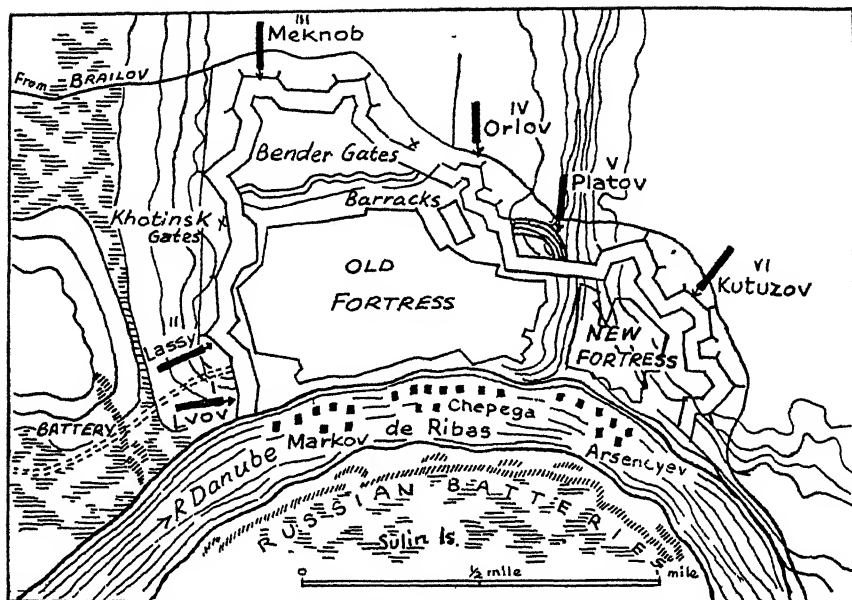


Map showing position of Kinburn



Plan of the Battle of the Rymnik

Sept. 11th, 1789

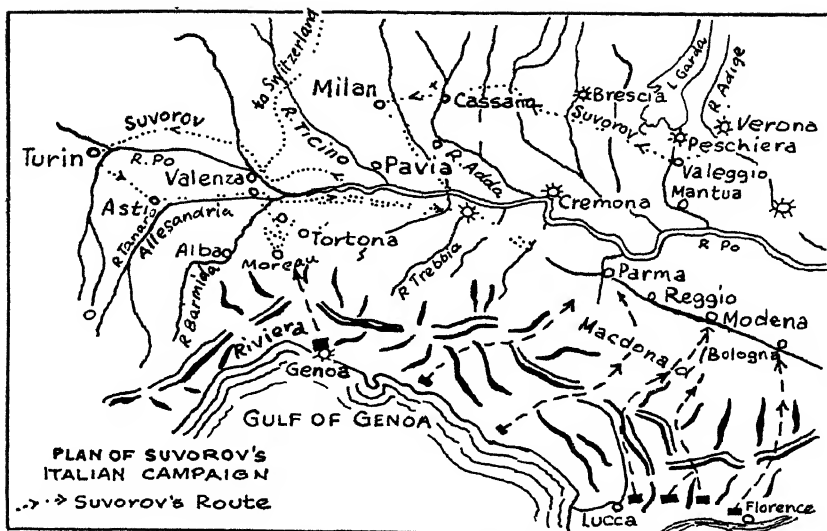


Plan of the Storming of Ismail

Dec. 11th, 1790

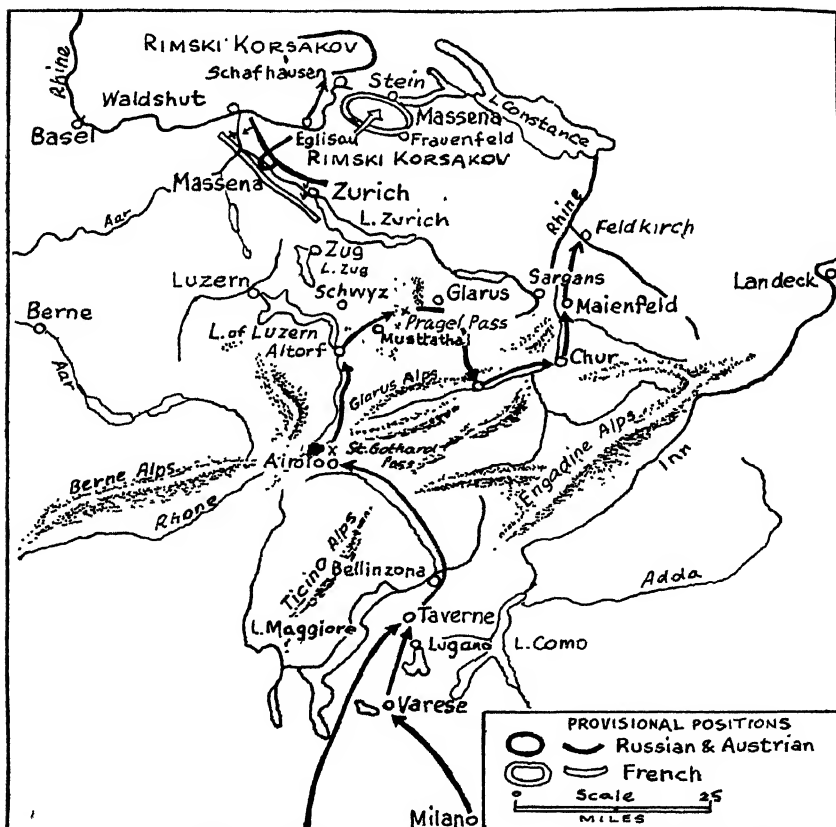


Plan of the Storming of Praha
Oct. 24th, 1794



Suvorov's Italian Campaign

March-August, 1799



Suvorov's Swiss Campaign

Sept.-Oct., 1799

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